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ADAMS, W. L.

History of medicine and surgery  
from the earliest times.

Portland, Oregon, 1888.

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HISTORY  
OF  
MEDICINE AND SURGERY  
FROM THE  
EARLIEST TIMES

BY  
W. L. ADAMS, A. M., M. D.

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*"All that a man hath will he give for his life."*—SATAN—Job 2:4

*"All that a man hath will he give to be humbugged."*—TRUTH

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PORTLAND, OREGON  
GEO. H. HIMES, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER

October, 1888

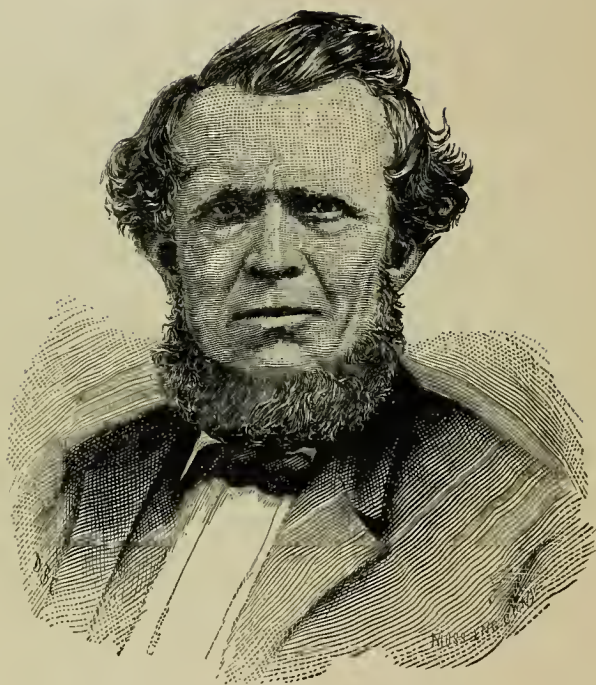












W. L. ADAMS, M. D.

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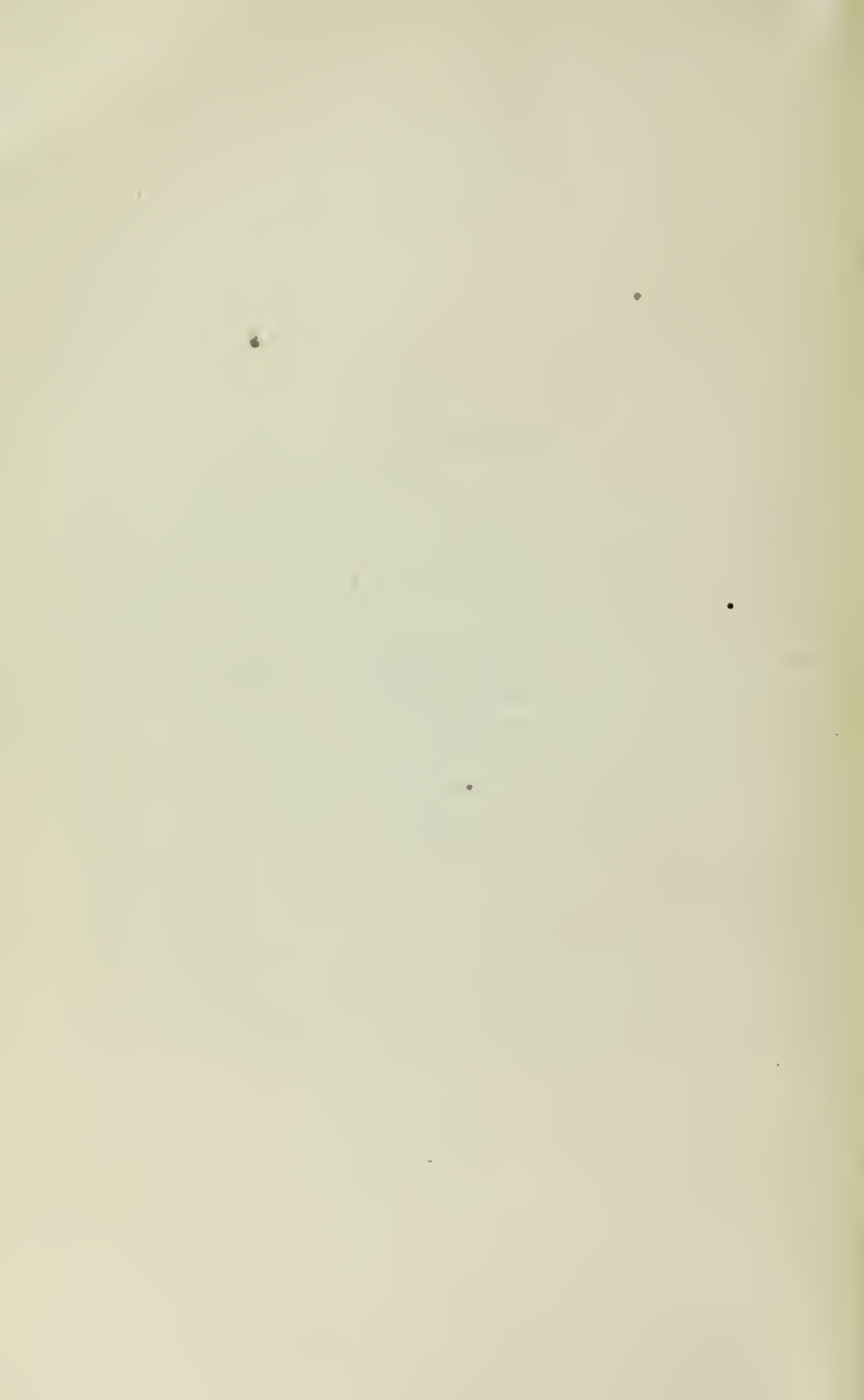
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## PREFACE.

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WE have long seen the necessity for some such book as this. No book has been published before which gave a complete history of "Medical Science" as it staggered along on its tortuous and beclouded path, since it shouldered the first leper in the time of Moses, down to the time it packed off its last victim to some cemetery. The reader will find here, as complete and correct a history of all the different conflicting and warring schools, with all their great central ideas, as the imperfections of acknowledged correct history would permit. We have written with the sole desire to benefit the race, and we are satisfied in the belief that those who read it will have well invested the cost of the book. While we have tread heavily on the corns of quackery, ignorance and superstition, we have not said that a really good physician and surgeon, is not the most useful man in the world, for we firmly believe he is, and no such physician will refuse to endorse what we have written. An intelligent community will be pleased and benefited by the work, while young doctors may learn something of the history and claims of the different schools they did not know before. If our readers are afforded as much pleasure in reading it, as we enjoyed, in writing it, and if they derive as much benefit from adopting our ideas of medical practice as we have enjoyed, we shall be satisfied.



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## ERRATA,

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- On page 13 read *these* for there.
- On page 39 read *observation* for operation.
- On page 49 read *aside* for one side.
- On page 50 read *into* the magnetic sleep for in.
- On page 55 read *or clairvoyants* for on.
- On page 59 read *repeat* for report.
- On page 63 read *stone* for stones.
- On page 73 read *Samson* for Sampson, and withes for withers.
- On page 74 read would *not* have been for would have been.
- On page 79 read *liberal* translation for literal.
- On page 81 read *unwavering* for answering.
- On page 84 read *impressible* for impossible, and *sin* for men.
- On page 104 read *infusion* for effusion.
- On page 116 read *parson* for person.
- On page 139 read *eclectic* for electic.
- On page 140 read *statement* for sentiment.
- On page 145 read *specialty* for speciality.
- On page 147 read "*inside* the jasper" for into.



## Chapter I.

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DOCTORS HAVE BEEN IN USE FROM THE EARLIEST ANTIQUITY—JEWS,  
CHINESE AND HINDOOS, ALL ALIKE, HAD THEIR MEN WHO PRAC-  
TICED MEDICINE.

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THE healing art has been more or less practiced by men, either intent on relieving human suffering; from mercenary motives; or as a means of inspiring faith in priests who officiated in the temples of the gods, from the remotest antiquity. For ages the idea was inculcated that pestilence, famine and disease were indicative of the wrath of the gods; hence a resort to the temples to undergo treatment from the priests, who cured and drove away calamities by prayers, incantations and votive offerings to the gods to whom these temples were dedicated. This idea prevails in some sections at the present day, as is shown by the innumerable throngs which rushed to the churches in Nebraska to fast and pray in order to induce the Deity to relieve them of the great grasshopper plague only a few years ago. Although we find almost nothing in relation to the healing art in the writings of Confucius, there are other proofs among the writings of eminent Chinese that medicines were not unknown to the Mongolians at an early day. Sin-hias wrote forty volumes, containing a theory of anatomy and discussions on pathology, with many thousand of pharmaceutic prescriptions. He treated of fire, water, earth, gold, gems, stones, salt, herbs, trees, cereals, rice, beans, etc. The use of the moxa was introduced into Europe by the Portuguese from China and Japan. Herodotus, the eminent Greek historian, who was born 484 years before Christ, and who traveled extensively, says we owe its use to the Egyptians, as they were the first to use it, and to apply artificial limbs. It has now fallen into comparative disuse on both continents, it being most too much of a "heroic treatment" for most patients to endure. The moxa consists of a cone of some downy substance which is laid on the skin over the affected part, or seat of pain, held down by some instrument then set on fire. It is held there until it is burned down. Sharp needles are sometimes driven through it into the flesh, to convey the heat as far towards the diseased part within as possible. The moxa, though severe, was undoubtedly a powerful counter-irritant and in harmony with the law of *contraria contrariis curantur*. Charles Sumner, who was assaulted while at his desk in the senate chamber May 22, 1856, by Preston S. Brooks, and beaten over the head with a gutta percha cane until he fell to the floor insensible, received injuries which for years baffled the skill of the American physicians. In May, 1858, he went to Paris, and submitted to what the papers said was a "Course of extraordinarily severe medical treatment," which restored his shattered constitution, and enabled him to resume his seat in the U. S. senate in 1859, where he delivered his great speech on the "Barbarism of Slavery." This "extraordinarily severe treatment," which lasted from May, 1858, till September, 1859, he received at the hands of Brown-Sequard, a man of world-wide reputation and commonly called an "Eminent French physician." He was not a French physician, though he practiced in Paris. His father, Edward Brown, was a native of Philadelphia. His mother was a French lady, named Sequard, from whom Edward Brown-Sequard took his name. He was born in the island of Mauritius in 1818, was carefully educated in his native island, and went to Paris in 1838, where by his eminent ability and untiring research he became famous as a physiologist. He devoted much attention to the location on the spinal column and connection with the brain and *medulla oblongata* of the anterior or white nerves

of motion, and the posterior or grey nerves of sensation. This knowledge led him to depend more on restoring the brain and spinal cord nerves to an exercise of their proper functions than on the use of drugs which can do little if any good. Carrying out this idea he applied the most powerful irritants, such as burning caustics, or something akin to the moxa, over the nerves in the spinal column. This treatment reached the difficulty after all the little doctors had failed with their ergot and bromide of potassa.

This seems to be in harmony with *Contraria Contrariis Curantur*. If it can be reconciled with Hahnemann's *Similia Similibus Curantur*, we shall be pleased to have some of his disciples step to the front and explain. But this idea of counter-irritants was not confined alone to practitioners in China, Japan and France. It is a rule understood by the "Lamachin" men and squaws among our own Indians. In examining many of our Indians who came for treatment we have found numerous scars on various parts of the body. In answer to questions they said their medicine men, as a last resort to remove excruciating rheumatic pains, had sharpened small bits of pitch wood, driven them into the flesh, and then set them on fire, leaving them to burn down to the flesh and roast patches of skin. The Hindoos, a remarkable people, had physicians of great repute in diagnosing, and applying medical and surgical remedies, as is learned from Sanscrit literature. Susruta was famous in his time as a medical writer, but his mode of treatment seems to be but little known. The writings of the Semitic or Hebrew race, the oldest on record, which date back to the very dawn of the history of the human race, have handed down to us no information of practical value in this age. Little is known of the knowledge of "irregular physicians" in those days except their knowledge of embalming the dead.

And Joseph commanded the physicians (1689 years before Christ) to embalm his father.—Gen. I. 2. Fifty-four years afterwards Joseph died and was embalmed also.—Gen. I. 26. There seems to have been in that early age two classes of medical practitioners. The "regular physicians" who were the descendants of Levi and officiated at the Jewish altars—as also the prophets. Then there were the "quack doctors," or embalmers, who occasionally visited their patients and dispensed nostrums known only to themselves. The "regulars" did only an office practice, and required their patients to come to their residences, or to the temple. Of the success of the "quacks" in curing diseases we are indebted to Semitic history. "And Asa was diseased in his feet and his disease was exceedingly great, yet he sought not to the Lord (the regulars at the temple), but to the physicians (the quacks) and Asa died."—2 Chron. xvi.

"A certain woman which had an issue of blood twelve years and had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all she had and was nothing better but rather grew worse."—Mark v. 26.

The pages of Hebrew history are luminous with records of the most remarkable cures made by priests and prophets, who as "regulars" did only an office practice—cures which no man can perform now. They used no "secret remedies," but were honest enough to transmit to posterity their whole treatment of the most malignant disorders including leprosy. This is a disease that has baffled the skill of all modern physicians. Even the Jewish Rabbis now quail before it and refuse to tackle a case. We are at a loss to know why the treatment which worked like a charm four thousand years ago, cannot be successfully resorted to now, unless there be "a missing link" in the chain of the Levitical priesthood. When visiting the Sandwich Islands many years ago, the number of lepers sent to the Island of Mowee from Honolulu and other points reached over two hundred. They were slowly and surely perishing with a dry rot. No treatment seemed adequate to even an arrest of the progress of the horrible disease.

King Kamehameha IV. sent a physician to China to see if the Chinese doctors knew of any remedy. On his return he reported in three words—"No Cure Known." A large majority of infected cases in the Hawaiian Islands were Chinese. A few natives had also caught the infection.

We now give the treatment as laid down in the books—treatments by the priests and by the prophets, both essentially different—both by "regulars," and both said to be equally effectual.

A captain of the hosts of Syria had the leprosy, and had it in a malignant form. An Israelitish maid who had been stolen from the Hebrews, told him of a man in her own country who could cure him. Capt. Naaman started off in his chariot surrounded with pomp and splendor, and loaded with presents to pay his doctor bill. When he reached the door of Dr. Elisha he expected the physician to come out and tell him at length all about the diagnosis, pathology, prognosis of the case, and what would be his treatment and charges. The doctor, who did nothing but an office practice, scorned to even open his door and look at him, but sent word to go and *lousia* (Septuagint) wash seven times in Jordan. The captain having a poor opinion of hydropathy, got mad, but was finally persuaded by his servants to try the doctor's treatment. When he reached the banks of Jordan instead of *lousia* washing by pouring or sprinkling, he made seven dives under the water—*Ebaptisato* (as the Septuagint has it)—and was as clean of his leprosy as a new born child. Whether he would have been cured by washing in water poured over him by a servant history saith not. It was wise in him to perform his ablutions in a way that no one could say he had not "followed the doctor's prescription." The captain was so delighted with his cure that he went back and offered to pay the doctor liberally; but was curtly informed that no patients were treated at that office except clinics, or such as got free treatment. But the strangest part of the story is that one Gehazi who did chores around the doctor's office, thinking something ought to be paid for the cure ran after the captain and told him the doctor had changed his mind and would accept a small fee. The captain gave him two suits of new clothes and a fraction over three thousand four hundred and fifteen dollars and seventeen cents in cash. For this act the doctor put the leprosy, which Naaman had washed off in Jordan, on Gehazi, who "went out a leper as white as snow." How this was done we are not informed in history. In medicine it may be regarded as one of the "lost arts."

Another class of Semitic "regulars" treated lepers at the temples. Their treatment was different from that of Dr. Elisha, while their diagnosis, prognosis and results of treatment were essentially the same. They claimed that they got their diplomas from the skies; and their knowledge of nosology and therapeutics from books which were handed down to them by angel hands, which snatched them from the shelves of a very large library in the palace royal of the universe. Unlike Dr. Elisha and his class, who dwelt in tents or humble habitations, and often went to bed hungry, this branch of the "regular school" held forth in a gorgeous temple, fitted up at great cost, glistening with gold and silver, flashing with precious stones and aromatic with the costliest of perfumes. Their surgical instruments consisted mainly of a razor for shaving the heads of some of their patients, a knife for circumcising and a butcher knife—scalpel—for cutting up fat rams and ewes, turtle doves and pigeons, and adipose bullocks, which were brought there by the wagon load by their patients as offerings, and which, when nicely cooked were "holy" and could be eaten by no one but the doctors and their families. This insured them a nice fat living, was better than depending on a precarious fee, and was probably as much as their services were worth.

We find in an ancient Greek book a description of their treatment of leprosy said to have been written by a very ancient author, called Moosaas in Greek about 3376 years ago. The treatment is quite lengthy as to its description, and we shall only give the main points, referring the young physician to Semitic authors for a more detailed history of it. The patient, if found by the doctor after an examination was really a leper, was treated. The articles that had to be brought to insure good treatment consisted of two nice clean live birds, some cedar wood, some scarlet and hyssop two ram lambs and one ewe lamb, all healthy, "three-tenth deals" of fine flour, as translated by King James, which makes nonsense. In the Greek it reads, *kai tria dekato semidaleios*, and three *tithings* of fine flour, which must have been three-tenths of all the fine flour on hand. The flour was to be mixed up with enough olive oil to make a good short cake. Then there must be about twelve fluid ounces of oil sent as extra. The doctor killed one of the birds in an earthen vessel over running water. He then dipped the living bird, the scarlet cloth, the hyssop and cedar wood into the blood that flowed into the earthen vessel from the bird he had killed. He then sprinkled the leper seven times with the blood and let the live bird go. In seven days all the hair must be shaven from the leper's body not missing even the eyebrows. Eight days after one of the he lambs

was killed. The doctor dipped his finger in the blood and applied a little to the tip of the right ear of the patient, also to the right hand thumb and the big toe of the right foot. A little sweet oil was then poured into the palm of the doctor's left hand. He then dipped his right finger into the oil in his left hand, and snapped it off his finger around in the air promiscuously. He then applied some of the oil to the tip of the right ear, to the thumb of the right hand and to the big toe of the right foot. [It has been suggested that the young practitioner in testing his treatment, in order to avoid fatal consequences should be careful not to put the blood or oil on the wrong toe.] For the balance of the treatment and its wonderful results the young student is referred to books of oriental literature, such as the Pentateuch, the Sancriit, the Targums; and other oriental writers on "Sacred History."





## Chapter II.

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WHY DOCTORS ARE CALLED "DISCIPLES OF ESCULAPIUS"—CELEBRATED SURGEONS IN THE GREEK ARMY AT THE SIEGE OF TROY—HIPPOCRATES, THE "FATHER OF MEDICINE"—ARISTOTLE AND OTHER EMINENT PHYSICIANS—DOGMATISTS AND EMPIRICS LOCK HORNS—THE PEOPLE FOR SIX HUNDRED YEARS LOST ALL FAITH IN DOCTORS.

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WHAT the Orientals called the "divine art of healing," seems to have been as well understood by other nations as by the Hebrews, and whose doctors also claimed to have learned their treatment from the gods. There seems to be less ambiguity in the phraseology of the latter than in that used by the Hebrews, in tracing up the seat of this authority, and ascertaining what that divine authority was. The uncircumcised Orientals got their knowledge of medicine from Æsculapius, a god said to have been the son of Apollo. He went about healing diseases and raising the dead. Pluto, the god who presided over Hades (hell), seeing that Æsculapius was interfering with his business, got mad and induced Zeus to kill him with a flash of lightning. The most noted temple built to his memory was at Epidaurus, a Grecian city. Here the priest doctors amassed large fortunes by selling a peculiar yellowish-brown snake into which they declared the soul of Æsculapius had insinuated itself. The most astonishing cures were made, when the patient got to look at one of these snakes. Large cities, when infested with plagues or great calamities, sent messengers to Epidaurus begging the privilege of carrying a snake home. About 400 B. C., Rome, overwhelmed with calamity, sent a solemn embassy to reverently bear one of these boxed-up snakes back to Rome. The plague was always stayed and the people were happy when they saw the snake crawling under the inspiration of the soul of Æsculapius. All doctors who learned their practice in the Æsculapian schools, which taught surgery and the use of medicine in addition to the snake charm, were the only ones regarded as "regulars." Their ideas in some respects were analogous to those of the Hebrews, who also found wonderful efficacy in a brass snake hung up on a pole, especially in a bad case of snake bite. This idea flashed along down through the darkness of intervening ages and might have suggested to Hahnemann his grand central idea of *similia similibus curantur* 3243 years after. The last time we read in history of the use of snakes as a medicine was about A. D. 50, by Andromachus, a celebrated pharmacist and physician to Nero. He invented a great many valuable mixtures. His favorable "cure all" was the "theriac" composed of sixty-one ingredients. It was a secret preparation as to ingredients, excepting in this—one of the ingredients consisted of snakes. Since that, the use of snakes externally or internally, as a means of healing, seems to have gradually gone out of use. We infer that Dr. Andromachus dealt them out in allopathic doses and nauseated the stomachs of his patients, and the candid historian would not be justified in decrying their use in homœopathic doses. The "theriac" had a big run in its day, and is said, when taken into a stomach strong enough to bear it, to have performed more wonderful cures than are made now by Brandreth's pills, Allcock's porous plasters, Warner's safe cure, and the salves and powders of Mrs. Dr. Duffot, into whose Egyptian chariot the people of Portland poured liberal offerings of gold and silver. The ancient doctors were peculiarly happy in manipulating snakes, and like the Hindoo doctors (impi-

ously called jugglers) could manufacture them at will. The Hebrew doctors claimed to have more knowledge on this subject than those who had never had the privilege of belonging to a circumcised race. They proved this beyond cavil, for when Dr. Aaron threw down a rod before the infidel Pharaoh it turned to a hissing, crawling snake. Filled with astonishment, as he well might be, he ordered his own doctors, disciples of *Æsculapius*, to throw down their rods. Lo, and behold, they also turned into snakes, and probably showed fight toward the snake of Dr. Aaron, for his snake opened his mouth and swallowed the rest, consisting perhaps, of two or three dozen, and then quit with a good appetite for more snakes.

While the barbarians, or Gentiles, seem to have borrowed from the Hebrews their ideas of medical divinities, and, in some respects, improved on them, the common reader is lost in confusion when he tries to get a clear idea of just what the Hebrew divinities were. They seem to have caught the idea of a superior power, hence the Hebrew *Bara*, to create. The power that was above all was called God, while the powers or authorities which were above the common herd—such as magistrates—were called gods. In this sense the Greek *theos* is often used in the Septuagint.

The master of the house shall be brought unto the judges (*ton theou*)—the gods.—Ex. xxii. 8.

Thou shalt not revile the gods (*theous*)—judges—Ex. xxii. 28.

I have said ye are gods (*theoi*).—Ps. lxxxii. 6.

Jesus answered them, is it not written in your law, I said ye are gods (*theoi*).—John x. 34.

This serves to show that the doctors of that age may have only claimed to get their knowledge from such as were higher or more skilled than they; just as doctors now get their knowledge from professors in medical colleges, who would probably be called by Greek writers *theoi* or gods.

Homer makes Chiron, the wisest of all the centaurs, the discoverer of the sovereign balm which *Æsculapius* used. Chiron, son of Saturn, who was skilled in hunting, gymnastics, botany, music, the art of divining the future and of curing diseases, lived at the foot of Mount Pelion in Thessaly, long before *Æsculapius* was born. After the Greeks spent ten years in building a fleet of 1183 ships, carrying 141,960 warriors, to besiege Troy, according to Homer, thirty of these ships were loaded with doctors and surgeons numbering 3,600, or about one surgeon to every forty warriors. Three thousand five hundred and ninety-eight of these surgeons composed the medical staff of Dr. Podalirius and Dr. Machaon, two of the most eminent of the profession in all Greece. In the thousand battles before the walls of Troy, during the seven years' siege, in which whole hecatombs were slaughtered in one day, and the ensanguined fields were covered with the dead, dying and wounded, the medical staff had probably enough to do; but we have no account of any of their exploits. We find only a few instances where the surgeons, Machaon and Podalirius, performed surgical operations. When Atrides was wounded with an arrow, which still clung quivering in his flesh, Dr. Machaon was sent for.

“Swift to his succour through the ranks he ran:  
The dauntless king, yet standing firm, he found,  
And all the chiefs in deep concern around.  
Where to the steely point the reed was joined,  
The shaft he drew, but left the head behind.  
Straight the broad belt, with gay embroidery graced,  
He loosed; the corselet from his breast unbraced;  
Then suck'd the blood, and sovereign balm infused,  
Which Chiron gave and Esculapius used.”

The science of medicine, even in that remote age, was not confined to professionals. Achilles, Patroclus, and other eminent warriors, seemed equally capable of operating, as was shown by the treatment Patroclus gave Eurypilus, when Dr. Podalirius was hemmed in by Trojans, and the great Dr. Machaon lay wounded in his tent. Patroclus found Eurypilus on the battle field, wounded with an arrow.

“Large, painful drops from all his members ran;  
An arrow's head yet rooted in his wound,  
The sable blood, in circles, marked the ground,”



He was led faint and bleeding to the tent, stretched on beef hides, when

"Patroclus cut the forky steel away :  
Then in his hands a bitter-root he bruised ;  
The wound he washed, the styptic juice infused.  
The closing flesh that instant ceased to glow ;  
The wound to torture, and the blood to flow."

No surgeon in modern times could equal that treatment, armed with a case of instruments and Monsel's Solution.

The science of medicine and surgery received such general attention among distinguished writers in Greece, that it is not to be wondered at that Homer attributes so much skill to the army surgeons before Troy, and even to Achilles and other Grecian generals. Aristotle, Hippocrates, and others, wrote largely on the curative art. Hippocrates, born on the island of Cos, in the Ægean sea, and reared under the very shadow of the famous temple of Æsculapius, the college of a noted school of physicians, naturally turned his attention to medicine, and gained the title of "Father of Medicine," as he was the first to raise it from a system of superstitious arts practised only by the priests, to the dignity of a profession. He is said to have written over seventy books. He traced the cause of disease to climate and diet. He relied mostly on the healing power of nature, but endeavored to assist nature in her efforts to cure by bleeding, cupping, cauterization, and the use occasionally of purgatives, and several mineral and vegetable remedies. In diagnosing, in which he was remarkably skillful, he used auscultation. He had some knowledge of the brain and viscera, but not enough of anatomy to know the difference between veins, arteries, nerves, tendons and ligaments. The church, having as holy a horror of human dissections as the Indians have now, no surgeon dare open the body of the dead. For ages the church hung as a dead weight on all advancement in anatomy, and its influence in this direction has not entirely died out yet. Hippocrates founded his system on the idea that in the human body there are four humors—blood, phlegm, yellow bile and black bile. A due proportion of each element insured health, while an excess of any one was the approximate cause of disease. His treatment was intended to restore the equilibrium and thus heal the patient without the intervention of faith cure appliances, consisting of votive offerings by the priests; prayers and incantations as had been the practice of the Orientals—Hebrews and uncircumcised alike. His views spread rapidly among thinkers, and their adoption marked an epoch in the history of the human race, where science gained its first victory over superstition.

The small stone cut out of the mountains by Hippocrates, will, as many think, continue to roll until it covers the whole earth.

About seventy years after, Aristotle, the greatest philosopher of ancient times, appeared on the stage. He was born at Stagira, a Greek colony of Macedonia, 384 B. C. His father was private physician to King Nichomachus, and gave his son a liberal education, sending him to Athens at the age of seventeen years, where he remained twenty years as a student of Plato, who called him "the intellect of his school." After years of travel, he returned to Athens and established a broader and more rational school of philosophy than that of Plato. He was the father of the science of logic, and laid down as a fundamental principle that "there is no direct proof of things which transcend our senses and observation." He was the first to arrange animals into classes, and as an anatomical dissector, and describer of psychological influences he never had an equal. He came near discovering the circulation of the blood. We have no means of knowing what were his views on pharmacy, as most of his writings have been lost; but it is reasonable to suppose that a man so intent on ascertaining the anatomical structure of animals and the relations of soul life to the material body, could have stopped short of searching after agents in the mineral and vegetable kingdoms best suited to prevent an untimely dissolution of the animal structure, especially as his father was an eminent physician.

After the founding of Alexandria, at the mouth of the Nile in Egypt, by Alexander the Great, 332 B. C, the literati of the world, Hebrews and Greeks, soon flocked thither, and Alexandria was to the world what Athens had been before—the seat of literature.

Up to that time the views of Hippocrates and Aristotle formed the basis of all medical science. Aristotle distinguished between nutritive, sensitive, motive and intellectual faculties. The nutritive is common to plants and animals—to everything that lives and dies. The nutritive, sensitive and motive faculties reside in every part of the animal body. The intellectual is found in very few animals besides man. Where the intellect resides he nowhere says; but leaves us to infer, from hints he throws out, that its seat is in the heart, which he also considered the seat of the nervous system. This school of medicine under the name of dogmatists, or rationalists, prevailed down to the appearance of the new or Alexandrian school, the most eminent of which were Herophilus and Erasistratus. The dogmatists called the Alexandrian school, which had taken a long step in advance, Empirics, a word often applied by physicians now to such as happen to know more than they do. The new school dissected human bodies, and learned more of anatomy than was known before. While Hippocrates had noticed that disease affected the pulse, Erasistratus seemed to be familiar with the lacteal vessels and their connection with the mesenteric glands. The muscles he showed, were not merely used as a covering for the bones, as taught by the dogmatists, and he is said to have invented the catheter. Ammonius, another member of the empiric school, also invented an instrument for crushing stone in the bladder.

The conflicting opinions of the two schools long divided the medical profession. The dogmatists maintained that we cannot successfully treat diseases unless we are acquainted with hidden or internal and exciting external causes. The empirics replied, with telling effect, that the minute motions and changes of the internal parts are beyond our observation, and all our knowledge of them is based upon mere hypothetical opinion. They also claimed that where the cause of disease was known it by no means led to the discovery of a remedy, and our only safe guide is to watch closely the disease and the effects of remedial agents employed. The dogmatists made the fluids in the body the seat of disease, while empirics thought the solids were first affected, and the derangements of the fluids was but secondary.

About 150 years after, Asclepiades, an eminent orator, began to practice medicine at Rome. He founded a new medical doctrine, scouting the views of both dogmatists and empirics as heresy. According to his views, which were soon largely embraced by the medical profession, the human body is everywhere permeated by pores, through which atoms, varying in form and size, are all the time escaping. Health consists in a perfect symmetry between these pores and atoms, while disease is an obstruction of the pores or an irregularity in the distribution of the atoms. Themison, one of his pupils, further developed this theory by making all diseases depend upon constriction and relaxation; or upon a third, and mixed condition, while he divided all remedies into astringents and relaxants.

After this war among physicians, the people for a time seemed to have lost all faith in the theories and remedies of doctors, for Pliny tells us that for 600 years Rome had no physicians, and no attempt was made to cure disease except by priests, who fell back on superstitions, rites, supplications to the gods, and appeals to the ignorance and blind superstitions of their dupes. Hence Livy informs us that during that time pestilence was repeatedly stayed in Rome by driving a nail into the Capitol building, by the use of simples, coupled with charms, and incantations; or by building a temple to Apollo or Æsculapius, where pious, frightened multitudes were as eager to assist in carrying bricks and mortar, as were the pious women and children in hauling the wooden horse into Troy.

## Chapter III.

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CELSUS, GALEN, DIOSCORIDES, AVICENNA AND MANY OTHER PHYSICIANS OF NOTE—CONSTANTINUS, BY REASON OF HIS GREAT LEARNING, DRIVEN FROM HIS NATIVE CITY AS A SORCERER—FEMALES OCCUPIED PROFESSIONAL CHAIRS IN THE MEDICAL UNIVERSITY OF BOLOGNE—GALVANI, THE DISCOVERER OF GALVANISM, A PROFESSOR AT BOLOGNE—THE FIRST MENTION OF SMALLPOX, MEASLES AND SCARLET FEVER FOUND IN THE WRITINGS OF AVICENNA ABOUT A. D. 1010—THE CHURCH OPPOSED TO DISSECTING HUMAN BODIES—VAN HELMONT MADE SO MANY CURES WITH VEGETABLE MEDICINES THAT HE WAS ARRAIGNED BEFORE THE ROMAN CATHOLIC INQUISITION AS A DOCTOR IN MAGIC.

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C ELSUS, who lived in Rome near the close of the first century, published a book called *De Medicini*, containing a digest of all that was known to the ancients, and showing the great progress medicine had made in consequence of the labors of the empiric school in Alexandria. He treats of the great operations in surgery, of operations for stone and hernia, of wounds in the intestines, of cataract, gives directions for using the catheter, speaks of the trephine in injuries of the brain, of the use of ligatures in divided blood vessels, and in varices and hemorrhoids. From the time of Hippocrates, down to the advent of Galen, the medical world was busy in research—now struggling up and then sliding down—but all the time making sensible progress, as noted by the historian at regular epochs that marked a new departure in medical science. The physician who had the greatest renown, and whose authority reigned supreme for twelve hundred years, was Galen. He was born in Pergamos, an ancient city in the northwestern corner of Asiatic Turkey, A. D. 130. It was noted for its literature, its extensive library and its lovely location in a charming valley. The early Christians succeeded in building up a large church here, and John, in the Apocalypse, calls it the throne of the devil—*hōpou ho thronos satana*—(Rev. ii. 13.) Like Yambhill, it seems to have given a “start” to a good many “great men.” Galen, seems, like his illustrious predecessors, to have devoted the first years of his life to logic and philosophical science, and then grappled with medicine. His father taught him the first rudiments of education, and at the age of fifteen he began the study of logic and philosophy. He was afterwards placed under the best instructors in the science of medicine. After the death of his father he traveled nine years in order to gather information and add to his knowledge. He remained four years in Rome where he was regarded as a prodigy in anatomy and medicine. He returned to his native city, but was recalled by the Emperors Aurelius and Verus, to subdue a raging pestilence which had broken out in the camp of the Roman army. While in Rome he augmented his fame by lectures, writings and practice. He was a man of profound learning for that age, but, like most great men of all times, his greatness consisted in an ability to digest what had been already written, and from the whole, to evolve an improvement or new departure. He wrote eighty-three treatises of his own, and fifteen books of commentaries on the works of Hippocrates. He was considered the most profound scholar, most eminent physician and accomplished man of his age, and even to this

day, the "regular" school of physicians are recognized generally as the disciples of Galen; with no more justice, perhaps, than the charge that Galen was a follower of Hippocrates, because he adopted many of his views. Galen seems to have gained his knowledge of anatomy from the writings of the Alexandrine school, added to his own observation in dissecting monkeys—as his veneration for church superstition seems to have prevented him from using a knife on a human body. He, however, advised his pupils to visit Alexandria and engage in human dissections. Galen adopted the Hippocratic theory of four humors in the human body—blood, phlegm, yellow bile and black bile. He made them the ground work of his doctrine, elaborating and refining upon them at great length, and with great subtlety. In addition to the fluids and solids of the human body, he claimed there was another principle, the spirits, which helped make up the human organization. He divided the spirits into three kinds: the *natural* spirits, derived from venous blood; the *vital* spirits, formed in the heart by the action of the air we breathe upon the *natural* spirits, and which are driven through the arteries; and the *animal* spirits formed in the brain from the *vital* spirits. He also taught that the human soul is composed of three parts—a *vegetative* principle, residing in the liver; an *irascible*, or irritable part, located in the heart; and a *rational* part, the seat of which is in the brain. His works on anatomy and physiology are considered the most valued; while his *materia medica*, based upon his hypothetical ideas, though containing all the remedial agents of the ancients, were so badly arranged, and his descriptions of the medicines used are so vague, that most of them can no longer be recognized. Galen seems not to have received the notions of Hippocrates, that the glands are merely spongy bodies intended "to absorb moisture from the neighboring parts; and the brain, the largest of the glands, draws the vapor from the whole interior of the body," for he makes the brain merely the seat of the rational part of the soul—an office entirely different from that which Hippocrates ascribed to it—hence his treatment as a natural *sequitur* of his theory, must have been materially different.

Dioscorides, supposed to have been born in Anazarbus, Cilicia, in the first or second century, A. D., and was probably a cotemporary of Galen, was also a distinguished scholar in botany and in medicine. He wrote five books on *materia medica*, a work which was held in the highest reputation down to the seventh century. It is valuable as illustrating the opinions of the various schools or physicians in ancient times. It has been translated into the Arabic, Italian, Spanish, French and German languages; and many editions of it have been published in Latin and Greek.

After the Roman empire began to decline into barbarism, and the burning of the 700,000 volumes in the library at Alexandria by the Saracens under the order of Caliph Omar, A. D., 642, little attention was paid to medical science for several hundred years; except by the Arabian physicians. The Hebrews and Greeks, many of whom had settled in Arabia, carried with them much of the knowledge already known, which the Arabians were not slow to avail themselves of. The Arabian physicians, Ali Abbas, Avicenna, Albucasis and many others, were voluminous writers. They translated the works of Galen into Arabic, and all that Europe knew of Galen after that, was learned from the Arabic translation of his works—works which from their vagueness, refinements and subtleties, seemed well suited to the Mohammedan mind. The most noted of these writers was Avicenna, born near Bokhara, A. D., 980. His "Canon" of medicine was a popular text book for several centuries, in Europe, as well as in Arabia. In his works we find the earliest account of eruptive fevers—these he divided into two forms; *variola* or smallpox, and *morbilli* (the little pests) including measles, scarlet fever, and probably other eruptions. It cannot be ascertained whether these diseases had existed for ages, or whether they now appeared for the first time. It seems strange that smallpox should have existed in Greece or Rome, and no accounts of it have been recorded by medical writers. From these Arabian authors, we learn, of the first use as medical agents, of cassia, manna, senna, rhubarb, tamarinds, camphor, etc. From the ninth to the thirteenth century, the Jews who had picked up their knowledge of medicine, in part, by their intercourse with the Mohammedans, became celebrated as doctors. Owing to popular prejudice against the race, the laws forbade any Jew to administer a dose of medicine to a Christian; yet their skill as physicians often served as passports to courts and even to the palace of the Roman pontiffs. During all this long period of darkness, which marked a sort of interregnum, in the



reign of the Æsculapian art, the small city of Salerno, a seaport town thirty miles southeast of Naples, seems to be the only spot over which the star of medical science hovered. This city was founded about the time of the destruction of the Alexandrine library. It had a school of noted doctors, one of the chief and most distinguished of whom, was Constantinus Africanus, who, by reason of his great learning, had been driven from his native city as a sorcerer. He wrote many books, which were translated from the Arabic into barbarous Latin. Frederic II., a German emperor, who was crowned king of Naples and Sicily by Pope Innocent III. gave the school of Salerno all possible encouragement. He published an edict in the thirteenth century, forbidding any one to practice medicine in Sicily who had not been examined by the faculty of Salerno. The applicant was examined on the therapeutics of Galen, the first book of Avicenna and the aphorisms of Hippocrates. He then took an oath to be pure in life, to obey the laws, to attend the poor gratuitously, and not to share his profits with the apothecary—an oath that would cut off many a prescription doctor from practice in our time.

The city of Bologne, about 200 miles northwest of Rome, had a noted medical university, said to have been founded by Theodosius, A. D. 425; which must have been a mistake, as Theodosius died January 17, 395. The university had a library of 150,000 volumes and 1000 manuscripts, as also several thousand students. This university seems to have little respect for the teachings of a Jewish convert to Christianity, who was an old bachelor and seemed to have a poor opinion of women, when he wrote to one of his young friends A. D. 65—"I suffer not a woman to teach" (1 Tim. ii. 12)—for in addition to its learned male professors, several females occupied professional chairs as teachers in the university. Clotilde Tambroni was a professor of Greek; Novella d'Andrea was professor of canon law in the fourteenth century, and Laura Bassi, who received the degree of doctor of philosophy, occupied a chair as professor of canon law in the eighteenth century. This shows that the honor of professorship bestowed upon women in medical colleges, is not the result of advanced civilization in the nineteenth century, as some claim. In fact we know of no noted university in the civilized world where a woman occupies a professional chair except at Bologne. Galvani, who accidentally discovered an intermediate principle between electricity and animal magnetism, now called galvanism, was also a professor in the Bologne university.

About the year A. D. 1315, Mondini, one of the professors, dissected two women, but such was the influence of church superstition over him, that he dared not open the cranium for fear of committing a mortal sin. He published an anatomical description of the body, illustrated with wood cuts, but the knowledge he gave in addition to that of Galen, who dissected merely apes, was inconsiderable. Towards the latter part of the fourteenth century human dissections were common at Bologne, Pavia and Padua, and Du Bois, in Paris used the human body as often as he could get one, in his lectures in college on demonstrative anatomy.

From the time of Hippocrates down to the present, the opinions of one school had only been promulgated and extensively embraced, to be overthrown or be combatted by some other. Chemists, alchemists, mathematicians or other men devoted to a particular science or train of thought, have, when turning their attention to medicine, generally built their notions of pathology and *materia medica* upon their favorite branch of science.

Fleming, a chemist, who was called to the professorship of practical medicine in 1658, first presented a chemical theory of the vital forces acting in the body. He held that digestion and nutrition were caused by certain fermentations in the body—the saliva, pancreatic, and hepatic juices, combining to produce these fermentations. He held that in perfect health the acids and alkalies are in equilibrium, and disease is consequent upon a predominance of either an acid or an alkali in some secretion of the body. Fleming's ideas were received with favor by medical men in the north of Europe, and in England.

But about this time Borelli, a profound mathematician in Italy, took the medical fever and started a new school of medicine, based upon mathematical science. He regarded man as a complex machine, run on mathematical principles, and attempted to explain the operations of bodily organs by the laws of mechanics, hydraulics and hydrostatics. He made nice mathematical calculations of the mechanical force brought into requisition in the acts of walking, running, flying,

leaping and swimming ; and explained the action of the heart, the blood vessels and intestines, by mathematical rules. To give a sample of his mathematical lore, he proved to his own satisfaction that the heart, at each contraction, overcomes a weight of 180,000 pounds. While Borelli's ideas were gaining favor in the northern part of Europe, it was suddenly confronted by a new system promulgated in Germany by George Ernest Stahl, who had been appointed professor of medicine in the university of Halle, A. D. 1674. He seems to have founded his system upon ideas suggested by Van Helmont, a Belgian chemist, alchemist and mystic, born in Brussels, 1577 ; educated for a priest, but abandoned the study of theology for that of medicine. His knowledge of the medical qualities of vegetables, herbs and plants, gave him an extended practice, and some of his cures were considered remarkable—so much so, that he was arraigned before the Roman Catholic Inquisition as a dealer in magic. History, under church influence, has never assigned to this man the place he was entitled to. In accounting for the vital force in the body, which we call the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, he centered it in what he called the *archæus*—sometimes a chemical ferment, and at others a spiritual intelligence, as a controlling power. His notions found but little favor ; but we have little doubt that Stahl was indebted to him for a suggestion which led him to a development of his theory. Stahl, rejecting Helmont's "chemical ferment," adopted his "intelligent influence" and made the *anima* (the soul) the great governing power that ran the machinery of the human body.

Stahl taught that the soul or, *anima*, seated on its throne somewhere in the human body, exercised a recuperative and superintending influence, guarding against injuries, and suggesting the best means of repairing them when they occur. He made a blind stagger towards a truth, even at this day little understood by physicians, that the *medulla oblongata*—the connecting link between the brain and spinal marrow—is the real seat of all the *anima*, or soul, there is in the body—the throne of all the powers that receive through the sentient or grey nerves, all dispatches from the remotest part of the body, and instantaneously transmits its mandates through the motor nerves to the spot whence was telegraphed the injury. Stahl, while able to overthrow the theories of those who claimed to account for vital actions on the theory of chemical or physical forces, was unsatisfactory and diffuse in trying to explain the action of his own agent.

Hoffman, who was a fellow professor with Stahl in the university of Halle, was also a voluminous writer. He made a long stride towards the true explanation, when he rejected the *anima* theory of Stahl, and located the natural forces in the nervous system. He was not able to grasp the idea that vital forces are not originated in the nervous system ; but are only transmitted through the nerves as telegraph wires from the brain laboratory, which receives from the blood a perpetual supply, constantly being evolved by all motions in the body, thus placing vital force, animal magnetism, or brain life, under the same laws that govern electricity and galvanism. Hoffman ascribed to the muscles, or "animal fiber," a certain "tone" which could be increased to "spasm" or reduced to "atony," not thinking that his "spasm" and "atony" are consequent upon either a deficiency of brain life, or an impairment of nerves, which renders them incapable of transmitting it.

## Chapter IV.

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PARACELSUS THE FIRST ADVOCATE OF MERCURY, A TRAVELING DOCTOR WHO CURED EVERYTHING, A DRUNKARD AND A VAGABOND—BOISSIEUR DE SAUVAGES, THE FIRST WRITER ON NOSOLOGY—PINEL, THE FIRST PHYSICIAN WHO TAUGHT THE WORLD HOW TO TREAT THE INSANE—THEIR HORRIBLE TREATMENT IN FRANCE UNDER CHURCH INFLUENCE.

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ONE of the most notable medical men of that age, and the best type we have in history of our own traveling doctors who go from place to place warranting to cure all incurable diseases, was Paracelsus Phillippus Aurealus Theophrastus Bombastus Von Hohenheim. He was born near Zurich in Switzerland, A. D. 1493. His father was a physician, but gave his son but a limited education. Paracelsus was possessed of remarkable coolness, self-possession and an inordinate desire for a knowledge of whatever was wrapped in mystery. He became an alchemist, and down in his underground laboratory searched in vain for a universal solvent of metals and a specific for all diseases. He became familiar with all that was known of alchemy, of divination, conjuration and jugglery. Armed with this information he set out on foot, to pick up scraps of information in chemistry, medicine and whatever else he thought he could make available. He dressed himself in the garb of a Tartar prince, and went to Constantinople to learn the secret of a cure-all elixir, said to have been found by Trismegismus, a mythical Greek, reputed to be carrying on a large factory for the manufacture of his elixir in Constantinople. Of course Paracelsus found no Trismegismus and no sovereign elixir, but he picked up from others information of value regarding the virtues of several medicines. He returned to Switzerland and performed several remarkable cures. He seems to have obtained the confidence of *Æcolampadius*, a noted divine, upon whose recommendation Paracelsus was appointed professor of physic and surgery in the University of Basel, A. D. 1526. On taking the chair he proclaimed himself sole monarch of medicine in the world; publicly burned the writings of Galen and Avicenna, claimed that he alone knew the art of prolonging life and curing all diseases. Said he had more learning in the hairs of his beard than all the colleges and schools in the world possessed, throwing in all the medical writers. While scouting the ideas of Hippocrates, Aristotle, Galen, Avicenna and others, he regarded the body as composed of three elements, sulphur, salt and mercury. He held that the soul was united to the body by an animal fluid. He regarded man as an image of the Trinity, taking sides with the Catholics in the war between the followers of Arius, who held to one God with one head, and the Catholics who held to one God with three heads. Paracelsus held that man's intellect represented God, his body represented the physical world, and the fluids in the body represented the stars. He thought there was a mysterious harmony between the human body and the earth and salt; an equal harmony between the soul and water and mercury, and discovered another harmony between intellect and the air and sulphur. The great Erasmus, whose name is familiar to every scholar in the school of church history, seems to have gone to consult Paracelsus on stone in the bladder. Paracelsus drew large crowds to his lectures, and by his wonderful cheek, his remarkable coolness and happy faculty of hiding his own ignorance by throwing his opponents on the defensive, he was able for a time to hold sway over, not only the ignorant, but even such schol-

ars as Erasmus. He was drunk when he visited his patients, drunk when he lectured, and drunk when he wrote his books. He spent his time in low taverns, and never took off his clothes when he went to bed. After a time his lectures ceased to draw a crowd; he was compelled to leave the college, and went wandering through Germany, visiting Moravia, where he flourished for a short time, then went to Vienna, Villach, Mendelheim and Saltzburg, where he died in abject poverty.

The first writer on Nosology, *nosos*, disease, and *logos*, a discourse, was Boissier de Sauvages, who lived in Montpellier, in the southern part of France. He endeavored to classify and distinguish diseases, as botanists classify and describe the vegetable kingdom, as early as 1752. His book was a standard work in all medical schools down till the publication of Cullen's Nosology in 1772—a work of standard authority in most medical schools down to this day, although the progress of science has shown the fallacy of many of his views.

John Brown, a man of genius but a notorious sot, was a cotemporary and rival of Cullen. Brown was educated for the pulpit, but gave up his desire to save souls, for what he considered of more importance—an effort to save bodies. He was born in 1735 at Preston, Scotland. He was the son of a poor farmer, but by his own unconquerable will and thirst for knowledge, worked his way up till he became a rival of Cullen, whose views he attacked at Edinburgh in 1780. Brown started a new school of medicine known as the Brunonian system. Medical students in Edinburgh seem to have been nearly equally divided between the theories of Cullen and the views of Brown. For several years the controversy raged at fever heat, and the adherents to the two systems not unfrequently met in sanguinary contests, resulting in black eyes and bloody noses, the medical belligerents marshalling on one side as “Cullenites,” and as “Brownites” on the other.

Brown's views, as set forth in his book, *Elementa Medicinæ*, produced a terrible shaking among the dry bones seated in medical chairs all over Europe, but he gained many converts in all the medical colleges. The basis of his new theory was the doctrine of “excitability.” He held that all animal organism, human and otherwise, differed from inorganic bodies by being capable of being excited by either external agents, or by the functions of internal organs, not possessed by bodies which had no organic life, and that all animal organization differed mainly from inorganic bodies, or such as he supposed to have no life, in this—that the former was capable of being excited to action by external influence, while the latter or inanimate objects, were susceptible to no external influences controlled by natural law. The external agents which excite the internal organism to action are, according to Brown—heat, light, air and alimentary substances, or food and drink, while the internal agents are the blood and the humors which are drawn from the blood. The function of the organs, according to his theory, are muscular contraction caused by the secretions of the body, the passions, and the exercise of the brain in evolving thought or ideas. All these forces, acting in conjunction, produce or perpetuate life; and death is a consequence of a cessation of the operation of these influences. Health consists in a proper equilibrium between the exciting forces without and the vital force of excitability within, while disease consists in dropping out or severing a link in the chain of equilibrium. The cause of all diseases, he asserted, was an excess of stimulating forces, or, an insufficiency of these forces. The one he called “sthenic,” Greek, *sthenos*, strength, and the other, “asthenic,” Greek, *a* without and *sthenos*, strength. His treatment consisted in increasing the stimulating force in some cases and diminishing it in others. In harmony with this idea, a lovesick Jew was cured by large doses of veratrum viride, one of the best antaphrodisiacs known even now, and which works well in cases known as “puppy love.”

His doctrines became very popular, for a time, all over Europe. Girtanner advocated them in Germany, and Rasori spread them in Italy, but failed to get much foothold in France till Broussais, who, in 1831, was appointed to the chair as Professor of General Pathology in the medical school at Paris introduced a new system, which seems to have been much the same as that taught by Brown thirty years before at Edinburgh; for he traced the cause of all disease to some irritability in the organism, thus producing inflammation. His great efforts were directed to overthrowing Pinel's theory, founded upon the ontological systems, and establishing one founded on the physiological system of medicine. He succeeded in overbrowning Pinel's system, founded upon a branch of metaphysical science, in which its devotees have generally soared above even the atmos.



phere that envelopes the material world and taken up their abode in the ether beyond, to bring their telescopes to bear upon the essence of things. Pinel, however, deserves more than a passing notice. He deserves, in fact, immortal honors. While his field of metaphysical speculation lay beyond the clouds, his field of action lay on *terra firma*. While in Paris, in 1791, he wrote much on the best methods of treating the insane, recommending a recourse to a mild system of treatment, in place of the harsh and barbarous methods then employed. He received the first prize in the medical college for the best essay on this subject. For six years he was placed in charge of a private hospital for the reception of this class of unfortunates, and his success was so marked that he was soon placed in charge of the Bicetre, or city prison. This was an immense structure, partly rotten, and everywhere uncomfortable and horribly filthy. It served as a prison, almshouse, hospital, lunatic asylum and nursery. It was crowded almost to suffocation, and all classes were permitted to mingle together, except the insane who were chained in dark, damp and filthy cells, and their keepers were criminals, condemned for great crimes, to remain in these loathsome cells to wait on the occupants, whose cruel treatment not unfrequently soon made them raving maniacs. Such was the condition in which Pinel found this place of horrors when he took charge of it. He tore down the old rotten sheds attached to the building, separated the inmates, and went down into the cells and took off the shackles of the raving maniacs whom others dared not approach, led them up to air, light and cheerful surroundings, and by kindness and such other methods as his great soul suggested, soon began rapidly to restore them to reason. His treatment astonished the world in its results, and it has been adopted in every civilized country since. He picked out one of the "chief corner stones" of the church, which held that insanity or witchery was merely a species of diabolism, inflicted upon mortals as a punishment by their God, who was pleased to have the church carry out the system begun by him by using dungeons, chains, neglect and torture.



## Chapter V.

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### VACCINATION—FIRST INTRODUCED IN ENGLAND BY LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU—ITS GREAT CHAMPION, JENNER—ITS TRIUMPH OVER MEDICAL AND RELIGIOUS PREJUDICE—A GREAT BOON TO MANKIND.

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ABOUT the year 1718, an entering wedge to one of the most beneficial discoveries ever made in medicine was driven by a woman. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, one of the most classical, brilliant and beautiful women in England, accompanied her husband to Constantinople, where he had been sent in 1716 as Ambassador to the Porte, and as Consul-General of the Levant. Her marriage to Montagu proved unfortunate, and resulted in her becoming a "grass widow"—a condition of affairs similar to what has been revived in the Lord Colin Campbell episode in London society scandal. While in Constantinople, she spent much of her time in Belgrade, a beautiful city about four hundred and fifty miles to the northwest of Constantinople, in Servia. While in Belgrade she learned of a practice there of inoculation for variola or smallpox, which produced varioloid, a mild type of smallpox. She became interested in it, as she had lost an only brother and lost her own beautiful eyelashes by variola. Up to that time smallpox had been making fearful ravages and cut off as many as four hundred thousand a year in Europe alone. After a thorough investigation, she had her only boy, but five years old, vaccinated, which satisfied her that varioloid was an improvement on variola. She carried her discovery with her upon her return to England, where it was ridiculed by the medical profession. She finally succeeded in getting five criminals, under sentence of death, to be vaccinated as an experiment. The success of the trial was complete, yet the howl against it was rather augmented than diminished. The doctors predicted unknown and immeasurable disasters which would surely follow, and the clergy said it was a "blasphemous interference with Divine Providence." The common herd were taught by priests and doctors to look upon Lady Montagu as a monster mother, without natural affection, who had imperilled the life of her own child by inoculating it. The storm that was rained down on her head by the combined influence of priests and doctors sometimes made her almost sorry that she had ever broached the subject on her return from Belgrade. Before she died, August 21, 1762, she had seen most of the medical profession in Europe stealing her practice. Her remedy, while it diminished the evil, was attended with much inconvenience and was not entirely destitute of danger, suggested to the medical profession a necessity for something better. The profession were all at sea till Jenner, one of the brightest lights that ever shot athwart the medical heavens, published his book—"An Inquiry into the Causes and Effects of the Variolæ Vaccinæ, London, 1792."

The disappointment the medical profession experienced in using Lady Montagu's vaccine for varioloid, as a safe and satisfactory remedy for the frightful ravages of variola, or smallpox, set the doctors to thinking that perhaps an advance might be made on her system, but no one seemed able to see in just what this improvement should consist. Under the great natural law, that in the cycles of the ages evolves a necessary force and brings up the needed "coming man," it brought up Jenner, as it brought up Moses, Galileo, Washington and Lincoln. Jenner was born in Gloucestershire, England, May 17, 1749. He was a son of the Rev. Stephen Jenner, and, unlike the sons of many preachers, who turn out hoodlums and scrubs, Edward evinced a love for science. He gradually rose from the time he was apprenticed at the age of fourteen to a surgeon in Sudbury, with whom

he remained seven years. He continued to rise through a variety of fortunes and adventures until he opened as an apothecary and surgeon in Berkeley in 1773. He seemed to have been a versatile genius, and reached out to grasp all that was to be known in every branch of science. He scorned only one science—the science of “specialties,” so often held up to the public as an evidence of perfection by men who have only brains enough to grasp one idea, and who generally fail to grasp even that. He became a leader in his age in ornithology; he wrote an essay on the cuckoo, which was published and regarded as a “masterly production,” as it gave many facts in relation to the habits of this bird not known before. His researches led him into the field of geology, pharmacy, and agricultural chemistry; besides, he sought after a knowledge of the anatomical structure of animal bodies, the secret causes of disease and the best means of preventing it. He belonged to the radical school of philosophy, for his great powers of observation and analysis made him capable of not only grasping all that was known of what he took hold of, but to also add new information on science, hitherto but poorly understood. He contributed valuable papers on various subjects to two medical clubs to which he belonged, but all this time he never lost sight of his idea, long since formed, that some day a preventive of smallpox would be found superior to vaccination for varioloid, brought from Belgrade by Lady Montagu. He was led to his great discovery by hearing a country girl from Gloucestershire say she could never take the smallpox as she had already had the cowpox. While other doctors treated this as merely a superstitious whim of ignorant people, Jenner resolved to trace the thing up and ascertain if there was really anything in it. He found by inquiry that in some rural districts persons engaged in milking often had a mild eruptive disorder they claimed to have caught from pustules on the cow’s udder while milking. This disease never proved fatal, and was regarded by the country people as a sure preventive of smallpox. He spent years in making a careful study of the different characteristics of variola, varioloid, and cowpox. He finally came to the conclusion that vaccination for cowpox might answer all the purposes of vaccination for varioloid. He went into the cow stables and carefully examined the eruption on the udder and used the matter in experimental vaccinations. He found only one form of pustule on the udder would answer the purpose of protecting from smallpox. His faith was so great in it that he vaccinated his own boy, between five and six years old. He also discovered that cowpox could be communicated from one person to another, as for years the disease among cattle disappeared, and he feared this would render his discovery partially valueless. On May 14, 1776, he took matter from the hand of a milkmaid, who had taken the cowpox while milking, and vaccinated James Phipps, a boy eight years old. July 1st following, he inoculated the boy for smallpox without producing the slightest effect. He was afterward inoculated nineteen times for smallpox with the same result. In a few years (1798) he went to London to communicate his great discovery to the medical profession, and endeavor to get them to adopt it; he received a cold reception. The “regular” physicians in charge of medical colleges, who already knew it all, refused to even try his experiment. One of the medical societies in Berkeley, where he belonged, had already told him that his views were so distasteful to them he was politely requested never to allude to it in his lectures. He hoped better things in London, but here the doctors scouted his discoveries as an effort to “bestialize” the human species by introducing into the system matter from a cow, not thinking that they were “bestializing” themselves by eating the belly pieces of a sow. The pulpit, as usual, caught up and elaborated the doctors’ howl, and denounced Jenner’s acts as “works of the devil.” The doctors and preachers, as usual, went hand in hand, and by their outcry soon made the masses believe that Jenner was a monster, endangering the souls and bodies of men, women and children. After a three months’ stay in London he returned to his home in Berkeley disgusted but not discouraged. He published a book, showing the evil effects of the old system of vaccination for varioloid, and the harmless and equally efficacious system of his own. He gave the details of sixteen cases of smallpox caught by infections, and seven cases of varioloid taken by vaccination from smallpox virus. The facts stated in his book could not be controverted by the profession and drew the attention of medical men.

About this time Cline, a surgeon in London with whom Jenner had left a little cowpox lymph, vaccinated several persons, and the success of his experiment created such a revolution in public sentiment that in less than a year after Jenner had left London seventy-three of the leading

doctors in the city signed a manifesto expressing the utmost confidence in his discovery; and of course the pulpits ceased denouncing Jenner as an agent of the devil, trying to destroy souls.

Several of the doctors tried to rob Jenner of his discovery, by claiming that they had known all about this before Jenner did. This failing, two physicians in charge of the London smallpox hospital, Pearson and Woodville, fearing their lucrative occupation would soon be gone, attempted to bring Jenner's discovery into disrepute by having several patients inoculated for cowpox, and, before the matter had time to work, vaccinating them for the smallpox. Their report of these cases frightened for a time the medical profession, and caused the pulpit to again unmask its batteries. Jenner soon stripped the flimsy gossamer of fraud and deceit from these men by exposing their infamy. His exposition of this fraud was published in 1801, and in less than five years the most flattering testimonials poured in upon him from crowned heads and scientific bodies, who regarded his discovery as incalculable value to the world. In 1802 parliament granted to him \$50,000. In 1807 it granted him \$100,000 more, and India sent nearly \$40,000, making a sum of about \$190,000, all of which he seems to have spent in prosecuting his researches for the benefit of the human race. He soon had a world-wide reputation, and his influence was such that his personal application to Napoleon secured the release of English prisoners when the diplomacy of England would have probably failed. In Spain and Austria his influence was equally potent, and the historian says that a passport from him to any person desiring to travel in Europe was as good in every country through which he passed as a passport from the officers of the crown. In all his pursuits he seemed to be governed by his benevolence—a desire to benefit the human race—and when he died, in 1823, he had little of this world's goods, as his warm heart had always prompted him to look more after the interests of the poor than his own pecuniary advantage.

Cuvier, the celebrated French naturalist, in his works, published in 1830, on the "History and Progress of Science in all Nations," said of Jenner's discovery in the seventeenth century, "If vaccination were the only discovery of the epoch it would serve to render it illustrious forever." As great and important as Jenner's discovery is, we not unfrequently hear physicians now, jumping to a conclusion without carefully examining the facts, denouncing the practice of vaccination as dangerous. As before stated, the matter taken from the arm is as effectual in its results as that taken from the udder of a cow, with this modification: that any impurity in the blood of the subject from whose arm the "scab" is taken will be carried into the blood of the person vaccinated. Matter taken from a person who has a scrofulous or cancerous diathesis, a syphilitic taint in the blood, or who is not otherwise perfectly healthy, is dangerous and in some cases has resulted fatally; while not an instance can be found on record where vaccine matter taken from a cow, or from the arm of a perfectly healthy child, has ever given unsatisfactory results. The only remedy seems to be to employ no one to vaccinate, who gets his matter from a lot of scabs taken from the arms of people without reference to health, and offered for sale to make money. Select an honest physician, in whom you have perfect confidence, who has taken all possible pains to get pure matter, and you will never have occasion to regret having vaccinated your family. The intelligent community can rest assured that the only obstacle to successfully rooting out smallpox is found in defective laws, carelessness of individuals, and mistakes made by ignorant or dishonest physicians. No intelligent man will assert that vaccination, even where it works well, is a sure preventive against variola. Neither will any man who is fit to practice medicine pretend to say that having the smallpox once is sure to prevent the same person having it again, as, owing to the peculiar idiosyncrasies of some people, perhaps one in ten thousand is liable to have smallpox or measles two or three times. We are often asked, "will vaccination run out?" It will, sooner or later. In some it will "run out" in seven years; in others we have found its effects are entirely eliminated from the system in from fifteen to thirty years. The safer way is to be vaccinated every seven years, and if it does not work you may conclude it has not "run out." If the vaccine virus works we know certainly it has "run out," and you are in as much danger from smallpox as though you had never been vaccinated.



## Chapter VI.

AUSCULTATION AND PERCUSSION, WHEN BROUGHT INTO USE—HAHNEMANN, THE FOUNDER OF THE HOMŒOPATHIC SYSTEM OF PRACTICE—HIS TRIALS AND PERSECUTIONS—AN HONEST MAN NO DOUBT.

ABOUT this time the medical world took another step in advance, by naval surgeons discovering that the scurvy, which had heretofore made such fearful havoc among seamen during long voyages, could be almost entirely prevented by the use of lemon juice, sauer kraut, and a frequent use on shipboard of a vegetable diet. Chemistry and microscopy rendered their aid to a clearer discovery of the processes of nutrition, respiration and calorification in animal bodies, while diagnosis was rendered more certain by auscultation and percussion. Auscultation (Latin, *ausculto*, to listen) was introduced by Laennec, a French physician, in 1816, who found, by applying his ear to the body immediately over organs in the chest, the difference in the sound made by healthy organs and those which were made by diseased ones was a great help to him in diagnosing. He finally invented the stethoscope (from Greek, *stethos*, the chest, and *skopeo*, to examine). Leaving out the stethoscope, which we regard as a poor substitute for the naked ear, the practice of auscultation may be regarded as a great improvement over old methods. It has been found of great value in some obstetrical cases, in ascertaining whether the child was dead or alive before delivery; as it was found that after the fifth month of pregnancy the pulsations of the fetal heart could be distinctly heard, and the "placental murmur," caused by the uterine circulation of the blood, could sometimes be distinguished by the ear. Although Laennec was the first to introduce auscultation into practice, it had been hinted at by Hooke, who was born in the Isle of Wight, July 18, 1635. In his papers, published after his death, he says, "There may be a possibility of discovering the internal motions and actions of bodies by the sounds they make. \* \* \* I have been able to hear very plainly the beating of a man's heart, and it is common to hear the motion of the wind to and fro in the guts. The stopping in the lungs is easily discovered by the wheezing. As to the motion of the parts, one among another, becoming sensible, they require either that their motions be increased, or that the organ be made more nice and powerful to sensate them as they are; for the doing of both, which I think it is not impossible, but that in many cases there may be helps found." Hooke was not only a doctor, but a great mathematician, and was the first to suggest the use of the pendulum in clocks. He devoted much time to the study of clocks and watches, and, unlike Borelli, who regarded man as a "machine, run on mathematical principles," Hooke viewed him as a piece of clock work, which suggested to him the idea of getting at necessary repairs by the ticking of the machine.

Akin to auscultation was "percussion" (from *percutio*, Latin, to strike, to thump) the act of striking any part of the body with the fingers to ascertain the condition by comparing sounds produced by a healthy part with those produced by an abnormal condition of some internal structure.

The first mention of the use of percussion as an aid in diagnosing, was Leopold Avenbrugger, a German physician residing at Vienna, who wrote a small book in Latin, explaining his views, in 1761. His book remained almost unknown and seems to have been forgotten till Corvisart, a French physician, translated the book into French in 1808, accompanied with copious explanatory notes, giving the results of his own observation during a twenty years' practice. He became a zealous advocate of percussion, and being physician to Napoleon his influence soon enabled him to induce a general acceptance of the practice throughout nearly all Europe. It is much used now by the better class of physicians.

About A. D. 1640, the entering wedge to the greatest split between medical schools ever yet made was by a woman. The Countess Cinchon, accompanying her husband who was sent from Spain to Peru as viceroy, claimed that she had broken up a high fever while in Peru by drinking liberally of a tea made by steeping Peruvian bark—a bark taken from a tree growing on the barren soil of mountainous districts in Peru; since found in districts extending over two thousand miles in South America and in exhaustless supply—a bark from which chemists have produced alkaloidal substances called quinine, sulphate of cinchona, cinchonine and aracine; of which the sulphate is far the best, although physicians are generally using quinine, an inferior resin, which often produces deleterious effects, and has caused hundreds of patients to regret its use as long as they lived. After the countess returned to Spain she used the bark successfully in breaking up fevers, and, in honor of her, it was called cinchona. The Jesuits then sent to their brethren in Peru for large supplies, which they introduced as “Jesuits’ bark,” thus trying to rob the woman of her honor. The world, however, still persists in calling it cinchona. So rapidly did this medicine grow into public favor that during the year ending June 30, 1857, one million eight hundred thirty-two thousand three hundred and forty pounds of it were imported into the United States, valued at \$386,252; and the value of it imported into England in 1859 amounted to \$1,559,305. The endorsement of it by the Jesuits of Spain, who had it for sale, prevented the clergy from denouncing it as an invention of the devil to destroy souls. The introduction of this bark into Europe by Lady Cinchon, proved to be the nest egg that hatched out Homœopathy (Greek, *homiois*, like, and *pathos*, suffering), and split the medical world asunder.

The founder of this new system was Samuel Christian Freidrich Hahnemann, born in Meissen, Germany, April 10, 1755. His father, a painter on porcelain, and of considerable education, was too poor to educate his son at college, but gave him such instruction at home as he was able to, during odd hours snatched from professional duties, besides sending him occasionally to the common schools of the town. It was seen that he evinced marks of genius and such remarkable studiousness that he was admitted to the high school of Meissen free of charge, where he thoroughly mastered Latin, Greek, and several modern languages. At the age of twenty he went to Leipsic, in the Kingdom of Saxony, to study medicine—a city noted for its literature, for its early adoption of Protestantism over Catholicism, for being the seat in Germany of advanced ideas, and for being the great battlefield on which Napoleon lost October 16–19, 1813, sixty thousand men; was driven from Germany, and received a check that started him on his downward road to a loss of power and consequent ruin. Leipsic has erected monuments in memory of many great men, among which is one of Hahnemann. While pursuing his studies of medicine in Leipsic, Hahnemann soon ran out of means, and supported himself by teaching languages and translating foreign medical books into German. He was so intent upon his studies that for several years he allowed himself to sleep only every other night. The profession in the medical college so admired his zeal that they gave him free access to medical lectures. In 1777 he went to Vienna, the capital of Austria, one of the most magnificent cities in the world, to complete his studies. Here he fell under the notice of Quarin, physician to the emperor, who soon advanced him to many important positions. In 1785 he was married and settled in Dresden, the capital of the Kingdom of Saxony; noted for its bloody victory gained by Napoleon fifty-six days before his disastrous defeat at Vienna, also noted for its literature and progressive ideas—a small circle embracing a few miles surrounding the city, containing in 1865, ten thousand three hundred and twenty-nine Catholics and five hundred twenty-five thousand two hundred and two Protestants. In Dresden he fast grew up into a lucrative practice, and acquired fame as a writer on medical science and as a hospital practitioner. All at once he threw up his practice, saying that his conscience would not permit him to practice a system of medicine in which he had no confidence. He complained that in all medical books, instead of facts he found nothing but theories and hypotheses. He denounced the whole system of medical practice from Hippocrates down, through all of its tergiversations and vagaries as destitute of facts to warrant its conclusions, but based upon vague conjecture, hypothetical theories, and laid, as to its foundation, on the bedrock of ignorance and experiment. He thought a better system would some day be discovered, but he could not see his way clear to it. In this frame of mind he returned, in 1789, to Leipsic, where he tried to support his family by translating English and French medical authors,

devoting at the same time his spare moments to the study of chemistry. Extreme poverty soon stared him in the face. His wife and children reproached him for giving up a lucrative profession for a pursuit in which he was not able to make a decent support. His desire to establish a better system of medicine was augmented by the fact that his children became seriously ill, and he was forced to employ the old system in treating them—a system in which he had lost all confidence.

In less than a year after locating in Leipsic, while engaged in translating Cullen's *Materia Medica*, he was struck with the contradictory properties ascribed to cinchona bark, and the various explanations of its operation in fevers. He was so dissatisfied with the explanations found in books that he resolved to try to ascertain what its real effects were by trying it upon himself. After having taken several powerful doses, he felt symptoms much like those exhibited in intermittent fever. The fact that a medicine would produce in a well person the same disease as it was intended to cure, suggested to him his great law of *similia similibus curantur*, "Like cures like," which is the grand central idea or medical sun around which all the different divisions of Hahnemann homœopathy (Greek, *homoios*, like, and *pathos*, sickness or suffering) revolve. Although he made his discovery in 1790, it was not until 1796 that he announced to the world his new system, as he determined to make a thorough investigation of its tenability against all comers before such announcement. During all these six years he was almost constantly engaged in trying experiments on his own family, his friends and himself, and, as he claimed, with the same results every time. He reduced his own system to almost a continuous state of ailment by experiments with all sorts of drugs. He introduced his practice into the insane asylum of Georgenthal, over which he had been appointed by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, with complete success. In 1786, thinking he had sufficiently developed his system to announce it to the world, he published an article in Hufeland's *Journal* announcing his idea as the leading one in therapeutics. His suggestions were received with ridicule by the medical profession, and for the next fifteen years in his visits to Hamburg, Ellenburg, Wittenberg, Torgan, Leipsic, and other places, he was the object of ridicule, scorn and hate of physicians and apothecaries wherever he went. He never trusted an apothecary to make his medicines, preferring to compound them himself. The doctors and apothecaries enforced an old law against him, forbidding a physician to make his own medicines, and he was driven from the city of his choice in 1820, seeking refuge in the principality of Anhalt, settling down in the city of Kothen. Here he at first encountered the same hostility and abuse he had met with in Leipsic. He remained here fifteen years, and on his second marriage with a French lady, who was an ardent admirer of his, he left for Paris, where he remained until he died, July 2, 1843, aged eighty-eight years. During his fifteen years' residence in Anhalt he had the satisfaction of seeing his views slowly spreading over much of Europe, and even in Anhalt he had become so popular that in this city where long after his arrival he seldom went on the streets for fear of the jeers and insults he everywhere met, that on his leaving it for France he deemed it best to leave in the night, unannounced, for fear the people would offer resistance to his leaving them. Hahnemann, before leaving Leipsic, thought he gave the authorities a sufficient proof of the superiority of his practice, when, during the presence of the French and allied armies in 1813, there sprang up a malignant form of typhus fever, which filled all the hospitals to such an extent that it became necessary to divide up the patients among the doctors. He was placed in charge of seventy-three. The "regulars" predicted he would kill nearly all of them. The mortality of those entrusted to the "regulars" was frightful, while Hahnemann said he cured all of his, excepting one old man, which increased the wrath of the regulars and caused them to pitch their music "quack" in a little higher key, notwithstanding the mortality of those entrusted with the old school was frightful.

Thirty-five or forty years ago we read in a literary paper that such was the intensity of the war between the two schools in Baden, Germany, both clamoring for charge of the public hospitals, the authorities concluded to test the skill of the two schools. They divided the patients into three divisions, each consisting of one hundred, aiming to make as fair a division as possible as to the character of their disorders. The "regular" physicians were placed in charge of one division and reported that they had cured all but thirteen. The homœopaths reported that they had cured all but seven in their division. The nurses had charge of the third division, and no doctor was allowed to see the patients. The head nurse reported that all had got well but two. The authorities



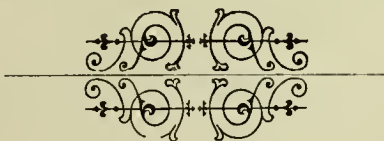
concluded from these reports that there was something rotten in the science of medicine, and a minority report, in figuring up the statistical report, said that the "regulars" had killed eleven, the homœopaths had killed but five, while the nurses had lost two "by the visitation of God." If we were not a candid historian, merely recording facts, we might be tempted to say that this is a pretty fair exhibit of the results of medical practice down to this day—an opinion we dare not as a historian express—but which is entertained at present by nearly every intelligent person you meet. These people have learned by sad experience that there is something rotten in the substantive bases of all the one idea'd schools in existence.

"Allopathy" is a term applied to the old school or "regular" practice. The name is not acknowledged by any intelligent physician of the regular practice. It is a name given them by Hahnemann. He claimed that there were only three grand central ideas, on which the systems of his age were based, only one of which was true. One he called enantiopathy (Greek, *Enantios*, opposite, and *pathos*, disease), or the doctrine of *contraria contrariis curantur*, advocated by the adherents of Galen. Another system he called allopathy (Greek *allon*, other or different, and *pathos* disease)—the doctrine of revulsion taught by Paracelsus. In plain English it means drive out one disease by making another. Acting on this idea, the doctors thought they had a fever under control as soon as they succeeded in salivating a patient with mercury until his teeth dropped out. The question arises, what right had Hahnemann to call the old school, or professed followers of Galen, allopath? The reason is obvious: Galen never used mercury or recommended it. The drunken, ignorant juggler, Paracelsus, first introduced its use, and the "regulars," as a general rule, soon began to use it too. It is a practice which has ruined hundreds of thousands and sent them to an untimely grave—a practice not only prevalent among allopaths, but recommended in homœopathic books; in attenuated doses of course, but in doses which every intelligent physician knows is more effectual, to produce blood poison than are even the large doses of the allopaths. Hahnemann's use of this deadly drug was merely carrying out the law of revulsion originated by Paracelsus, and he had more reason to call himself an allopath than he had for thus naming the regulars. His own system Hahnemann called homœopathy (Greek, *homoion* similar or like, and *pathos*, disease), contained in the Latin formula, *similia similibus curantur*. After years of practice he became satisfied that while his system was adequate to the cure of acute diseases, it did not produce desired results in chronic diseases where the vital force failed to cure. He traced chronic cases to one of three causes—syphilis, sycosis (venereal wart), and the itch (*psora*), and held that by an injudicious suppression of these outward manifestations of internal disorders, had arisen all the protean forms of chronic disease. In his book on "Chronic diseases," published in 1828–30, he enumerated over one hundred maladies which he was sure sprung from an improper treatment of the itch; but the most remarkable feature of his system was his idea of attenuated doses. From 1790, when he first discovered his system, down to 1815, a period of twenty-five years, his doses of medicine, though much smaller than that used by the "regulars," were not really remarkable for their difference. The intelligent reader will ask, "Then why all this war against Hahnemann by other doctors?" The answer is, it was a struggle between two theories, rather than between two systems of practice. *Con traria contrariis curantur* locked horns with *similia similibus curantur*, and there was a struggle approximating that in violence which took place in the theological world after Arius was turned out of the church for heresy at the Nicene council, A. D. 325.

For hundreds of years all Europe was stained with the blood of the opposing forces. The Athanasian, orthodox, or Catholic party, holding that Christ was "the very God" were called the *Homoousians* (Greek *homos* the same, and *ousia* being). The Arians called themselves *Homoiousians* (Greek, *homoios*, similar, and *ousia*, being). It will be noticed that Hahnemann derived his name homœopathy from the same Greek word employed by the Arians in denying the divinity of Christ, and that he passed through much the same fiery ordeal of persecution from the "regulars" that the Arians suffered at the hands of the "orthodox," battles fought on mere abstractions, and of about as much real value to the world as would be a settlement of what really constitutes the essence of the difference between "tweedle dum" and "tweedle dee." Hahnemann himself seemed to be impressed with this idea, and felt the necessity for some radical change in his system. He made this change about the year 1815, when he dug a gulf between his and the old



school practice, so wide and deep that it was no longer an imaginary line. This change consisted in the announcement of his infinitesimal-dose theory, a theory which required a radical change of practice and gave the world something tangible to think about and fight over. As his great law of *similia similibus* was suggested by the use of Peruvian bark, his new departure was suggested by the use of bryony root, a plant growing in different parts of Europe, the root of which is similar in effect to colocynth, jalap, and "our man in the ground." It is a powerful hydragogue cathartic, intensely irritating to the alimentary canal, and in overdoses sometimes proves fatal. Mr. Wm. Herapath, an old-school physician, killed a woman by administering an overdose of bryony and jalap. The fresh root, bruised and applied to the skin, produces vessication. A dose of the dried root was from a scruple to a drachm. Hahnemann, after trying one drop of the juice of bryony on a patient, wrote: "The latest improvements in our art demonstrate that the administration of a single smallest-sized pellet (a sugar globule, size of a mustard or poppy seed) moistened with the decillionth attenuation ( $\times$ ) of the drug, would have been fully adequate to perform the cure; nay it is equally certain that even smelling of it would have sufficed." We have quoted his words, but are not quite clear as to his meaning. According to our best mathematics a "decillionth preparation" would be a drop of bryony juice stirred up in about a barrel and a half of water. A pellet of sugar the size of a mustard seed is to be moistened with this preparation and introduced into the human system. A white mustard seed is fully twice as large as a black mustard seed. Now, would it be safe to moisten a pellet of sugar of the size of a white mustard seed with the "decillionth attenuation?" Then, if the patient is averse to taking medicine and chooses to smell of it instead, it is not clear to our mind, from the wording of the sentence already quoted, whether we are required to make the patient smell of the bryony juice, to smell of the pellet, or smell of the liquid "attenuated preparation" in the barrel or bottle. Some followers of Hahnemann have claimed that they have had marvelous results from the use of even a fifteen-hundredth dilution. Some idea can be formed of the amount of liquid required for one drop of bryony, aconite, or belladonna, when informed that even the second dilution requires ten thousand drops of water or alcohol to one drop of the medicine as a tincture. Keep mixing until you reach the fifteen hundredth dilution, and let the mathematician say whether he believes there is water enough in Lake Erie for one drop of bryony, aconite, or any other medicine.



## Chapter VII.

HAHNEMANN'S GREAT LAW OF "SIMILIA SIMILIBUS CURANTUR" IS NO LAW AT ALL--MERELY AN ASSUMPTION WITHOUT PROOF AS TO ITS UNIVERSALITY--THE MODUS OPERANDI, OR ACTION OF MEDICINES, IS AS YET BUT LITTLE UNDERSTOOD.

HAHNEMANN offered as an explanation of the efficacy of infinitesimal doses that diseased organs are preternaturally sensitive, and instanced the fact that an inflamed eye is intolerant of the smallest ray of light. "*Similia similibus*" suggests, according to his theory, that he who, in climbing Mt. Hood, becomes snow-blind, can be cured by looking at, or trying to look at, a very small snowflake. A man who takes the ague by breathing the poisonous exhalations from a miasmatic marsh ought to be cured by swallowing or smelling the decillionth part of a drop of water highly charged with sulphuretted hydrogen gas. A child that has had its foot badly scalded should have its foot plunged into more hot water to cure it, because the "*similia similibus*" theory requires it, while some common-sense old woman, who had devoted more attention to practice than theory, insisted that it was much better to put the little sufferer's foot in cold water. If the child has the "chills," "*similia similibus*" says give it ice water; if it is burning up with internal fever, pour down hot teas, while the sensible old lady nurse insists that heat should be used in case of chills and cold should be used in case of fevers. The old lady's ideas seem to be in harmony with natural law, but what of that? What right has natural law where theories claim precedence? Is it not better to be killed by treatment based upon a theory than to be cured by a common sense practice based upon natural law? And isn't it wise in some one-horse doctor, without practice, or some tool of his, to try to revive the old Roman law which drove Hahnemann from practice, and came well nigh putting him in a dungeon, by introducing into the legislature "a bill to regulate the practice of medicine," so as to drive sensible men and women from practice and surrender the whole field of human slaughter to experimental theorists who carry a flag emblazoned with some one idea'd *curantur* as a misspelling of *kill-ranter*?

Russia once had a law on her statute books "regulating the practice of medicine," but under the growing influence of civilization the law was abolished in 1843 and people were permitted to employ any person they chose to save souls or try to cure bodies.

Whatever may be thought of the relative merits of the homœopathic system, there is no doubt that its advocacy by many thousand physicians has had its influence in modifying some of the views of other schools. Discussions of differences has had a tendency to convince educated and thinking men that no one school knows it all; and that the science of medicine is still in its infancy—more of an experiment to test some theory, partly true and partly false—a theory partially upset by every new discovery which brings us a little nearer to an understanding of Van Helmont's *archæus*, or nature's effort to cure, and perhaps gives us a little clearer perception of the *modus operandi* of the action of medicine; a thing less understood, perhaps, than anything pertaining to the curative art.

We have a large class of medicines we call "alteratives" (and their name is legion), called alteratives from *altero*, Latin, to vary, alter or change—that is—to change or alter a diseased organ to a healthy one. The books tell us that an alterative is a medicine that makes this change without any perceptible movement of the bowels. The books give us a long list of "alteratives" as "medicines which produce gradually and scarcely perceptible such a change in the functions of organs as to permit a healthy action to take the place of disease." We quote from books of the old or "regular" school—not that we belong to this or any other school—but candor compels us to admit that we find more learning exhibited in the writings of leading men in this school, and more classical literature than we find in the writings of all other schools combined. We will not say their theories are more defective than others, their practice more dangerous, and that their writers are merely educated "idiot s," as some claim. We merely write history and leave the "schools" to defend themselves. Now, if an "alterative" cures in this way, how does it do it? Every learned man, and every profound thinker in the world answers, "can not tell." Every ignoramus belonging to the old school may answer, "just because the medicine has that property." The answer is satisfactory to the bog-trotter, who swallows the "alterative."

The homœopath who never thinks, but gets all his information from books, tells the fish woman to whom he offers the "alterative" in attenuated doses—"I see there is some diapophysis or homologue of the upper transverse process of a vertebra, and I fear it has been reflected from the *medulla oblongata* to the *ossa innominata*." The good old lady, with mouth wide open, takes it all in, and replies—"Doctor that is just what I thought all the time was the matter with me, can you do me any good?" "Oh, yes," says the doctor, "I can cure you with a little pill I have here called an alterative." "What is an alterative, doctor?" "Well, it is a medicine that cures." "But don't you think the pill is too small to do any good?" "Oh, no; science teaches us that there is medicine enough in that pill to cure a hundred such cases as yours." "But, doctor, I have tried small doses of medicine and it didn't do me any good—Doctor Fillefull left me a 'dost' of medicine and told me to take it all at once. I was afraid of it, you know. I took a little taste of it and threw the rest into the fire; it didn't do me no good." "My dear madam, Doctor Fillefull is an allopath; he never cured anybody, and no allopath ever did. You took a small dose of 'medicine that had no sort of homœopathic relationship to the disease.'" "You don't say so, doctor; what kind of a medicine is yours, anyway?" "It is what we call a medicine, grown, mixed and used on 'similia similibus' principles, the great law by which man was made, and I might add, nearly everything else, but never known till Hahnemann discovered it in 1790." "I am glad to hear it, doctor. I think I am in big luck to find a doctor who isn't a quack. I thought the legislature would pass some such law before long." (Just here an "intelligent contraband" comes in, an old negress nurse, noted for having a good deal of common sense while she was a slave in Kentucky before the war of the rebellion.) "Doctor, what you tinks de matter of missus?" "I have already made a diagnosis and warned her of the dangerous character of her malady." "Yes, Rose, the doctor told me I had a dophenosis hominylog of an inverted and indurated methodistical cramp, and I knew all the time that was just what I had; wasn't that what you called it, doctor?" "Madam, you caught my idea of your disease, but have not expressed it in my exact words, if memory serves me rightly." "Now doctor, honest, can you cure missus of dat disorder?" "Most assuredly I can. I shall cure her by an atom of sugar moistened with the decillionth part of a drop of medicine, which, according to our great law of 'similia similibus' meets the case and never fails to cure." "Now doc, scuse me—your great larinin discomfuddles me—but what do you mean by your law of simplicity simpliatius cant over, aint that what yer called it?" "I mean that according to our theory any medicine which will cure a diseased person will produce the same disease if taken in allopathic doses by a person in perfect health, and this shows the danger of al-

lopathic practice." "Now, doctor, I've wanting to ax you anudder question. How do you know this little pill is going to cure missus?" "Because it has been found that in ten thousand cases the very medicine I am giving this woman has produced the same disease in those who took it." "Now massa, honest, did you eber hab the complaint missus got after takin a lot ob dis same medicine?" "No—but—I think Hahnemann had and had it bad." "Doctor, does all ob de doctors agree as to what ails a sick pusson?" "By no means. I dare say you might pass ten thousand doctors through this room, one at a time, and I have no idea any of them would agree with me as to the character of the disorder that is now rapidly undermining the constitution of your mistress." "Den I understand, doctor, dat a doctor can't cure a pusson cept de medicine hits de case." "Exactly so, Rose; this is in harmony with the great law on which our whole system is based." "Den if de doctors can't agree as to de character ob de disease, how's dey gwine to agree on de proper medicine?" "So far as my practice is concerned I only find it necessary to agree with myself." "Now, doctor, scuse my curiousness, do you always satisfy youself bout de disease?" "To be honest with you, Rose, I often run across a case where the symptoms are so obscure that I can not satisfy myself in just what part of the body the malady is gnawing at the vitals of the patient." "What you gwine to do in sich a case?" "That is easy to explain. You see all my medicines are got up on the 'similia similibus' plan. Every attenuated atom contains a remedy for some particular disease. In such cases as you speak of, I pour a thimbleful of globules into my hand, shut my eyes, feel after one of the globules and fire it down the patient's throat." "La, me, doctor, aint that kinder dangerous?" "On the contrary, I have inade many remarkable cures that way, especially where the patient had the required maximum of faith in me; and those I didn't cure I didn't hurt, which is more than any doctor can say who doesn't stand on our infallible platform. Rose, I must go. My numerous patients require immediate attention and I fear several of them have died that I could and should have saved while I have been explaining our great law to you. Now, Rose, remember to follow my directions to the letter, as this is a very complicated case. Fill a washtub with water, drop this little pellet into it and give your mistress one drop every three hours and a half. If you find the dose is too strong, take a drop from the tub, put it in a pitcher of water, and give her half a drop every six hours, carefully watching the clock till I return."

Now, the candid historian can not refrain from saying that this doctor represents only one school of homœopathy, which has been rent into three divisions. The first division or sect is called "Pure Hahnemannians," who implicitly follow all the teachings of their founder, and, as a general rule, confine themselves to infinitesimal doses, or high dilutions, and they condemn any departure from this practice as pernicious. "Rational homœopaths" cling to the law that "like cures like," but reject some of Hahnemann's doctrines, and occasionally find it necessary to use allopathic doses. Then comes the school of "Liberal Homœopaths," who hold that medicines cure by reason of their difference, and not by their similarity; that they cure by their alterative properties, and they reason with much force; that if medicines only cure on the similarity principles, a doctor must be as infallible as the Deity to find out just what medicines are similar to all diseases. They express this doctrine by their formula *alterantia alterantiis curantur*, holding that this embraces both the law of *similia similibus curantur* and *contraria contrariis curantur*.

The controversies between the different schools of medicine have been unnecessarily bitter, especially among doctors not noted for education or remarkable for natural powers of mind. The more intelligent class have been disposed not to set up any one-sided doctrine of therapeutics, but are willing to test the truth of new theories by practical experiment, and then give the world the benefit of their information thus gained. They find reasons that favor, and reasons that militate against about all of the conflicting theories, and are not willing to dignify a system so open to criticism by the term, "science," and hold that it would be as proper to talk about the "science" of Methodism, the



science of Presbyterianism or Catholicism—branches of theology which scientists think have not yet been as well established as some of the natural laws; not denying, however, that some day they may all be as clearly demonstrated as is the forty-eighth proposition of Euclid, or the law of chemical affinities.

The great difference between the homœopaths and those whom they call "allo-paths" and "enantiopaths" is this: The homœopaths assert that the doctrine "like cures like" is absolutely true and no other can be true. The latter admit there is some truth in *similia similibus* and some truth in *contraria contrariis*, but both of them are mere theories and not established laws. They admit also that there is some truth in the doctrine of revulsion taught by Paracelsus, but none of these are worthy the name of science. The homœopaths believe in the "dynamization" of drugs (making drugs efficient, Greek *dynamis*, power) by "succussion" (shaking up, Latin *succutio*, to shake), "trituration" (Latin *trituration*, to rub or bray) the process of reducing solid bodies to powder, and by infinite or indefinite division and dilution. The other side replies, "you have not and can not prove it." We know that the tenuity or smallness of miasmatic molecules, which can be seen only by the aid of the most powerful microscope, as also the infinitesimal spores floating in the atmosphere, or supposed by you and by us to be so floating, which produce small-pox, measles, and other contagious diseases, have never acquired their power by "succussion" or "trituration." The homœopaths condemn the use of too large doses of medicine, especially of calomel, while the intelligent doctors in the other schools say "Amen," and now and then a physician in advance of all of them, condemns its use in any shape whatever. The fact is that the effect of medicines has only been ascertained by practical experience, extending through long ages of experiments; but the *modus operandi*, or manner of their action, is as little known to scientific men as it is to an "intelligent contraband." Of course an ignoramus, who thinks he knows it all, can make this perfectly plain to a bog-trotter, or to a lawyer, legislator, or preacher, as ignorant of medicine as he is. Medicine has one effect on one person and the very opposite effect on another. Morphia, which produces sleep in one, makes another wild and wakeful. Chloral hydrate, which works like a charm in some, makes others foolish and delirious. Why is this? The books tell us that it is owing to some "idiosyncrasy" of the patient. The bogtrotter, the judge, the lawyer, and the clergyman, who have devoted their whole attention to a cob pipe, to decisions of courts of law, or to theology, answer "satisfactory." The thinking man is not satisfied. He proceeds to investigate for himself. He finds that idiosyncrasy comes from Greek—*idios* special, *sun* with, *krasis* temperament, or, in plain English, a temperament or organization peculiar to some people. He then asks a doctor—

"Can you tell by examination who carries about this 'idiosyncrasy' in his mortal body?"

And is answered, "No."

"How many men and women have these idiosyncrasies?"

"I don't know."

"From the effects of your medicines, don't you think a good many have them?"

"To be honest, I sometimes think nearly all of them have."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because medicine so often fails to do what I expected it to do, but injures instead of benefiting the patient."

"Then what certainty is there of getting desired results from the practice of medicine?"

"No certainty whatever, and no honest man with good sense will assert there is; the third-rate doctor may tell you there is, but the undertakers and the grave yards bristling with ten thousand tombstones, give the lie to his assertion. Man is not yet dy-



namically understood. The internal forces that run the body are as yet mostly beyond our reach—too far beyond to warrant the assumption of any doctrine whatever. Until these mysterious problems are solved, the art of healing must necessarily be mainly founded on the knowledge of the effects of medicine, a knowledge only obtained by experience. Until we know ourselves much better than we now do, we shall have a great many doctors answering the description Voltaire gave of his family physician: ‘An ignoramus, who thrusts drugs of which he knows nothing, into a body about which he knows just as little.’ ”



## Chapter VIII.

LATE VALUABLE DISCOVERIES IN MEDICINE—FUNCTIONS OF THE SPLEEN STILL UNKNOWN—BRIGHT'S KIDNEY—HARVEY'S DISCOVERY OF BLOOD CIRCULATION IN 1619—JEERED AT AND RIDICULED BY THE PROFESSION—THE TRUTH OF HIS DISCOVERY FINALLY ADOPTED BY ALL.

WHILE the healing art has been retarded in advancement by a vain effort on the part of the leaders of certain schools to build up systems of practice on theories at least but partly true, the discoveries of the last few hundred years have been more advantageous to the human race than was all the knowledge acquired before since the origin of man. These advantages have accrued, partly from discoveries in chemistry, partly from improvements in anatomy and physiology, giving us a clearer idea of the structure and functions of organs, and partly from discoveries of new medical plants gathered from all quarters of the globe. The value of these medicinal agents has been ascertained by experiments, and not by any previous knowledge of their use being indicated in any particular disease or by any knowledge that their employment would be in harmony with any particular theory. Some of these remedies have been discovered by mere accident, as was a root which is the only thing known in *materia medica* which will break up the most formidable fever in from two to twenty hours without the least harm to the patient. Galen, Hahnemann, and all the ancients battled with fevers for an indefinite time, the disorder often baffling their skill, and running its course before resolution. Aconite, quinine and other remedies employed by most physicians now are almost worthless compared to this new discovery. It was discovered only a few years ago in Mississippi by the carelessness of a slave. His master, who was very sick with a fever, sent him to dig and make a tea of a root he was accustomed to use. After drinking of the tea the planter was seized with a complete loss of muscular power, unable to move a limb or open his eyelids, although he could hear, and knew everything that was going on around him. His family and neighbors gathered around him, expecting every moment to see him die. In a few hours he recovered himself and to his astonishment found he was entirely free from fever. He made the negro show him the root he had dug. After trying the same root in cases of fever among his neighbors with the same result, he reported to the doctors, and it has now found its way into practice among many physicians of different schools, by whom it is found to be almost a specific in almost all forms of fever, although we have found very few physicians who ever heard of the discovery. We have as yet no specifics in medicine, that is, no medicine of supposed infallible efficacy in the cure of a particular species or form of disease, yet this new discovery comes as near being a specific in fevers as any medicine can, always remembering that there may be cases in which some peculiar idiosyncrasy of the patient might render its use abortive, though we have never found such a case or heard of one yet.

The ancients knew nothing of the functions of so important an organ as the kidney, and it was not till the discoveries of Dr. Bright (England) 1827, who, in carrying out the suggestions of Malpighi, an Italian anatomist of the seventeenth century, that we came in possession of much of our present knowledge of the morbid anatomy of this secreting gland, the extent of the injury to this important organ being only determined by

a microscopical examination of tube casts in the urine. The spleen is an organ, the proper function of which is not yet definitely determined. To give the different opinions of medical men as to the office it performs would require too much space for our present purpose. We know that the spleen is found in all classes of vertebrates (having a backbone), and we know that malarial poison enlarges, indurates and congests it, giving us what is called "ague cake." We know that the spleen can be cut out and removed from the bodies of men and animals without affecting the general health, as Dalton Beynard and many others have demonstrated.

According to Dalton, "The most constant and permanent effect of a removal of the spleen is an unusual increase of the appetite. This symptom we have observed in some instances to be excessively developed, so that the animal would at all times throw himself with an unnatural avidity upon any kind of food offered him. We have seen a dog subjected to this operation afterwards feed, without hesitation, upon the flesh of other dogs, and even devour greedily the entrails taken warm from the abdomen of the recently killed animal. The food taken in this unusual quantity is, however, perfectly well digested, and the animal will often gain very perceptibly in weight. In one instance a cat, in which the unnatural appetite was marked though not excessive, increased in weight from five to six pounds in the course of a little less than two months; and at the same time the fur became sleek and glossy, and there was a considerable improvement in the general appearance of the animal. Another symptom which usually follows removal of the spleen, is an unnatural ferocity of disposition. The animal will frequently attack others of its own or a different species, without any apparent cause and without any regard to the difference of size, strength, etc. This symptom is sometimes equally excessive with that of an unnatural appetite, while in other instances it shows itself only in occasional outbursts of irritability and violence. Neither of the symptoms, however, which we have just described, appears to exert any permanently injurious effect upon the animal which has been subjected to the operation, and life may be prolonged for an indefinite period without any serious disturbance of the nutritive process after the spleen has been completely extirpated." Bernard noticed that, in addition to the peculiarities noted above, the dog bereft of a spleen was unable to run straight, but took a zigzag course.

Now, here is an organ the precise function of which is not known, but which is liable to disease. How shall we doctor it on a "similarity," or on any other theory principle? We can cut it out of the body, but up rises an abnormal condition—excessive voracity, extreme irritability, and inability to perfectly control the action of the muscles of the legs. This condition being abnormal, is a disease. Does *similia similibus, contraria contrariis, alterantia alterantiis*, or any other theory suggest a remedy? Every scholar and every man who has good common sense answers, "No." The question then arises, "Is there any cure for this abnormal condition?" One says, "No; the disease having been produced by the total destruction of an important organ, there can be no cure but by the replacement in the body of the organ which has been extirpated." An educated thinker answers, "I can not tell. At present we know of no cure, but the future may throw light on this state of things that we have not yet had the benefit of." The spleen is regarded by Dalton and other eminent physiologists as not a single organ, but is associated with other organs, which may to a great extent perform most of the functions of this gland after its extirpation. If its complex relation to those with which it is associated, and the amount of assistance it renders them be once thoroughly understood, as it may be some day, we may be able to so stimulate the power of its associates as to enable them to smoothly run the animal economy without the assistance of the spleen.

These discoveries, if ever made, will be made by men of genius, men of education, men of brains—natural born doctors—and not by men who have no claims to recommend them, other than that of having a diploma as a passport to public favor, as a reward for having drawled through two courses of lectures in some medical college; as ignorant of

the languages, ignorant of chemistry and pharmacy, ignorant of the art of diagnosis, and as destitute of common sense as they were when their parents or guardians concluded to make doctors of them. Prescription doctors, who guess at a man's disease and guess wrong nine times out of ten, and send their patients to a drug store with a prescription, written in barbarous Latin and Plutonian hieroglyphics copied from some book, written, perhaps, by some man nearly as ignorant as themselves, never render any aid to the advancement of the healing art. Even the most profound scholars and advanced thinkers have been able to make but slow progress in making new and important discoveries. For ages the winds have swept over the plains, and the waters sought the ocean through the rivers, without turning a mill. For ages, the steam from boiling waters never propelled a steamer or drove a train of railroad cars. For ages, electricity spent its force by thundering among the clouds, without transmitting human thought on telegraph wires with inconceivable rapidity all over the world. For nearly as many ages every part of the body poured its black or venous blood into the right auricle of the heart to be forced into the right ventricle, to be expelled from this and driven through the pulmonary artery to the lungs, where, by contact with the oxygen of the atmosphere, its whole character is changed, the black or venous blood becoming red or arterial blood, and finding its way back through pulmonary veins to the left auricle of the heart, again to be forced from the left ventricle through the aorta and connecting branches to all parts of the body, passing through very minute vessels, called capillaries, into the veins, returning to the right auricle as black or venous blood to be again sent to the lungs, to be again changed and sent through the body to give off more vitalizing oxygen. This wonderful process has been going on in the human body for ages, yet no astrologer, no soothsayer, no prophet, no inspired man, and no scholar ever had a suspicion that this most wonderful of operations was going on in his body and that the human heart was receiving and discharging at least fourteen thousand six hundred and forty pounds of blood every twenty-four hours, until William Harvey made his discovery of circulation in London, 1619, though he failed to publish his discovery till 1628. No man now pretends to deny the truth of Harvey's doctrine, but at that day he was confronted with violent opposition from medical savants, and his practice as a physician fell off to a discouraging extent. He never replied to the publications of his assailants, excepting his reply to Riolanus, professor of anatomy in Paris—a broadsider that annihilated the fortresses and dismantled the guns of the whole race of learned critics and triumphantly established the correctness of his views.

With the knowledge of the true circulation, there has arisen an army of earnest scholars, who have entered the field with microscopes, chemicals and a multitude of appliances for ascertaining the velocity of blood through the vessels, the real forces employed in making its circuit, the agencies that change venous into arterial blood, the wonderful power of the capillaries to convert arterial or red blood into venous or black blood, the amount of blood contained in the bodies of different animals, the difference in the shape of blood corpuscles found in man and the lower animals, the relative amount of red corpuscles and white blood or serum contained in healthy blood, the changes made in the structure of red corpuscles by cancer, scrofula, and other diseases; how to detect blood stains from fruit stains in a garment; to ascertain the actual constituents of blood and many other things pertaining to this interesting field of operation. The observations of scholars have, so far, led to various and conflicting theories on many of these points, and no man has yet been able to offer a satisfactory analysis of the real constituents of blood. When the day comes that these things shall be all understood, the patent medicine vender, who holds that all diseases originate in impure blood, may do some good with his medicines; while those who hold that all the ill flesh is heir to, arise from a disordered liver, a disordered stomach, or diseased kidneys, have only to say—"Our medicines are prepared with a view of supplying these organs with healthy blood."

To give a general outline of the arguments for and against the conflicting views of scholars who have figured in the modern arena of the blood controversy, would require more space than we are now prepared to accord to it.



## Chapter IX.

WHY ALCOHOL CURES A RATTLESNAKE BITE—ANÆSTHETICS FIRST USED IN SURGERY IN BOSTON, OCTOBER 16, 1846—DR. MORTON SECURED A PATENT FOR THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF ETHER IN THE UNITED STATES—JACKSON AND WELLS CLAIMED THE HONOR OF THE DISCOVERY—MORTON TRIED TO SELL HIS PATENT TO THE UNITED STATES FOR \$100,000, BUT FAILED.

PROBABLY one of the most important discoveries yet made by the army of intelligent and earnest searchers after light, is the discovery of anæsthetics and their application to surgery, and the treatment of many other human ailments. Anæsthetics comes from Greek *a* without and *aisthonomai* to feel—an agent which renders the nerves insensible to feeling or pain. The accepted authorities define it as a “substance which can produce a general or partial suspension of nervous power; by most considered as restricted to the sense of touch.” The thinking man, on reading this, notices two things: a “general or partial suspension of nervous power,” and “by most considered as restricted to the sense of touch.” This shows that the most learned writers are at present unable to decide whether anæsthetics produce a “partial” or “general suspension of nervous power,” while “most consider it as restricted to the sense of touch.” The derivation anæsthetic seems to us to express its whole influence in the Greek, from which it is derived—“insensible to pain.” Its force seems to be expended on the grey nerves, which carry impressions of injuries to the *medulla oblongata*; and, while the known functions of these nerves are temporarily suspended or totally paralyzed, the white nerves are unimpaired as to their functions and are as efficient as ever, carrying brain life to every part of the system, and thus keep the machinery running for an indefinite length of time, while the grey nerves are totally incapable of carrying to the brain any impressions of injuries, or even of a total destruction of important members of the body by either fire, the surgeon’s knife, or any other agent. Now, this subject opens a wide field of controversy, on which much may be said on both sides—arguments which show that no man as yet understands fully the way in which we are “fearfully and wonderfully made.” We ascribe to the grey nerves only the power of sensation, while they may act in conjunction with the white nerves in transmitting brain life, as we call it; called by others *archæus*, *vix medicatrix naturæ*, animal magnetism, or any other term which expresses the same thing—the wonderful, indefinable, incomprehensible power that runs the animal organism. We have used the term “known functions” of the grey nerves, assuming that no other function than that of sensibility is yet positively known; yet there are strong reasons for believing that while their power of sensibility is destroyed they still possess another power, which, conjoined with that of white nerves, is an aid to running the organs of the body. If not, why does the organism cease to run and death ensue from the use of anæsthetics in cases of its administration to people who have heart disease? The answer is, that not one in a hundred who are said to have heart disease, by doctors who have examined them, ever have any such disease; but the reason of the abnormal action of the heart was due to the want of nerve force in the cardiac nerves that supply it. The want of, or lack of, or absence of, a power that makes the heart perform its functions is not generally found alone in atrophy, hypertrophy, or fatty degeneration of the heart (which no doctor can cure), but in a want of nerve force in the par vagum, or the nerves that carry the vital force from the brain that keeps this organ acting. Pericarditis being only an affection of the pericardium, or shut sack that incloses the heart, is not a heart disease, as



most doctors claim. Now, if the nerves are so depressed or so injured that they are barely able to carry enough brain life to the organs to keep them running, it is natural to suppose that a partial paralysis of these forces, already weak, might cut off enough of the electrical current from the brain to produce a suspension of the action of the heart and other organs, so as to produce death in some cases by the employment of anæsthetics. But, fortunately, this weakness of the nervous system which forbids their use is easily discovered by any intelligent physician, and an administration of chloroform, ether, or nitrous oxide, if pure, is attended by no danger whatever. All the help such a physician needs in cases of minor operations, is a ten-year-old boy, or even younger, if he can obey orders and keep the patient properly etherized. This we have proven in hundreds of cases.

This leads us to another question of the greatest interest—how does alcohol, with other anæsthetics, produce their effects? The books say, “by acting on the brain.” This we deny, unless the connecting link between the brain proper and the spinal marrow, be termed “brain.” We use the word brain in its proper signification, the cerebellum and cerebrum—the anterior and posterior matter in the cranium. The *medulla oblongata*, as before stated, is the mainspring that runs the whole body, the center of all reflex action, the grand reservoir of all bodily force. Many ounces of the brain proper, can be shot away, or otherwise removed, without endangering the life of the patient; but touch the medulla with the point of a cambric needle and death is as instantaneous as when the head is severed from the body by the ax of the executioner. An anæsthetic seems to act wholly or mainly, at least, on the medulla. The medulla gets drunk, tumbles from its throne, and is no longer able to transmit its mandates through the nerves which all center there and wait to be charged with vital force. All poisons can be kept away from the medulla till they can be eliminated from the system by forces which exhaust all their power to drive them out. A rattlesnake plunges its fangs into your flesh and conveys a deadly poison into your blood. Well, what danger is there in that? The danger is that the blood may carry the poison to the medulla and destroy its function, when death must surely follow. Well, how are you going to prevent this? Send a messenger that will reach the medulla before the poison, and lock the door to the poison which is coming up in the blood. What shall we use to do this? Hurry up for there is no time to lose. The hydropath says, “apply cold water.” The homœopath might probably say, “give him an infinitesimal dose of the same poison.” The country schoolmaster says, “I’ve always heard the hair of a dog is good for the bite”—“catch the snake, cut him open, and apply the warm intestines to the wound.” An old man with gray hairs and a good deal of common sense comes in and says, “go and get a bottle of whisky, get it quickly, or get half a pint of alcohol, or get two ounces of chloroform or ether, make him drink all the whisky or alcohol, or inhale all the chloroform or ether, and my word for it, if the poison has not reached the medulla, it never will, and the man will get well.” The whisky is poured down the patient in spite of the remonstrances of the crowd waving “cold water compresses,” advising “infinitesimal doses,” and the use of the “intestines of the snake,” while the prohibition parson waves the crowd back and proposes to “have a season of prayer.” The alcohol, in the meantime, is doing its work, and doing it effectually. What is it doing? It has gone with lightning rapidity to the medulla, and gets there in advance of the slow-going poison. It makes the medulla drunk and tumbles it from its throne where it lies sprawling on the floor. Pretty soon the poison comes up and knocks at the door. The waiter opens the door and says, “what do you want?” The poison says, “I want to interview King Medulla.” The waiter says, “the king is out, call in five hours and he will be in.” During the five hours the blood poison knocks at the door every two or three minutes, but is as often refused admittance. In the meantime, the archæus, or *vis medicatrix nature*, is having a big fight with the poison. It denies that it has any right there, and tries to drive it out and succeeds in ejecting the major part of its forces through channels wisely constructed as conduits through which such life-destroying agents may be remanded back to where they properly belong.

What is true of rattlesnake poison is equally true of the mad dog venom, which produces hydrophobia. We have held for many years, that poisons injected into the blood produce their deadly effect by their action on the medulla. We have been alone in this conclusion till we see by a newspaper article, that eminent surgeons in New York have found, in examining a man who died of hydrophobia, that the only organ which was affected by the poison was the medulla. The only

question in case of a mad dog bite is, how long will it take the vital force to eliminate the poison, if denied admittance to the medulla? On this point the best of physicians would probably differ, as no man positively knows. We think, however, it is safe to say that immediate and thorough cauterization of the wound, and the use of alcohol for an indefinite time would prove an effectual remedy. If this be true (and no man has yet disproved it) we must admit that the world has made considerable progress since the brazen snake hung on a pole in the wilderness, and that the Arabian alchemist who discovered alcohol deserves some credit, as a silver lining to the dark cloud banks that have so long been darting thunder-curses at his tombstone.

The term *anæsthetics* properly embraces all drugs which so act on the brain as to produce a partial or total suspension of nerve power, but by general consent it now only embraces the most volatile forms of chemical agents, the effects of which are transitory; where a long continued effect is produced by other agents, we call it narcotization and coma. The action of *anæsthetics* on the brain (we are using the word brain in its common acceptation) is through the blood, which may be charged with the drug through the lungs, through the stomach, through the skin, through the rectum or vagina. *Anæsthesia* may be either general or local—general, where the whole body is affected; local when a particular part only is affected. Loss of sensation in particular parts by long continued pressure on the trunks of nerves supplying them was formerly sometimes resorted to, the first to introduce the practice being Ambrose Pare, the father of French surgery, who died in Paris Dec. 20, 1590. In 1828 Dr. Hickman recommended an application of carbonic acid gas. The external application of the various ethers, especially chloroform, was tried. Dr. Arnott, of London, recommended a freezing of the part by applying pounded ice and salt enclosed in a muslin bag. The *anæsthetic* agents which have been tried at various times besides the above, are nitric, acetic and sulphuric ethers, protoxide of nitrogen (“laughing gas”), aldehyde, olefiant gas, naphtha, carburetted hydrogen, Dutch liquid, benzoin, chloroform and amylen, and none of these have given satisfactory results but chloroform and ether, in surgery. The protoxide of nitrogen is really the best *anæsthetic* known in dentistry, but its effects pass off too soon for the purposes of general surgery. While the effects of this gas seldom lasts a minute, we are able to keep the patient under the influence of chloroform or ether for many hours. We have never been able to extract more than two teeth when firmly set while the patient was under the influence of nitrous oxide, while under the influence of chloroform we can take out any amount. The nitrous oxide is easily made and every first-class dentist keeps it in his office. If made from pure nitrate of ammonia, with the proper precautions for eliminating the nitric oxide, uncombined ammonia and nitric acid, the gas is perfectly harmless. The power of some narcotic drugs to benumb nerves of sensation was known to ancients, but we have no proofs that *anæsthetic* inhalations were ever employed except as a vapor arising from boiling *cannabis sativa* and *atropa man, dragora*, and even the use of these drugs seems to come down to us through vague tradition and not by authentic history.

Ether (Greek *aiter*, the upper air) was known several hundred years ago. The French claim that Papin, the celebrated engineer, in 1618 proposed to deaden pain in surgical operations by inhalation, as it is now used. He got no encouragement from the doctors and abandoned his idea. Dr. Pearson recommended the inhalation of sulphuric ether for asthma in 1795, and in 1816 Nyston described an instrument for its use. Dr. Warren, of Boston, in 1805 recommended its use in pulmonary inflammation. Mr. Wesley Smead, of Cincinnati, published an article on this treatment in 1822. The attention of medical men was called to the power of ether to produce insensibility by Godman in 1822, by Mitchell in 1832, and by Professor Samuel Jackson in 1833.

Chloroform was discovered by Samuel Guthrie, of Sacketts Harbor, N. Y., in 1831.<sup>1</sup> The first time it was ever used by inhalation was by Professor Ives, of New Haven, in 1832, who employed it as a substitute for ether in a lung affection. Both chloroform and ether are similar in their composition and effects, the former being made by distilling alcohol with sulphuric acid. Much difference of opinion exists among surgeons as to which is preferable as an *anæsthetic*. The arguments pro and con are too voluminous to be here noticed.

The best preparation we have ever found is a mixture—one ounce of 95 per cent of alcohol, two of chloroform, and three of ether. With this preparation we kept a son of Judge Perham, of

Hood River, almost constantly under its influence for over four weeks without the least injury to the patient. In the public garden in Boston is a monument erected to the memory of the discovery in that city, October 16, 1846, of the invaluable effects to be derived from the use of ether in surgery. On that date it was tried in the Massachusetts general hospital at the request of Dr. W. T. G. Morton, who had already tried it in dental operations. November 12, twenty-seven days after its use in Boston, Dr. Morton secured a patent for the exclusive use of ether in the United States. In less than two months afterward Dr. Charles J. Jackson, of Boston, appeared before the public as a new claimant for the honor of this discovery, who declared that he had first suggested its employment to Dr. Morton. These conflicting claims led to much bitter discussion and doubt among medical men throughout the United States, who were divided in opinion. In France, however, the Academy of Science at Paris awarded a prize of 2,500 francs to Dr. Jackson, "for his observations and experiments on the anæsthetic effects of ether," and another prize of 2,500 francs to Dr. Morton "for introducing it into practice after the indications of Dr. Jackson."

The war broke out afresh with increased fury in our own country August 28, 1852, when Senator Borland introduced a bill into the U. S. Senate to purchase Dr. Morton's patent for \$100,000. The widow of Dr. Horace Wells, of Hartford, now appeared on the stage as a claimant, as her husband had discovered it before either Morton or Jackson. The claims of these parties were ably debated by senators who took different sides, but none of them succeeded in obtaining any grant from Congress. This discussion has been often revived since, but at present we are unable to decide who is the rightful claimant—whether Wells, who was too modest to make his discovery known, or Jackson, who withheld his information from all but Morton, or to Morton, who rushed down to Washington City and got out his patent before the rest had probably thought such a thing possible.

One thing is certain, we have no knowledge that ether was ever used for producing complete anæsthesia in surgical operations before it was used in the Boston hospital October 16, 1846. It is also certain that the discovery is one of the most important, if not the most important, ever made by medical men in search of means to alleviate human sufferings, and the Boston monument bears the appropriate inscription chiseled into its marble: "Neither shall there be any more pain"—Rev. xxi. 4. For ages before this the agonizing shrieks that went up from sufferers, including delicate women and children, strapped down to prevent struggling, as the sharp knife divided the nerves and the cruel saw went crashing through the bones and marrow, sent a thrill of horror through every one who thought of it. The shock caused by the agonies killed hundreds of such as now wake up, as from a profound sleep, unconscious that an operation had been performed.

The advantages derived from the use of anæsthetics in addition to those already mentioned are numerous.

1st—A protracted and careful examination, and consequently more accurate diagnosis, can be made in many cases of disease and injury, where the intense pain caused by the examination prevents the manipulation of the surgeon, as in fractures, dislocations, stone, etc., etc.

2d—From the total relaxation which the muscles receive under a full dose, the reduction of many forms of dislocation, hernia, etc., is facilitated.

3d—In cases of serious injury men can be removed to a distance without pain where they can find facilities for treatment instead of being operated on on the battlefield, or other spot where the injury was sustained.

4th—The general use of many forms of remedial operations is extended, which otherwise are attended with such exquisite agony that they were rarely resorted to unless from most extreme necessity, as for instance the actual cautery, moxa, etc.

5th—Many operations can now be performed for the relief of long continued disease, or after injury, which before would have been hazardous, owing to the depressed or feeble state of the patient.

6th—Many delicate operations can now be easily performed where perfect quiet is demanded of the patient, and which can hardly be afforded by any amount of exercise of the will, as in operations upon the eye, dissections of nerves, or the taking up of arteries.



7th—Patients will now apply earlier than heretofore for relief in surgical diseases, the dread of the surgeon's knife often having induced them to postpone until the case became almost hopeless.

8th—The mortality from operations has materially decreased, for it is well known that pain has a serious tendency to depress the nervous system and produce death from exhaustion.

In midwifery,

1st—In addition to preserving the mother from the pain always incident to parturition we have the power of preserving her strength unimpaired, when the labor is long continued or especially severe.

2d—In all cases of instrumental labor, or those requiring manual assistance, the aid can be afforded with greater ease to the accoucher and more safety and less accompanying suffering to the mother.

3d—Many cases of doubt in diagnosis can be more correctly solved.

4th—From the relaxation of the muscular fibers, the exit of the child through the uterine neck, or the vaginal passage when they are rigid is facilitated.

5th—Anæsthetics have the power of keeping in abeyance and reducing the violence of one of the worst complications of labor, puerperal convulsions.

6th—The recovery of the patient after labor is assisted and the chances of subsequent danger lessened.

In medicine anæsthetics are of great value as a relief from severe and exhausting pains, as toothache, passage of calculi, neuralgia, etc.; as a narcotic in mania, delirium tremens, excitement or wakefulness from any cause; as an anti-spasmodic for chorea, hysteria, asthma, convulsions. etc. They have also been employed in many inflammatory diseases, fevers and in cholera. Within the last few years they have been employed for nefarious purposes in cases of violence, where a struggle or noise was feared, for murder, rape, robbery, etc., but these are only abuses by bad men of one of the most useful agents yet discovered to alleviate human suffering.

Chloroform is about eight times as powerful as ether, and generally produces its effect in from thirty to sixty seconds. An ordinary dose is from thirty drops to one ounce. Ether produces its effect in three or four minutes, and almost any quantity can be used, as much as half a gallon having been required in long continued and severe operations. Like every thing else, anæsthetics, to be of the full use for which they appear to be designed, must be judiciously used. They require a person to administer them who has sense enough to know,

1st—Is the patient in a condition to be put under its influence without danger?

2d—To know how to use it without unnecessarily strangling the patient.

3—To know exactly when the patient is so insensible to feeling that he can be operated upon without torturing him.

4th—To know, during the operation, when to give the patient fresh air and how long at a time.

5th—To know how to revive him in case he seems to be sinking.

Now, some think any doctor who has a diploma, of course, knows all this, but they do not. We have not found one in fifty that is qualified to administer an anæsthetic. Doctors (common sense ones) are born, not made—hence, we often find one common sense old woman making more cures in a neighborhood, than half a dozen regular kid-gloved, diploma, dinklepot, M. D's. If a doctor isn't qualified to read his or her Latin diploma, is he or she qualified to practice medicine? We say they may be—and successful physicians, too; but these men never care to ask the legislature to pass laws "regulating the practice of medicine," because they are able to "regulate" their own practice with the assistance of the people who want them.

If the legislature should pass the law the third-rate doctors are clamoring for, there ought to be a provision barring every man from practice who can not read his diploma. If this happened, to shut off all but two or three doctors in Oregon, the people would have the satisfaction of seeing the "quacks" who clamored for a "law" remanded back to their spades and grub hoes to make an honest living, instead of killing people who employed them, because no sensible old woman could be found in the neighborhood.

## Chapter X.

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MAGNETIC HEALING—IT DATES BACK MANY HUNDRED YEARS—A  
SUBTLE ELEMENT LITTLE UNDERSTOOD WHICH PERVADES ALL  
BODIES, AND WHICH, UNDER HUMAN CONTROL, WORKS WHAT  
MANY CALL "MIRACLES"—ITS INFLUENCE ON INERT MATTER  
AND ANIMAL ORGANISM—SPIRIT CONTROL—WHAT IS IT ?

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WE approach this, one of the most important subjects that ever engaged human attention, with a profound sense of our inability to explain what we are unable to understand, and about which no man among the most profound scholars has yet been able to advance, a theory which has not been objected to by other eminent scholars. To photograph its character and influence, is to photograph spirit, and the creative power which heathen nations have called God. It was with them the Jupiter that thundered in the clouds ; it was with them the Vulcan who at his anvil forged the thunderbolts ; and it was with them the Æsculapius that healed the sick and raised the dead to life. It is the subtle, incomprehensible agent in nature which in all ages has been pronounced as to its phenomena either a god, a devil or a "humbug."

To discuss the character of phenomena produced by this subtle agent in nature, as shown by the contradictory writings of scholars, would take a very large volume, while we have only a few pages to devote to it. The little we have to say will probably be read by such as take any interest in philosophical research.

Magnetism is so called because a metal called "loadstone," a magnetic oxide of iron, which has the property of attracting iron filings, was first discovered near Magnesia, in Asia Minor. The magnetic principle can be induced in a bar of iron or steel by rubbing it with this magnetic ore, or without it. It can be developed by holding a bar of slightly tempered steel vertical to the earth and striking it several sharp blows with a wooden mallet.

This magnetic influence is of two kinds—positive and negative. Positive attaches to one end of the bar and negative to the other. Two bodies charged with positive magnetism or electricity repel each other ; so with negative. Positive and negative attract. Positive is evolved by rubbing briskly a glass rod with a silk handkerchief and is thence called *vitreous* electricity. Negative is developed by rubbing a stick of sealing wax, and is thence called *resinous* electricity.

Just here we may say that this subtle fluid, power, or agent is the same when manifested in the loadstone, in a steel rod, in glass, in resin, in the aurora borealis, in terrestrial magnetism, in the electrical machine, in the galvanic battery, in the voltaic pile, in the torpedo fish, in the electrical eel, and in man and the lowest forms of animal, and perhaps vegetable life—all are the same in principle or essence, but all modified as to intensity and volume by the agents used in making it sensible. All organic matter possesses the two kinds—vitreous and resinous, or positive and negative. Like abhors like, as nature abhors a vacuum ; while opposites have as strong an affinity for one another as husband and wife, who are so magnetized as to make them "one flesh," one soul, and by natural law bring them together and out of the "twain" make one ; as two drops of water falling from the heavens attract each other and reach the earth as one perfect globule. These are the only "marriages made in heaven"—made under natural law instead of the law of



"puppy love" or convenience. This law of Nature is the only law that has ever been revealed to man by any deity—all others are laws on marriage and divorce, made by priests and ignorant legislators, heavily charged with a priestly magnetism. When the insects known as the Pope, the clergy, and law-makers shall succeed by "bulls," by church creeds, and by legislative enactments in making the needle point to the graves of the Oriental writers instead of the north magnetic pole, it will be time enough for them to try to reverse God's law on marriage and divorce, and make divorce still more difficult than it is made under our religious and legal restraints to-day—restraints which posterity will regard as incompatible with civilization.

The earth itself is charged with a magnetism which is called terrestrial magnetism. The north magnetic pole Dr. Goldschmidt, the German scientist, locates in latitude  $73^{\circ} 35' N.$ ; longitude  $95^{\circ} 39' W.$  The south pole in latitude  $72^{\circ} 35' S.$ ; longitude  $152^{\circ} 30' E.$  This terrestrial magnetism is all the time passing from one pole towards the other, and is distributed to all parts of the earth's surface, vivifying everything that lives thereon. This influence is only on the surface of most bodies, not in the center. Bodies arranged as to polarity, so that this current can pass through the nerves of animals from north to south, or from one pole to another, receive the most vitality. Magnetic force, like the galvanic current, must run along the nerves, not crosswise. For this reason ignorant people who use the galvanic battery injure ten while they benefit one. This also explains the reason why anybody, especially irritable, restless people, deficient in nerve force, can sleep soundly and take on a large supply of vitality during the night by sleeping with their heads toward the north pole and their feet toward the south pole. A man who is nervous himself, or has a nervous, fidgety, sleepless wife, can test our theory by turning his bed around in harmony with natural law. If we were all scientists, we could prolong life indefinitely and avoid most of the pains and aches that flesh is unnecessarily heir to—not entirely by adopting any system of hygiene we have yet read about in any book, but by using a little common sense in placing ourselves in a position where natural law is assisted, not obstructed, in its effort to mend lesions in the body.

From the earliest ages electrical influence has been resorted to as a remedial agent. The torpedo fish, the best sample of which is found in the Mediterranean Sea, carries a galvanic or electrical battery within itself. When touched it gives a powerful electrical shock to the person who comes in contact with it. The shock seems precisely like that given off by an electrical machine. It was regarded by the ancients as a valuable remedial agent in cases of bodily pains, though we have no real authenticated account of any benefit being derived from coming in contact with this fish. It probably benefited one in a thousand, just as do galvanic batteries, galvanic belts and galvanic shoe soles. The electrical eel, found in the northern part of South America, is furnished with a natural electrical battery which generates within itself electricity. These batteries are precisely the same as those found in the torpedo—similar to the voltaic pile. The electricity thrown off by the torpedo and these eels seems as intense and sharp as that communicated by an electrical machine—too intense to be used as a remedial agent. Humboldt says that when the natives wished to catch these eels, they drove bands of horses into the ponds which in floundering around came in contact with the eels, receiving electric shocks which tortured the animals terribly, often killing horses that came in contact with several different eels. As soon as these eels have discharged their electricity they can be handled with impunity, but after a few hours' rest they are as highly charged as ever. These fish are supposed by scientists to be charged with this electricity for repelling assaults, and for killing prey, as they are able to dart a current some distance through the water and paralyze small fish or insects they wish to devour. They are prepared for offensive or defensive warfare, and not like the polecat and porcupine, merely armed for defense. Stories come to us of men being knocked down, in harpooning one of those fish, by electricity which ran up the line to which the harpoon was attached; and even in fishing when one "got a bite" from one of them he got a shake that came near tumbling him over on his back. This, of course, could not have happened unless the line was wet—if it ever happened at all. These "fish stories," coming from Oriental writers, should probably be taken with a large pinch of salt, whether they pertain to the powers of torpedoes, eels, or "whales."

When Galvani in 1786 accidentally discovered what we call galvanism, it was found to be a modified form of electricity, decreased as to intensity, and augmented as to volume. It was thought by many to be in essence the mysterious fluid that kept all animal life running, a lack of which caused all disease and a proper supply of which would so lubricate the human machinery that it would run on indefinitely. The influence evolved by the battery run by the chemical action of acid on zinc, while an improvement on that obtained from an electrical machine, is too intense to take the place of brain life, or animal magnetism carried from the brain to all organs of the body through the nerves. This is, nevertheless, useful in perhaps one case in a hundred. The magnet contains the electrical influence in the mildest form of that produced in any machine, and is best adapted to supply in the human body a lack of brain life—hence we never use any but the magneto-electric machine. This works well in the few cases where the use of the battery is indicated. It is mild, soft, and its influence is sufficiently powerful to establish a broken current from the brain through all weak or depressed nerves. If a patient needs a soft, balmy breeze, we ought to open the window and let him have it, but this does not indicate any necessity for letting a St. Paul blizzard blow in on him.

The human body contains the mildest form of this subtle fluid known, and is best suited to the cure of some forms of disease. All motion in the body, whether of the blood, lungs, heart or alimentary canal, and all friction of external or internal parts, develop it. It seems to be carried by the blood and unloaded upon the brain, its grand reservoir, from which it is transmitted through the nerves to every organ in the body, to enable it to perform its functions. Anything that depresses the brain partially cuts off a flow of the nervous fluid and measurably destroys functional power. Great calamities have made young men grey in one night; the sudden receipt of bad news will dry up all the salivary glands in the mouth, change the beating of the heart, or produce leucorrhoea in a healthy woman in five minutes. The brain spends this vital force during business hours and takes on a new supply during sleep. Long continued wakefulness induces disease and insanity. A cheerful state of mind is favorable to the production of and transmission of this vital force. "Worriments," anxiety, and brooding over real or imaginary ills, sends more to the grave than all other causes. Some people have a much larger amount of this electrical fluid than others, hence they are good mesmerizers, or "healers." Dr. Schneider says he knew a Capuchin friar, who could see flashing, crackling sparks darting from his scalp every time he took off his cowl. Men being in immediate contact with the earth, this electrical influence called "*static electricity*," passes rapidly from the body into the ground and into the atmosphere, especially if the air is heavily charged with vapor. This partly shows why people deficient in vital force often feel miserable in damp, cloudy weather, while they feel buoyant and happy in clear, dry weather. If man could walk on some insulator like glass, he would retain much of this vital force that now passes off into the earth, and if he would place glass under the legs of his bedstead, he would get up in the morning with a better supply of this "*static electricity*" than he now has. The "magnetic shoe soles" and "magnetic belts" must in time give way to glass insulators, as the former are in violation of natural law, while the latter are in harmony with it—the former supplying the body with a fluid so different from animal electricity that it cannot take the place of it; while the insulators merely retain in the body the fluid already manufactured by Nature's laboratory and prevent its too rapid escape from the body. Our own country furnishes an important instance of a lady who was so heavily charged with static electricity that when but slightly insulated by a carpet, sparks would pass from her person towards any object she approached. If she held her hand an inch and a half from the brass ball on the stove, four sparks a minute would pass from her fingers to the brass knob, causing her much annoyance from the sharp pricking sensation she felt. She found herself most heavily charged with this fluid when the atmosphere was dry, the thermometer stood at about 80° Fahr. and she was in a tranquil and happy state of mind. She first noticed this abnormal condition in herself during the occurrence of an aurora borealis. What are generally termed "water witches"—men who can find a vein of water at almost any depth under ground are heavily charged with "static electricity." They hold a forked peach or hazel limb, young and full of sap, in the hands and walk over the ground. Before reaching the vein the stick begins to turn downward, and when reaching the vein the upper

prong points exactly down toward the vein. We have seen men who could tell within a foot how deep in the ground the vein lay. This we could never do, though we have found water in abundance on hills at depths varying from sixteen to sixty-six feet where wells had been sunk all around from sixty to eighty feet—no water. Ignorant people called this "witchery," "humbug-gery," etc. The attention of scientific men was finally called to it, who found it was a fact. The next step was to explain this fact. The U. S. government set a scientist to work on it. He reported that the man who held the peach limb must be charged with negative electricity which he communicated to the stick—the water being positive attracted the negative limb. This explanation, whether correct or not, has since silenced all clamor among unlettered people about "witchery."

About 1750 the idea was entertained by several people in different parts of Europe that men might be favorably influenced by the magnet or loadstone. Among others who entertained this idea was Maximillian Hell, a professor of astronomy at Vienna, in Austria. He advised Dr. Frederic Anthony Mesmer to experiment with the magnet and see whether he could not cure diseases with it. Mesmer readily caught the idea and began experimenting. He soon found that he could exercise a singular influence on his patients. Crowds came to him, most of whom were cured, or thought they were. He commenced teaching classes the mysteries of his art, for which he soon received \$7,820 from his pupils. The people went wild over a discovery that was to place man on the same footing of immortality Adam occupied before he became acquainted with Eve. Mesmer treated his subjects by placing magnets on different parts of their bodies, an imitation of which is found in the "magnetic belts," "magnetic corsets," and "magnetic shoe soles," which women and men are peddling around the country now as a "new discovery" made by the Magnetic Belt Company.

Mesmer treated his patients by placing magnets on their bodies, or by having them sit around a covered tub, from the cover of which an iron rod went out to each person, the patients all being connected by touching hands and by a cord which passed around each person. Mesmer, in the meantime, made passes with his hands over or near the bodies of the patients. Under this treatment his patients felt cold, pricking sensations on the limbs and body, then various twitchings in the muscles, drowsiness and often cramps and convulsions, when all pain and nervous disorders seemed to subside. Mesmer had never carried his treatment so far as to produce somnambulism; really the most important result of animal magnetism. This was first brought before the public by the Marquis de Puységur in 1785. Without this, Mesmer's discovery would have forever remained incapable of positive proof, and would have always been subject to the charge of quackery. Besides this, Puységur's advance augmented the value of Mesmer's discovery more than a hundred fold. Mesmer's claims and his reputed cures produced a tremendous excitement in France, Germany and other parts of the world, and threatened to overthrow the whole system of medical practice. Emboldened by his success, and backed by popular clamor, Mesmer became arrogant and addressed a note to the French government, claiming that he had discovered a process by which nearly all human ills could be cured, and asking a grant of valuable lands on which to put up a great healing institution. His application was rejected, but the government offered him a salary of \$6,120 a year to teach his science under governmental regulations. Mesmer scorned the offer. In 1784 the French government ordered the medical faculty of Paris to investigate Mesmer's system of practice and report. A commission was appointed, consisting of twelve persons. Mesmer refused to appear before them, but Dr. Eslon, a man of great influence, who held the position of physician to the king's brother, a zealous disciple of Mesmer, and who had made a large fortune in practicing mesmerism, took Mesmer's place. The commission reported, eleven to one, that the effects produced by the manipulations of Dr. Eslon were remarkable, but they thought that most of the cures made were due mostly to imagination. The report for a long time seemed effectually to squelch mesmerism and its author was generally regarded as a "quack." But mesmerism wouldn't die. It had hosts of defenders among the learned, while the common people who had seen its results and experienced its benefits, knew there was more in it than the doctors were willing to admit. Dr. Hell claimed that he was the real discoverer of this system, as he had first proposed to Mesmer the use of the magnet in curing disease. Mesmer replied that



his cures were mainly produced by animal magnetism, and not by the use of the magnet—the only influence that Hell had ever thought of. The quarrel between Mesmer and Hell became quite hot. The doctors had twenty thousand copies of the report against mesmerism printed and scattered through the country, which had a very damaging effect on the claims of Mesmer; and its advocates were regarded by the majority as charlatans. Puysegur's advance, that in 1785 enabled him to produce a sound sleep, during which his patients were insensible to all pain, and clairvoyance (clairvoyance is French, and means clear-sighted, or the ability people possess when mesmerized to see objects not visible to the senses) gave the world evidence of the truth of mesmerism that no bulls fulminated from medical colleges, no ignorance and no prejudice could set one side. The mesmeric school lacked a writer of ability to advocate their system. In 1813 the man wanted came to the front. Deleuze, assistant secretary and naturalist of the *Jardin des Plantes*, a man who stood high as an author, a naturalist, and an honest man, published a "Critical History of Animal Magnetism," which caused the literati of Europe (not embracing many doctors) to admit that the new agent was worthy of attention. Able magazines began to defend it. The Prussian government, in 1817, allowed physicians to practice it if they wished to.

In 1825 Dr. Foissac, an enthusiastic believer in animal magnetism, demanded of the royal academy of medicine in Paris that a new commission should be appointed and another investigation made. The "royal academy doctors" were hostile to it and sneered at it as "quackery," but the pressure was so great from the populace, which embraced many scientists, that they were compelled to grant Foissac's petition, and a commission, composed of nine men of learning, several of whom had a European reputation, was appointed to give mesmerism a second investigation. Their report was awaited with intense anxiety. Magnetism had come in contact with medical tradition and philosophic probability, and threatened to overthrow the conclusions of both. On the one hand, the doctors said it was a "humbug," on the other, the people said they knew it was not but they would like to have the doctors explain the phenomena produced by it. The commission investigated the claims of animal magnetism thoroughly, but withheld its report for five years, at the instance, no doubt, of medical savants. At last the commission was forced by a clamorous populace to make its report, which it did in 1831 by a *unanimous decision*. It reported that, "It (mesmerism) is a force capable of producing a powerful influence on the human system; that this influence does not depend on the imagination; that it does not act with equal force on all persons, and is almost, if not quite, powerless, so far as they could observe, upon some; that it may produce somnambulant sleep, but that in this sleep injury to the nerves of sensation does not cause a sense of pain; that the sleeper ordinarily can hear no sound save the voice of the magnetizer; that the sleeper's nerves of touch and smell carry no sensation to the brain, unless excited by the magnetizer; that some sleepers can see with their eyes closed, can foretell accurately, even months in advance, the time of the access of epileptic fits, or the time of their cure, and can discover the diseases of persons with whom they are placed in magnetic connection, and that persons suffering with weakness, pains, epileptic fits and paralysis, were partially or entirely cured by magnetic treatment." The interesting and often highly useful phenomena produced by influences which have been discussed under the names, "biology," "electro-biology," "hypnotism," "somnambulism," "clairvoyance,"—all essentially mesmeric, have been ridiculed by many doctors generally as phenomena produced by an over-excited imagination, and mesmerizers treated as impostors. Many books have been written by able men to defend it. The pulpit has denounced it as an impious attempt to rival the miracles and prophecies of revelation. Monks and priests, who as mesmerizers were performing "miraculous cures," didn't like it because infidels and atheists could perform as many and often more cures than they could. They only succeeded in satisfying their pious flocks by telling them that the devil worked through infidels, and a divine power through priests. The doctors satisfied them it was better to be killed with mercury than be cured by "imagination." The fatalist objected by saying "whatever is to be will be, and if your time has come, you'll die anyway." A writer of considerable ability, in discussing the alleged phenomena, says: "It is supposed that every animal may influence others or be influenced by the mesmeric agent. But as a general rule, persons of strong constitutions, in the vigor of life and health, ar

capable of exercising the most powerful magnetic influence upon others ; while persons of delicate constitutions and weak nerves are the most susceptible."

There are many methods of conveying the influence ; but the most effective way of throwing persons in the magnetic sleep, is, for the magnetizer to place himself in immediate contact with them, or to make passes with his hands very near them. Ordinarily the magnetizer and the patient are seated opposite to each other ; the former, with each hand, lays hold of the opposite hand of the latter, with the balls of the thumbs resting against each other. Thus they sit for five or ten minutes, or until the influence begins to be felt. The magnetizer then withdraws his hands and makes slow passes with open hands and outspread fingers over the patient from head to foot, turning the hands away while moving them upward, and while making the downward passes keeping the points of the fingers within an inch or two of the patient's clothing. After making a dozen or two of such passes, the magnetizer resumes his former position. During the whole of this process he keeps his attention on the patient and exercises his will in silent command that he shall become somnambule. The patient should be still, quiet and resigned. Some persons can be mesmerized within a few minutes, others can not be affected by trials of an hour daily for weeks ; but after the experiment has once succeeded, it can be more easily repeated. The patient becomes more susceptible and the magnetizer more powerful by every successful trial. The patient, who could not at first be thrown into the mesmeric sleep in less than an hour of constant contact with the operator, may at last be magnetized in a few minutes or seconds without contact by the mere outstretched hand, glance or even will of the mesmerist.

The various stages of the magnetic influence may be classed as six. The first stage is that of waking magnetism. The patient feels a singular influence pervading his body, frequently a prickling, somewhat like that felt in a limb asleep. Sometimes there is an increase of temperature and sweat. The second stage is that of drowsiness. The pulse becomes fuller, the breathing slower ; there is a feeling as though warmth were radiating from the stomach ; there is a heavy pressure on the eyelids, which close against the will of the patient and he is unable to open them ; but still he retains his normal consciousness and sensation. The third stage is that of coma or senseless sleep, wherein he is insensible to the loudest noises, and all the nerves of sensation are as if benumbed. The fourth stage is that of magnetic somnambulism. The patient awakes from the third stage into a new sphere of existence, and as another person. He has consciousness and sensation, but they differ greatly from those of his normal condition. He hears only the voice of his magnetizer or of some person in contact with him. The magnetizer can make his muscles rigid in almost any position, and has the power of governing his physical motions. His own senses of touch, taste and smell appear to be dormant, but he perceives all the impressions produced on these senses in the magnetizer's frame. The fifth stage is that of clairvoyance. This is a heightened condition of the fourth stage. The patient has means of perception unknown to man in his normal state, and so singular that the assertion of their possession, measured by the general experience of the race, appears to be an impudent falsehood or imposture. The somnambulist can see with his eyes closed and bandaged ; he can then even see what waking men in his place can not see with their open eyes. He can read the contents of letters unopened ; he can see through clothing, wood and metal boxes and walls of brick or stone ; he can tell what is going on in the room above him or in the room below. Sometimes the sense of sight, or a faculty capable of perceiving things which the normal man perceives only through the organs of vision, exhibits itself in the forehead, in the back side of the head, in the fingers or in the knuckles of the hand. The clairvoyant will sometimes move about, holding his fist before him for the purpose of seeing where he is going. How this means of perception can exist away from the organs of vision ; why it exists in one part of the body more than another ; and why one should have it in the hand, another in the forehead and a third in the backhead, are questions very proper to be asked ; but to which there is no satisfactory answer as yet, except for the person who denies this—who cuts the gordian knot he cannot untie by declaring that "no man ever did see only through his open eyes." This denial comes from coarse men, unlettered and ignorant, who never did see anything with their



“natural eyes” but material objects that ministered to their fleshly wants—pork and beans, a fifty cent piece, or a “fancy woman.”

The clairvoyant not only sees things outside of his body, but even in it. His whole physical frame is transparent to him; he looks through and sees all the functions of life as though they were going on in a glass case. He can see through the bodies of others placed in magnetic connection with him in the same way. Frequently he will describe with the accuracy of high anatomical, physiological and pathological knowledge the operations of healthy and diseased organs, and will even prescribe remedies for disease. The clairvoyant can hear, also, without using his ears, and with more acuteness than can others in the waking state, using their ears. Sometimes the sense of hearing appears to have its seat in the pit of the stomach, and the clairvoyant hears no sounds except those made at his breast. The senses of touch, taste and smell are ordinarily inactive. A teaspoonful of the strongest mustard or cayenne pepper placed in the clairvoyant's mouth does not affect him; he holds it there or swallows it down without expressing any unpleasant feeling in his face. He inhales the strongest ammonia through his nose with equal stolidity. He is insensible of pain; he may be pinched, pins may be thrust through his hand, or into his legs or arms; even his limbs may be cut off and he shows no symptoms of pain. He even laughs and talks while he knows that an arm or leg is coming off. But while so insensible to sensations upon his own nerves of touch, taste and smell, he feels all the impressions upon that of his magnetizer. If the latter be pinched, the clairvoyant winces as though he felt the pain at the corresponding part of his own body; if the magnetizer takes salt, sugar or vinegar into his own mouth, the patient feels the taste too. He is governed by the will of the magnetizer; whatever the latter orders him to do he does, and this order is understood and obeyed, even if not spoken but merely thought. If the mesmerizer tells him he cannot move, he cannot; if the mesmerizer give him water to drink, telling him that it is whisky, the patient gets drunk and reels and falls like a drunken man; if the mesmerizer says a stick is a snake, the patient believes it and acts accordingly. He has a particular affection for the mesmerizer and likes to be near and in contact with him; he also has a particular affection for all other magnetized persons under the influence of his mesmerism; perceives their presence more readily than that of other persons, and is apt to call them brothers or sisters. He speaks of himself in the mesmerized state as a different person from himself in the normal state, or, rather, speaks of his normal self as a third person. Somnambulists assert that they see the souls of deceased persons, and converse with them and obtain their extraordinary knowledge from them. All the mental faculties seem to be universally acute. Clairvoyants speak with clearness, intelligence and learning, which they never possessed in their waking state, and even speak properly of matters of which they know nothing before being mesmerized. They lose false modesty, and disregard many of the usual conventionalisms of society. They are more familiar and cordial in their manners than in their normal condition. The natives of those countries, such as France, Germany, Spain, Italy, etc., where “*tu*” (*tu* or *du*) is the manner of address only between intimate friends or near relatives, when in the clairvoyant state always say “*thou*” to those with whom they converse. A bashful girl, if mesmerized, will deliver a lecture before a large audience with all the self-possession of the most practiced orator. But the clairvoyant has frequently a sense of propriety which is always observed. He may remain in that state for weeks, or even months, and perform all the ordinary functions of life with regularity and order—eating, drinking and working during the day (working with the eyes shut) and sleeping during the night. What kind of sleep this is and how it differs from the sleep of the normal state, is not described in the books. The clairvoyant has two states of consciousness, or a “double consciousness,” as it is called, and a double memory. When clairvoyant he remembers everything he ever did in that condition, and remembers, also, the events of his waking life; but when he returns to the latter state he remembers nothing of his abnormal life, unless it be something that the mesmerizer has specially ordered him to recollect.

The sixth stage is that of perfect clairvoyance. This is a more exalted condition of the fifth stage. The perfect clairvoyant sees what is going on at a distance of hundred; of miles, reads the thoughts of all persons about him, reads the past and can truly foretell the future. His soul dwells in light and delight; he often regrets that he cannot live in that state forever; he shud-

ders at the necessity of being brought down again into the tiresome, dull, base world of normal life. Between these different stages of the mesmeric condition as here described no precise line can be drawn. The transition from one stage to the other is gradual, and generally imperceptible at the time. Thus many of the characteristics of the clairvoyant stage belong also to the somnambulist stage, in which they are indeed most frequently observed. These are the alleged phenomena. The witnesses to this truth we shall not stop to criticise—that many of the alleged phenomena are real is the general belief of the public, and that belief, though without the countenance of many physiologists, physicians, clergymen and others of reputed learning, is yet approved and maintained by persons of high authority, among whom Laplace, Cuvier, Agassiz, Hufeland, Sir Wm. Hamilton, Dr. Herbert Mayo, Dr. Wm. B. Carpenter and Prof. Edward Hitchcock, and many others might be mentioned. Carpenter, as the author whose works on physiology are a standard of reference in Britain and America, and all of whose writings are marked by a careful abstinence from injudicious and hastily formed opinions and theories, may, perhaps, be the safest guide for those who have not an opportunity to examine the question thoroughly for themselves. He recognizes the magnetic state of coma, and somnambulism. In coma, or “perfect insensibility,” he says that some surgical operations may be performed without pain to the patient. In somnambulism he admits the existence of double consciousness, the possibility of complete command by the magnetizer over the somnambulist, “the exaltation of one or more of the senses” so as to perceive things which no waking person in the same place could perceive, and the power of the magnetizer to make the muscles of the somnambulist rigid so that he performs feats which he would be unable to perform in the normal condition. Any “exaltation of the senses”—that is, a perception more acute than in the waking state—must be a kind of clairvoyance, as understood by writers on animal magnetism; for the word is not confined to the faculty of sight alone. Dr. Carpenter says he has repeatedly seen Dr. Braid’s hypnotized subjects (Greek, *hupenos*—sleep) write with the most perfect regularity when an opaque screen was interposed between their eyes and the paper, the lines being equi-distant and parallel, and it is not uncommon for the writer to carry back his pen or pencil to dot an *i* or cross a *t*, or make some other correction in a letter or word. Mr. B. had one patient who would thus go back and correct with accuracy the writing on a whole page of note paper; but if the paper was moved from the position it occupied on the table, all the corrections were on the wrong points of the paper as regarded the actual place of the writing, but on the right points as regarded its previous place. Sometimes, however, he would take a fresh departure, by feeling for the upper left hand corner of the paper, and all his corrections were then made in their right positions, notwithstanding the displacement of the paper. Dr. Carpenter mentions no other example of “exaltation of the senses,” but he repeatedly mentions Mr. Braid as a safe guide, and Braid states in his book, “Trance,” published in London in 1850, that an ignorant girl, unacquainted with music and with the grammar of her own language, hypnotized, sang songs in foreign languages with Jenny Lind, with a pronunciation and intonation so exact that persons not very near supposed there was only one voice, and that the Swedish Nightingale’s. This was a task which no human being could do in a waking state. What wretched work an ignorant English girl would have made when in the normal state in trying to sing Italian and German songs with Jenny Lind may be conceived.

Dr. Carpenter says that these are the principal phenomena of the mesmeric state, in regard to which he had fully made up his mind. He says in another part of his writings, that in regard to the alleged phenomena of clairvoyants “reading with the eyes completely covered, or of discerning words enclosed in opaque boxes, or of giving an account of what is taking place at a distance,” he doubts whether any case of this kind ever stood a searching investigation. Those who would like to read proofs of what Carpenter denies, will find them in abundance in books written by able literary men who have devoted years to investigations and given the world their alleged “proofs” in such works as Deleuze’s “Practical Instruction in Mesmerism,” “Letters on Animal Magnetism,” by Prof. Wm. Gregory, “Mesmerism, its History, Phenomena and Practice,” by Wm. Lang, “Facts in Mesmerism,” by Rev. Chauncey Hare Townsend, and “Practical Instruction in Animal Magnetism,” by Dr. Alphonse Teste. No book has ever been written devoted entirely to disproving the facts of magnetism, yet the truths of mesmerism as set forth by able writers; its great

value as a remedial agent, and as a key to unlock Pandora's box, and expose the writhing snakes of religious superstition, spiritual jugglery and "miraculous" phenomena, as well as its offering the only proof that has yet been offered, that man has within him a something that can see and enjoy, independent of the organs of sensation; a something that can be "exalted" during life to a plane we naturally think the disembodied spirit ought to occupy—these great truths have as yet made slow progress for several reasons which have been offered by such as objected to it.

### OBJECTIONS.

1. "Nearly all the mesmeric phenomena are of a character contrary to the general experience of the race, and to the ordinary experience of every individual; and experience has become with most of the learned the measure of possibility."

It was the "experience" of the ancient "learned" that the *sun* moved—not the *earth*—they experienced it for they *saw* it and *knew* it. Experience embraces only those things that have come under the range of human observation. Experience once knew nothing of printing, nothing of telegraphy, and almost nothing of chemistry; these things are now within range of human experience; so in magnetism—none of them are "contrary" to the experience of such as have investigated them. How could the "measure of possibility" in telegraphy be ascertained by the "experience" of the Chinook Indians, by our unlettered ancestry, or by a man now who can neither read nor write?

2. "If the mesmeric phenomena be received as true, they cannot be explained upon any consistent or plausible theory, or connected regularly with the healthy functions of the body. Among all the able works written in favor of mesmerism, not one can be found with an explanation half way satisfactory of the phenomena, supposing them to be facts."

Very well. The first question is, are the phenomena *facts*? *We know them to be so.* The next we are called on to do is to give a "satisfactory explanation." Did any man ever give a satisfactory explanation of gravitation; of the production of animal heat; of the reason that similar electricities repel and dissimilar attract each other; of the fact that the sun eternally warms worlds without diminution of its heating power; of the essence of mind; and how that wonderful power in the human skull creates the loftiest images of poetic fancy, seeks out the laws that govern matter, measures worlds, invents ways of handling lightning, and makes all the materials of nature minister to human happiness and advancement? Yet who denies the *facts* because they cannot be explained? Denying mesmeric influence under natural law, how are we to explain the phenomena we have often witnessed on camp-meeting grounds where men and women rolled on the ground for hours with glazed eyes and insensible to pain when pinched or pricked with pins? If not mesmerism, why was the audience not seized with what they called the "power" during the preaching of a small, weakly preacher, but when a burly fellow with stentorian voice and heavy palms looked his audience in the eye awhile, rubbed his palms together and thundered forth his anathemas and exhortations, the women began to have a shaking in the knees, and soon men and women of that persuasion were rolling on the ground together, filled with the "power," while no Presbyterian, Episcopalian or Unitarian got it? It was a *fact* they had something that placed them beyond the power of self control and rendered them insensible to pain and to what was transpiring around them. It was either a "divine power," as they claimed, or it was mesmerism or something else. Let a Presbyterian who denies mesmeric power, who scoffs at the idea that a "holy ghost" will cause people to so conduct themselves, explain *what* it was. But this was nothing to the jerking, barking and falling exercises seen at the meetings held by Wesley and Whitefield in 1759. Let an Episcopalian who disbelieves in mesmerism, explain *what that* was. Of course men who believe in and practice this kind of "religion" oppose mesmerism, as they lose their influence over the ignorant the moment their subjects suspicion they have been turned into sprawling unconsciousness, into jerking epileptics and barking canines by the mesmeric will of the preacher, instead of by some holy spiritual power.

3. "The mesmerists claim to be able to cure with passes many diseases which are now incurable, or cured with great difficulty, by the treatment of the regular physician. And the mesmerists claim that any person of ordinary intelligence may exercise the mesmeric influence, no



medical education being necessary thereto. Thus they become the rivals of the regular physicians, and the latter, as a class, declare animal magnetism to be a humbug and will have nothing to do with it, and exert all their influence against it."

There are few doctors that can use it if they would and it is natural to decry what they can not use. There are few doctors that can analyze urine, and thus positively define the character of many diseases. There are few doctors who can properly medicate and successfully use the German steam atomizer in curing throat and lung diseases; there are few who can use a microscope in examining blood corpuscles and deposits in the urine, so necessary in medical practice; there are fewer still who can tell what is the matter of a patient after examining him; yet those are the doctors who "humbug" people the most, and cry loudest for legislation to "regulate the practice of medicine"; and their dupes, up to the hour they are ready for the coffin, advise their friends who are diseased to avoid "humbugs" and go to a "regular physician." The objection urged against mesmerism, that it can be used by a person of "ordinary intelligence—no medical education being necessary," fails to show why a man *without* "ordinary intelligence" can successfully use calomel and quinine to cure a disease that mesmerisers claim they can cure in ten minutes. It also fails to show why a 'longshoreman with common sense should be prohibited by law from rescuing a drowning child and resuscitating it without sending for the medical faculty of some college, which, if on the ground, would probably fail in three cases where the 'longshoreman with "common sense" would in one.

It fails to show why some old woman of common sense should not have been allowed to cure a child of a burn by the application of cold water, instead of having it killed by a "doctor" who used carbolic acid and oil, as was done by a "regular" here in Portland about ten years ago. It fails to show why "Old Thompson," an ignorant farmer, many years ago in York State, among other remedies, gave us his "third preparation of lobelia," an agent which in lockjaw or any form of tetanus, or any form of muscular spasm, is relieved in three minutes when all remedies known by doctors who claim a "medical education" fail to reach the case.

Cannot a common sense woman with her bags of roots and herbs, or a common sense drayman with his magnetic store of vital force, cure where the "regular" college educated idiot fails with his calomel, quinine, morphia and griping drastics? The experience of intelligent people is, they can; and the reason why they so often fail in curing diseases that are curable, is only known to the physician who knows most of *natural law*, and is born with the gift of diagnosing, which not one doctor in a thousand probably has. Some people call this "spirit influence," but it is probably what mesmerists claim to be a mere "exaltation of mentality"—a sort of clairvoyant condition that enables one to look through the human body as though a transparent medium; a power not always present but induced by circumstances; a power as little appreciated by the average "doctor," the average clergyman and the average "scientist," as it is by the average lawyer, the average judge, the average editor and the average milk peddler or hod carrier, and the opinion of any one of these illustrious men cannot set aside known phenomena by the fact that it was not produced by some youth "too lazy to work, too honest to steal, and too modest to beg," and who rushed through the only door open to him, by entering a medical college where, by drawling through two courses of lectures, he could get a diploma which authorized him to hang out his shingle as a "regular physician," and assist other "regulars" in peopling the cemetery.

4. Religious prejudices have been excited against mesmerism, because its advocates have claimed the power of working cures and predicting the future in a manner which is supposed to be derogatory to the divine power, evinced in the miracles and prophecies of revelation.

"Religious prejudices were excited" to make the Romans believe for six hundred years that there was nothing but "humbuggery" in any medical agencies, other than priestly incantations, votive offerings to the gods and driving a nail into the walls to divert war, pestilence and famine, and cure disease. "Religious prejudices were excited" to prevent Galen and his disciples from dissecting human bodies for nearly one thousand years. "Religious prejudices were excited" to put Galileo in a dungeon for enunciating a great truth. "Religious prejudices were excited" to drive Jenner out of the pale of society for his discovery of vaccination. "Religious prejudices have been excited" to hang as a dead weight on the wheels of civilization and human advance-

ment ever since priestcraft interposed its bloated carcass as a "middle-man" between humanity and the power that made, or is supposed to have made, the universe. But all this only proves that this "prejudice" was only that of a *false* religion, and not that of a *true* religion, in harmony with natural law, which never opposes itself to truth.

5. "Cases are familiar, by rumor, at least, to nearly every one, where injury has been done by experiments with mesmerism. Thus young women, when in the somnambule state, have had their confidence abused." Do we know, "by rumor, at least," of young women who, under religious excitement, have had their "confidence abused" by the clergy? If so, does "rumor" justify us in condemning all Methodist preachers as unfit to obtain the "confidence" of young women for fear they will "abuse" it? Why should an honest preacher be debarred the privilege of "saving a soul" because of a suspicion that he has ulterior designs on the body? Is there any confidence, any influence, any agent in nature that ministers to the wants, to the comfort and health of man that cannot be abused? Does the abuse of religion prove that a man should be an atheist? Does the abuse of cold water prove that a man should only drink hot water or whisky? Is the abuse of *any* thing a good argument against the use of it? The author who interposes objections admits that "the student of the natural sciences will encounter no subject more puzzling (and he might have added more interesting and more important in the field of metaphysical science) than this of animal magnetism and its various phenomena, as reported by men of very considerable literary ability. It is difficult to believe as much as Carpenter sanctions; it is difficult to discover valid reasons for stopping where he stops; it is difficult to go further; it is difficult to discover how scores of able writers, each investigating the subject for himself, and writing nothing save what he has seen with his own eyes, are found to agree in stating that many persons in the mesmeric state have performed acts which, according to the general history of the race, are beyond the power of humanity."

At the risk of being called "superstitious," we will relate a few facts regarding mesmerism, which have come under our own observation. We are naturally skeptical,—believe nothing without such proof as we cannot resist,—probably as hard to be humbugged as any man living, but must acknowledge a fact even though unable to explain the cause that produced the phenomena. *Truth* is something that exists; fact (Latin, *factum*) is a feat, a deed, a something done. It is a *truth* that in every right angle triangle the square of the side that subtends the right angle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides. It is a *fact* that the sun gives light and heat to the earth. We admit this, though we cannot explain it. It is a *truth* that some power exists which we call the attraction of gravitation. It is a *fact* that this mysterious power draws all bodies toward the center of the earth. This power, as to what it really is, is as well understood by the Chinaman rag-picker as it was by Sir Isaac Newton, or is by us to-day. Out of many instances of cures made and remarkable feats performed which have come under our observation, we will mention a few. We shall leave out the astonishing feats of professed jugglers, which our readers have often witnessed and whose tricks any man can learn, and confine ourself to phenomena produced by two classes of operators—the one claiming to act as mesmerizers on clairvoyants, and the other as "mediums used by the spirits of dead men." The phenomena produced by the two classes of operators seemed to us to bear such a striking resemblance to one another that the intelligent "investigator" will be apt to be puzzled to know where to draw the line between the two influences—to see where mesmerism ends and "spirit influence" begins, both influences swinging around the same circle and producing precisely the same phenomena, under, no doubt, *the same natural law.*

We saw a woman in Boston, claiming to be controlled by spirit power, place her boy, about fifteen years old, in a cabinet on the stage where the lamps made the room very light. We were then invited to examine the cabinet to see that no trap door was there to permit any person to come up through the floor and untie the boy. She next produced a long rope about the size of a small bed cord, invited any person who thought he was "good on the tie" to come up and tie her boy. An old sea captain who sat by our side, with whom we were acquainted, whispered to us in sailor language: "I'll be d——d if I can't tie him so all the spirits this side of h——I can't set him adrift." Knowing he knew something about the ropes, we insisted that he go up and do the tying, which he did. He drew the rope so tightly around the boy's wrists, ankles and body that it made the boy scream; he made knots here and knots there, such as a sailor only knows,



how to make, and then wrapped the rope around the chair legs, binding his ankles, and around the chair back binding his elbows and neck, with about as many wraps and knots, and left, saying: "Now, d——n it, get out of that if you can." The boy's mother shut the door of the cabinet and made mesmeric passes before the closed door for about five minutes. The question suggested itself to us, as it probably did to other skeptics, "If spirits were at work inside the cabinet, why the necessity of mesmeric passes?" Spiritualists knew it *was* necessary, and that was all they knew about it.

When the mother opened the door of the cabinet, her boy was unbound and the rope lay on the floor. She closed the door, made the same passes, and on opening the door her boy sat on the chair with the same rope around him, bound hand and foot as he was before. She then crossed his arms, sewed the coat sleeves tightly together near the elbows and sewed the breast lapels of his coat together, opened the door after making her usual passes, and the boy's coat lay on the floor still sewed together as it was when on him. She again closed the door, made her passes, and opened the door, when the boy had his coat on, sewed up on the lapels and sleeves as before. We afterwards saw about the same thing performed in a theater in Boston "to expose spiritualism," but upon a thorough investigation we found a trap door under the cabinet for the ingress and egress of a man who did the untying, sewing on the coat, and all that, while the attention of the audience was directed to the manipulations of the spiritualist at the door of the cabinet. This the operator explained to us was the real secret of spiritual rope-tying. The audience, generally, believed it, but we knew better.

We then concluded to interview Foster the big gun of spiritualism in the east, who was exhibiting the wonders of spiritualism in Boston at five dollars a sitting. We wanted to see Foster as we had heard so much about his great skill, and a woman in Portland had shown us a lengthy description of her great powers (which we now know he never wrote, but which she wrote herself). When we knocked at his door, he opened it and held out his hand for five dollars. His look was repulsive to us. He appeared to be a cross between a mean Jew and rag-picking Chinaman. We thought, "Spirits do not use such coarse brutes as you are through which to communicate to mortals." We were about to turn back, when we thought, if we are out on an "investigating" tour, why not go to headquarters? Spiritualists will say, "Why didn't you go to Foster?" We went into his room where he had a "partner" sitting opposite him at the table. There were two other men sitting at the table, who had come to get communications from dead relatives in the spirit world, and swallowed down everything Foster told them came from their spirit friends. We told Foster we had come merely to investigate the truth of spiritualism. Can you read a communication addressed to a spirit in any language? He said, "Yes, I can." We said, "Can you if the communication is folded up in a paper which you have not read?" He said, "Yes; write what you want answered on this paper and try me." We replied, "No, our communications are already written and folded in papers which we will lay on your table." He said, "What objections have you got to writing your questions here?" We answered, "We have objections not necessary to give, as we came here to *investigate* spiritualism." We threw our folded papers on the table and asked him to get answers to our questions from the spirit world. Our first question was addressed to *Teloukite*, the Cayuse chief, who was hung in Oregon City for the murder of Dr. Whitman at Waiilatpu in 1847.

*Teloukite! Nica ticky cumtux ka ulta mica millite. Klonas kunamox Soholy tiee. Klonas kekyle copa pire, kunomox missische tiee, nica cumtux, anculty (klonas moxt tohalum celd alta) mica, pelockek mica six. Klocomus, Tamahas Kiamasumpkin pe Isaaiashulackus Boston tillicum memaluse mesika wake sia Willamette Tum Chuck Foster skookum man, hiu cumtux kouarway wawwarw—kakway yoka wawa copa nica. Wake mica quash copa Foster. Telete wawwarw copa yaka. Yaka potlach cumtux copa nica.*

A liberal rendering of which is: Chief *Teloukite*, I want to know where you are, whether in heaven or hell. I know that about twenty years ago, perhaps, you with four of your friends were killed near Oregon City by the Americans, who hung you with *Klocamus Tamahas*, *Kiamasumpkin* and *Isaaiashulackus*. Foster is a brave man and tells me he understands all languages not excepting Chinook. Do not fear him, but communicate freely with him and he will tell me what you say. Now, tell him the truth.

My next communication placed on the table, wrapped up, was "Arthur Craig, are you happy in the spirit world?"

The next was: "Alexander Campbell, president of Bethany College, do you hold the same views on demonology you taught when in the body?"

Foster said, "What spirit shall I call up?" "The spirit of my boy." "What is his name?" "You ask him his name when you find him." "Write the names of as many boys as you please on separate slips of paper, roll them up into balls and throw them on the table." We wrote a number of names, rolled them up into round balls about the size of a buckshot and threw them on the table. He picked up one of the balls and threw it away, another, and another, and another he dashed to the floor as soon as he touched it. He finally threw one to us and said, "That is your boy's name." We slowly unrolled the wad of paper and found our boy's name—"Arthur Craig Adams"—but destroyed the paper without letting Foster see the name. Foster kept himself busy for awhile delivering "messages from the spirit world" to others who sat at the table, occasionally casting an ominous glance at his partner on the opposite side of the table. He soon stopped and said to us, "Alexander Campbell, president of Bethany College, is here and tells me to say to you that I have changed my views very much on demonology since I came over here." He went on talking to his other customers a short time, and abruptly turning to us, said: "Your boy, Arthur Craig Adams, is here and tells me to say to his father, 'I am perfectly happy in the spirit world. I love you just as I did when I was with you. I would like to come back and be with you again, but I cannot. You will come to me by and by, and then we will both be perfectly happy.'" After resuming his conversation with his other visitors for a moment, he turned to us and said: "There is a spirit here I cannot understand." We said, "What does he say?" Foster replied, "He says *nisa-tissy-nisa tissy tumcux*." We said, "Go ahead, I understand the spirit if you can't. Tell us what more he has to say. You said you could translate any language, and now don't let a little classical literature balk you." He said, "D—n such classics as that. I'd like to know who's talking that stuff." He snatched a piece of paper from the table with one hand in which he held a pencil, shoved it under the table and drew it out, showing us the paper on which was plainly written in a bold hand—*Teloukite*. He said, "What's that? I can't make it out, can you?" Here he refused to have anything more to do with *Teloukite*, as he could not understand his language; and we bade him good day and left. He had read the communication written in English inside the folded papers after giving him and his "pard" about twenty minutes to swing round into the clairvoyant state. We had seen many clairvoyants work themselves into that "state of exaltation in less than half the time, and without the assistance of any "pard." Foster could read the name *Teloukite* and write it on a slip of paper under the table, but the jargon was too much for him, working in conjunction with his spiritual partner, and the soul of a dead Indian.

We then went to a theater where a man came on the stage and claimed to be a clairvoyant lightning calculator. He said he could foot up and give the sum total of any amount of figures any one chose to place on the blackboard instantly, without looking at the figures, and write the footing, beginning at the left hand column. We arose and said, "We'll take that challenge." "All right," he said, "come up and write your figures on that blackboard." On going up he banded us a piece of chalk and turned his back, standing about six feet behind us, remaining in that position all the time we were making the figures. We wrote something like this:

987492  
326129  
829421  
543279  
945296

On handing him the chalk, he wheeled around, ran to the board and wrote at the bottom, beginning at the left hand column, making the figures in half the time we could—3631617. He then slowly footed up the columns, beginning at the right hand to show us he had made no mistake. He did this as long as any one wished further tests of his powers, with the same results, never making a mistake. He claimed and seemed to have no other "intellectual exaltation" except in the organ of numbers.

Phenomena produced by animal magnetism, though apparent, positive and undeniable, as attested by clear-headed scientists who have witnessed them, are often denounced by the ignorant as "humbuggery," yet this class are the easiest humbugged of any class of people. They believe that "Friday is an unlucky day." They see ghosts wrapped in white wandering through grave yards at night. They are going to have bad luck if they see the new moon over the left shoulder. Somebody is surely coming if the dish-rag drops on the floor. We have seen a captain, white with fear, whistle for wind when in a calm his vessel was drifting on a sand-spit, while others fell on their knees, kissed the crucifix and implored the assistance of the Virgin Mary, while the man at the helm kept shouting, "Blow ! St. Nicholas, blow !!" Such people believe that the laws of nature are constantly being suspended, reversed or switched off on some side-track by their Great Author, at the suggestion of some crank in the "Salvation Army." They ponder over the pages of dream books for the meaning of the bad dream they had last night, after eating a mince pie for supper, mixed in the stomach with a chunk of cold roast pork and perhaps four or five hard boiled eggs. They believe that all phenomena their doctor or their parson cannot account for are "works of the devil"—a being to whose attributes they devote much time in studying—a monster who has so far succeeded in dragging to eternal torment over a million souls to one which has been rescued.

But we are examining the claims of mesmerism as adjuncts to the curative art. The questions are : Are the claimed phenomena real or only imaginary? Are the cures claimed to have been made under these influences ever really made? If they are, what class of disorders are cured by them? We have shown that eminent scholars have testified that the phenomena, though real, were astonishing and unexplainable in our present state of advancement. The next question is : What class of persons carry about in their bodies such excess of this magnetic influence that they can control their fellows, heal diseases, and perform what appear to be "miracles"? That a "water-witch" is so charged we know, for we have witnessed its operations in many others and have often used it ourself. That mesmerizers can obtain complete control over the minds and bodies of such as are susceptible to influence, and cure diseases, we know, for we have often done it ourself. That they can sprawl their subjects on the ground, incapable of receiving pain for hours, we know, for we have seen it done, though we never did it ourself at a campmeeting. No Presbyterians, no Congregationalists, no "Campbellites" and no Episcopalian preacher can do it, even if he be a brawny figure with stentorian lungs and muscular palms—because not believing in it he does not choose to exercise it ; besides he never has an audience which is susceptible to its influence, as they are all "skeptics" as to this branch of "religion," and have serious doubt whether the "Deity" ever works that way in "saving souls." To produce mesmeric phenomena, the operator must concentrate his mind on the business in hand, and his subjects must believe in it, or else yield themselves quietly to the wishes of the operator, until they are under his control. After that they have no power to resist his will.

In Boston we found, in 1868, a woman whose temperament indicated to us a remarkably good subject for experiments in mesmerism. She was from Nova Scotia, and so illiterate she didn't know a letter in the alphabet. She readily agreed to be mesmerized. In fifteen minutes we had her under control—sound asleep. We repeated this experiment every day for a week. Each succeeding day she became more susceptible—it required less time to get her under control. In a week five minutes were only required to place her in a somnambule condition in which she knew everything that passed through our own mind. We could make her take our hand, or the hand of any other person, and she would instantly see every organ in the body, point out the location of every disease and describe all the aches and pains the person had in the body. What would effect a cure, she could not tell ; she would say, "I have told you what is the matter, now cure it yourself." When under influence she knew everything that we centered our mind strongly upon. We knew nothing of what was in her mind, as she was entirely passive and had no will of her own. When we willed her to do a thing, she did it, often reluctantly, but yielded when we mentally demanded her to do it. We stepped into another room, and after telling people present in a low whisper or writing it on a piece of paper what we would make her do, she would at our mental command take any article



in the room—a lamp, a picture on the wall, or a corkscrew, and find her way in the dark till she found us, and hand it to us. We ordered her to clasp her hands over her head, and she did it. We told her to take them down, and when she made a motion to do so we said, “You cannot do it—now do it if you can.” She would twist her hands in a vain effort to unlock the fingers, till we said, “Now you can,” when the fingers became as lymph and her hands dropped from her head. Anxious to test the correctness of the location of phrenological organs, we touched with one finger the organ of benevolence; she immediately drew her purse from her pocket and handed it to us, which we found to contain sixty dollars. A finger was then laid on the organ of destructiveness, when she immediately tore the shirt-collar from our neck and tried to pull out our hair. We again laid our finger on benevolence, when she felt in her pocket for her purse but not finding it, she took off her gold watch and chain and presented them to us. We touched the organ of amativeness, and she exhibited all the symptoms of nymphomania. On touching combativeness, she pushed us away, scratched our hands and acted like a tigress. On touching the organ of tune, she began to sing, patting the floor with her feet to keep time to her music.

This phenomena we had always believed was produced by the will of the operator—the subject merely read what was in his mind, and obeyed his will. To show whether this was true in exciting phrenological organs, when touching “benevolence” we willed that “destructiveness” should act; when touching “tune” we mentally tried to excite “ideality,” and so on. It was of no use; while the finger was on a certain “bump,” the organ acted naturally with greatly added intensity of feeling, and with a corresponding increase of demonstration. In dissecting out the brain and examining its numerous convolutions, we have never been able to see any proof of Gaul’s “bump” theory, or his reason for locating the intellect in the anterior, the moral faculties in the superior, and the animal propensities in the posterior portions of the brain; and we have no positive proof that Gaul has rightly partitioned off the habitation of the soul inside of a man’s skull, though in the main we incline to think he has. The preternatural excitement by mesmerism of organs in this woman’s head where Gaul located certain faculties, strongly impressed us that he had, in some cases at least, discovered the little brain mansion of some very important parts of the human soul—or, rather, where these parts are developed enough, refined enough, or intensified enough to take possession of, and run the human machinery through the *medulla oblongata*—the only place where all vital force, all intelligence, all life and all moral sentiment that distinguishes man from the potter’s clay, is enthroned.

To satisfy us beyond what lawyers call “the possibility of a doubt,” we would wish to report the experiments we made on this woman on a large number of subjects, embracing both sexes. Men who are illiterate, or who have made up their minds beforehand, jump at their conclusions. One experiment satisfies them. Others want a thorough investigation, embracing a multiplicity of experiments, before they can even satisfy themselves. The latter are men who are seldom deceived, while the former are too often deceived for their own good.

But does mesmerism ever cure diseases? Yes, as often, and oftener than does the galvanic battery which all physicians, we believe, sometimes use, and in a few cases find it a beneficial agent. We consider animal magnetism a hundred fold better than galvanism, as it imparts to the patient an addition of nerve force, brain life, or animal electricity, precisely the same as that already running his organs, which galvanism cannot do. If we want, on some particular subject, a stronger impression on nerves almost incapable of transmitting that which is sent off from the brain, as in some cases of deafness, local paralysis, pains caused by congestion of the blood, over weak nerves, etc., instead of using the “raw galvanism,” it is much better to pass the current to the patient through some healthy person who, as a mesmerizer, manipulates the patient. If they never cure, as some assert, why are our papers all filled with certificates of cures made by ignorant men, who use no medicine, do not even know its use, but who depend almost entirely on mes-

merism and magnetic influence? Of course faith in the practitioner, and the large amount of money they pay, which stimulates them to try to get the worth of their money, and various other influences, all co-operating with each other, have much to do in effecting cures. When one is cured, it is made to adorn the advertising columns of newspapers, under startling headlines; this takes about one-eighth or tenth of a column, but the five columns which might be devoted to certificates of ninety-nine others who paid their money and got no relief, are filled with paying business advertisements, for who is going to pay for such certificates? The "doctor" will not, for it is not for his interest to break up his own business. He came here to make money, and heartily approves of the author who said: "*The public is a goose, and he is a fool that will not pick her.*" The patients he fails to benefit would sign no certificate of his failure if one should offer to pay for its publication, for they are telling us every day, "I am actually ashamed to let anybody know that I was fool enough to go there to be humbugged and swindled out of my money." There are many cases which the patient is made to believe was Bright's kidney, stone in the bladder, enlarged prostate gland, catarrh of the bladder, dyspepsia, womb trouble, meningitis, hidden internal tumor, tape worms, cancer in the stomach or womb, tic-douloureux, etc., etc., which the patient never had and which no doctor can cure by mesmerism or the galvanic battery. The patient, however, signs a certificate written by the doctor, that he had all these troubles, and if he is not able to sign his name, the doctor thinks it best to sign for him rather than have it printed X [his mark]. They can all truly certify that when the doctor got through with them they felt no symptoms of "tick-dollar-owe," for the doctor got their money in advance.

Diseases such as we have alluded to can only be cured by him who can diagnose correctly and who belongs to no one-idea school, but believes some good is found in all of them; and then has common sense enough to apply the right remedy in the right way. That treatment and remedy may be recommended by either allopath, hydropath, homœopath or eclectic books; or, it may be condemned by all of them; or, as is generally the case, in many serious troubles the books are all contradictory, and the doctor who has not common sense enough to discover a way through the difficulty must let his patient die, just as all the doctors in all the schools who follow their books would if they were all present. We do not believe that mesmerism or any other "ism" will reach every case, though we have seen, and performed ourselves, many cures this way that were regarded almost miraculous by those who were present.

Among very many that we could mention, we shall, for want of space, refer only to one. When on our way from New Orleans to South America, in 1869, we were detained at Balize, British Honduras, in Central America, for about two months. As it was an out-of-the-way part of the world, and the people seldom saw strangers, we, of course, received much attention from the citizens, consisting mainly of Spanish, negroes, Indians, English and Scotch, all, from their long residence together, mightily mixed up as to blood. It was not long till we were known by most of the eight thousand inhabitants of Balize. Among them was a Spanish girl about twenty years old, called *Ramalda*. In calling at the house of a friend one day, the woman said: "*Ramalda is dying—wouldn't you like to see her?*" We said, "Yes, where is she?" She said, "In that house right across the street." She led the way, and on entering the room *Ramalda* was on a bed surrounded by anxious women attendants, looking for her to breathe her last. The doctor had left, saying she was already dying. We looked at her a few minutes and said to ourselves, "She will die in just about three hours." She was perfectly unconscious, breathed rapidly, pulse at 130, jaws set so that the women said they could not pry them open to get any medicine down her. We started to go away, but just as we stepped out of the door the same voice that had spoken to us a hundred times before, and which has spoken to us a hundred times since, said in language not to be misunderstood, and in going like a galvanic shock through us, left this telegraphic dispatch on the brain: "*Go*



*back, you can help her."* We had long since learned to obey that voice, and shall till we die. Whenever we have obeyed it, we have always been prospered ; when, at the urgent solicitation of friends, who didn't see as we had been instructed, we have invariably been cursed. We immediately turned back, drawing our coat and throwing it on a chair as we passed through the room. On reaching the bed-side, we said to the women : "Stand back—get out of my way." We laid our hands on her and mentally said : "Ramalda, you shall not die—you are not dead, but sleeping." After making passes over her and bringing all our will power (which seemed to be intensified ten-fold) for about five minutes, she opened her eyes, sat up in bed and began to talk to us. In answer to our question, she said : "I have no pain except in the stomach." After a few more passes she said : "I have no pain anywhere now." We then left her, not knowing but she might relapse into her old condition and yet die.

On going back the next day we found her out in the door-yard cleaning it up and piling away boxes and barrels. She said she felt as well as she ever did in her life. Now, we have related a *fact*. How do you explain it ? Was it a miracle, a suspension of natural law, a violation of natural law, or a switching off of natural law on to a side-track, or was it "spirit control" ? We think neither. We think the effect was produced by natural law and no effect ever was or ever will be produced in any other way, Ramalda's mother, a widow, had just died and left the care of five small children on Ramalda's hands. She had no money, no property, nothing to depend on with which to support the children but her own labor, which up to her mother's death seemed hardly adequate to the support of herself. Her worrying over this so depressed the brain that the reservoir of vital force had run dry, as our hydrants do when the pumps fail to work and firemen are compelled to let the city burn for want of water. There wasn't enough vital force in her to run the machinery, and like an almost run-down clock it had nearly stopped ticking. We laid hands on her, communicated to her a part of our own vitality, and, for anything we know, it was poured into her through us as a physiological machine, from the earth, from the clouds, from the north pole, from the sun, or from the third heavens—it makes no difference where it came from, so she got it and lived ; while all the doctors in the world, with all their calomel and jalap, all their quinine, rhubarb and morphia, would have let her die. In fact, a woman who ran over and told the doctor what we were doing, came back and said, "He told me you was an old quack. Everything has been done for the woman that can be done ; she may live several hours yet if that old quack was kicked out of the house, but he will kill her in less than an hour." This was an average doctor, "eminent in his profession," knew it all, for he had read the books and had a Latin diploma he said he got in "Hingland."

## Chapter XI.

### MANICURE AND PEDICURE—PATENT MEDICINES—MIND CURE.

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NOW, some of the medical fraternity will probably laugh at our embracing "manicure and pedicure" in our list of medical schools. It really belongs to surgery, (from Greek *xeir*, the hand, and *ergon*, work), a term formerly applied to such operations as were done by the hand alone; but the word now applies to a practice where the surgeon uses medical remedies as well as hand work, as all of them find they have to do to save the lives of their patients after "operations." The manicure and pedicure "doctors" use medical corn solvents and other "secret remedies" in carrying on their business—hence we think they are entitled to notice in a work that is recording the advancement of the age by a candid description of the different "schools" as they are being hatched out—besides, people want to know what a manicure and pedicure doctor is, and what particular ailments they cure. "Manicure" cures hands (Latin, *manus*, the hand,) and "pedicure" cures feet (Latin, *pes*, the feet). The "cures" performed are such as scouring the hands and feet to clean off the dirt, in scraping and paring down nails, in relieving ingrowing nails, in removing warts, corns, bunions, and other abnormal developments that are on the hands and feet, which are annoying or unbecoming. The treatment is easily learned, and most any woman can soon become proficient as an M. D. in this school of medicine. Their patients generally embrace vain girls, dudes and fancy women. Women who do their own housework couldn't have white, soft hands, long, tapering finger nails, and a "perfect love of a foot," if they went to the manicure and pedicure every day.

The next step forward in the effort to make money and cure disease is the introduction of patent medicines. The shelves of every drug store groan under their weight, the mails are quadrupled in weight by almanacs, circulars and certificates, giving histories of their "discoveries" and their wonderful cures. These almanacs and certificates find their way into every palace, every house and every hovel in the country. In most of these houses some poor unfortunate is a sufferer. She (or he) has tried the "eminent doctor" and they have all failed to do any good. In reading the advertisement describing the diseases the medicine is made to cure and *warranted* to cure, as it never has failed to cure such cases, she finds her own symptoms described. Her neighbor woman tells her: "I felt about as you do, and was much relieved by this medicine; try it by all means; I almost *know* it will cure you." The sufferer tries it—one, two, three, and perhaps four bottles at a cost of five dollars, and feels no better. Why? Because the medicine is not capable of exercising any influence on her malady.

Is patent medicine, then, a "humbug"? By no means, if it is used for what the medicine it contains is adapted to cure. After trying from one to fifty kinds of it, you may find something that will help you, just as a man who has bought one hundred lottery tickets at a cost of two hundred dollars, is finally rejoiced at getting hold of a "lucky ticket" that draws ten dollars. The fact that he drew ten dollars on a two dollar ticket is everywhere made known, and hundreds buy two dollar tickets, hoping to draw from ten to ten thousand dollars or more. If the patent medicine buyer and the ticket buyer had known what was the matter of them—that they both had a very large bump of gullibility—they would have saved the money they wasted to buy bread for their children. These patent medicines are not like much restaurant milk—chalk and water—as most of them contain valuable remedial agents, *good for something*. They are "secret" preparations, as nobody would buy them if every bottle contained a formula telling of what and in what proportions the medicine is made. It would take the marvelous out of the almanac tales of pilgrimages into Eu-

rope, Asia, Africa, and the Fiji Islands, to discover their cure-all elixir; with their pictures of naked negroes, heavily laden with their precious roots and herbs, patiently wending their way through rocky defiles and ghost-frequented morasses, from favored spots in the interior of Africa, where such medicines only grow; to the seaboard to sell their precious loads to some shrewd Yankee patent medicine maker; while the *fact* is, this wooden nutmeg and horn gunflint Yankee got his roots and herbs here, most of which grow in sight of you, and some of them in your own door-yards. The patent medicine man says: "*The public is a goose, and he is a fool who doesn't pick her,*"—and few can say they haven't furnished any feathers for his downy bed.

Some of these medicines, to add to their charms among a certain class of people, are called *Indian* remedies, some *China* elixirs, some *Shaker* cure-alls, while others, to rope in another class of dupes, claim the medicines they offer for sale are "*revealed* remedies," pointed out to some ignorant spiritualist by the soul of some third-rate doctor's daughter, or by some dead Indian. The public may be a "goose for sharpers to pick," but it divides up into different flocks and is under leadership of different ganders. One flock thinks that Shakers are so odd they must know more than other people; one thinks an Indian wearing a breech-clout ought to be familiar with the use of roots and herbs and know more about their curative properties than white men; while others believe that the spirit of some dead simpleton, who knew little or nothing here, becomes impregnated with wisdom the moment he "passes over." The sharper who wants to "make a raise," climbs the fence and surveys the *webfeet*, who graze and cackle in the goose pasture, to get a suggestion as to the proper name to give his "theriac," or mythical "trismegistus." He notices that while some flocks show signs of pleasure when he holds up a bright piece of tin with a picture of a Quaker drawn in the center; others are only affected by the exhibition of the rattling bones of a skeleton or the picture of a ghost; while others only run wild with delight when he exhibits a panorama of an Indian war dance, led by "Buffalo Bill." He notices they are all credulous—all gullible, and all want something brought, or said to be brought, from a far-off country, when, in fact the best remedies for disorders incident to any country are placed by the Almighty in the very country in which they live. He notices with pleasure that the geese all have leathers—like to be picked, and concludes to pick them. He then hastens to give his medicine a name, and to tell in his advertisement what far-off country it came from, or whether it is an Indian cure known only to Indians, a Shaker cure, known only to Shakers, or a "revealed" cure, known only to ghosts.

Paracelsus Phillipus Aurealus Theophrastus Bombastus Von Hohohenheim, about 1530, A. D., walked from Einsiedeln, his native city in Switzerland, to Constantinople for his "Trismegistus" cure-all—a distance of about 1250 miles, and reached home, leg-weary and foot-sore, without it; but he procured a few roots and herbs, probably found near home, from which he compounded a secret medicine warranted to cure all diseases. His medicine was much sought after for a while, and even such distinguished scholars and divines as Ecolampadius and Erasmus were among the geese that were plucked by him. If Paracelsus had told what his medicine was made of, and in whose field or door-yard he got the roots and herbs, he would probably have performed few cures, as nobody would have swallowed it; but as it was supposed to come from Constantinople, 1,200 miles distant,—more inaccessible to them than is the field of Stanley's explorations in the heart of Africa to us now,—it was sought for with avidity, and cured a great many. It seems to have failed to remove the stones from the bladder of Erasmus, but we have no doubt but that after taking two or three bottles of it he felt as though the stone had been dissolved, and probably gave Paracelsus a certificate to that effect, though, in fact, the stone had all the time been increasing in size, as he afterward found out.

But there is one patent medicine that is not a secret one as to its ingredients,—it is the great "Shaker cure-all." The Shakers, everybody knows, are honest—do not deceive people to make a little money; they are so honest that their cloak of honesty is supposed to exactly fit any wooden nutmeg Yankee who compounds a "trismegistus" and calls it a "Shaker remedy." As they print their formula on every bottle, every intelligent man who reads it knows it bears its right name, for it *shakes* all the faith out of him as to its claimed virtues, and he doesn't want much of that in his case. Thousands of certificates are printed in their illustrated almanacs of remarkable cures of all forms of diseases, pictures of Shaker dances and Shaker costume, histories of these wonderful



people, their almost superhuman intelligence about matters generally, and especially about the curative art. Symptoms of all diseases are accurately described by those who certify that the "Shaker remedy" shook all the pains out of them. We have seen people suffering from some trouble poring over this almanac, and finding symptoms described by some of these certificates of cured patients exactly like their own. We saw a man taking the medicine with a full belief that it would cure him, because it had cured some one in Texas who had exactly the same symptoms he had. He described his troubles to us as severe constipation, indigestion, pains in the head, back and calves of the legs, ringing in the ears, specks before his eyes, extreme nervousness and inability to sleep, burning sensation in passing urine, terrible rheumatic pains around the heart, great dizziness whenever he stooped down—*besides, he didn't feel very well, himself*. This, he says, is just what somebody in Texas had, and the "Shaker Cure" shook it all out of him. He takes the medicine, following the directions his neighbor gave—"when taken to be well shaken," and thinks, on the whole, he "feels a little better." This is no "secret medicine," because the formula is printed on every bottle, telling just what ingredients the medicine is made of. This looks well on the face to *start* with, and looks as though the philanthropist who made it was honest and willing that the poor, sick widow, who wanted to be cured, should know how to make Shaker medicine at a trifling cost, and get cured.

But how did honesty so work on their bowels of compassion as to relieve them of the formula? The law required them to place a proprietary stamp on every bottle of medicine which did not tell what the bottle contained. On corresponding with the Department at Washington, they learned that no stamp was required if a formula was printed on every bottle—that the law only applied to "secret remedies." Now, the stamps for several million bottles would amount to a large sum. To save this money it was best to print the formula on every bottle, as by saving the tax they would also induce people to believe they were so anxious to relieve suffering that if a poor widow or some crippled laborer had no dollar to pay for a bottle prepared by them, she or he could buy the ingredients at any drug store and make it at home at a cost of about ten cents, or even less. We have a small bottle before us, and for the benefit of the poor we will copy the formula, so that they can make their own "Shaker medicine" when they feel as though they needed it. Here is what they claim they make it of:

"Extract blue flag, culver, stillingia, butternut, dandelion, each six and a half pounds; extract princess pine, five pounds; extract mandrake, four pounds; extract gentian, two pounds; extract colocynth, two pounds; extract black cohosh, ten pounds; aloes, ten pounds; powdered capsicum, one pound; powdered sassafras, ten pounds; borate of soda, fifteen pounds; spirit of sea-salt, twelve pounds; sugar house-syrup, thirty gallons; water enough to make ninety gallons; mix."

This remedy is composed of sixteen ingredients, only about one-fourth as many as were contained in the cure-all "theriac," with the snakes left out. Many of these medicines are useful in their place, but just why they should cure everything when combined and why ten pounds of borax, fifteen pounds spirits of sea-salt (muriatic acid), ten pounds of aloes, two pounds extract colocynth, etc., are necessary, would make a medical man scratch his head; and why a poor man should only be required to spend about six dollars for ingredients to make ninety gallons when the same amount of medicine would cost him about \$4,320 if bought at a drug store, is very apparent to every goose who doesn't want to be plucked. We have now given the formula for making a medicine that has cost the public about \$5,000,000, we think, and enabled some men to sleep on downy beds while the poor, who contributed the down and feathers, are glad to repose on a straw bed. If this be an average exhibit of the secret remedies contained in patent medicines, isn't it enough to make an angel weep who sees millions of men and women, bent with age, tortured with pains, disgusted with doctors, and anxious to live, rushing to drug stores for patent medicines not adapted to their case?—medicines which they would never touch if they knew what they are composed of.

Most, if not all, of these medicines are described in our dispensaries; have been used for years, or ages, are known to every intelligent physician, and used by him when he thinks their use

is indicated. But all at once some patent medicine sharper gets hold of one of them and gives it a new high-sounding name, and goes to work to line *his* nest with goose-feathers. He fills many columns of newspapers, warranting it to cure (never fails) such and such diseases. Propylamin is seized hold of, christened under some such high-sounding new name as "Propylamiatricus" and extensively advertised as an infallible cure for rheumatism. A million sufferers from rheumatism rush for the medicine and leave a large handful of their feathers in the drug store. They believe it to be a "new discovery" just dug up in some far-off country by some Indian or African, perhaps "revealed" to them by some other dead Indian or negro. An intelligent chemist, suffering with rheumatism, reads the advertisement and doesn't bite at the bait. He knows that propylamin is a chemical extract of ergot, herring-pickle and several other substances, first discovered by Winckler, about 1760, in Germany. The first time we or anybody else ever heard of its use in cases of rheumatism was in 1857, when Dr. Awenarius used it in the Russian hospital at St. Petersburg. He reported that between March, 1854, and June, 1856, he treated two hundred and fifty cases of rheumatism with success. He reported that some of these cases "were acute, some chronic, many metastitic, with pericardial, pleuritic and meningeal complications; and hemiplegic and paraplegic cases were not wanting; but all recovered. In the acute cases the pain and fever disappeared in a day or two."

A terrible state of rheumatic patients, indeed, and all cured by propylamin; but we have let Dr. Awenarius state the alleged facts in his own words. Hundreds of doctors in Europe and America have tried it, but no one has ever made any favorable reports that we have heard of. We have used it, combined with other rheumatic medicines, for many years, but whether it really did any good or not we have never been able to discover. We hardly think it will ever drive *vinum sem colchicum* and iodide of potassa to the wall. If any one wishes to try it, he will find it at almost any drug store; if not, eating a small piece of salt herring will do just as well. To get the good effects of it, you had better use it as Dr. Awenarius directs. Put twenty-five drops in six ounces of pure water, sweeten, add oil peppermint to give it a nice flavor, and take a tablespoonful every two or three hours.

Out of hundreds of patent medicines, we shall only stop to mention one more—Castoria. This medicine is extensively advertised: "Baby cries for it, and mamma can hardly do without it herself." This is made from castor, taken from the beaver. It consists of a membranous follicle, located between the anus and external genitals—a pear-shaped gland that secretes an oily, viscid, strong-smelling substance. It seems to much resemble in shape and function the sack which secretes the perfume with which the polecat is liberally supplied, and which we have no doubt is equally efficacious as a medicine. It has not been used much, as yet, it standing to castor about as electricity or lightning does to the galvanic battery—most too intense to be used, as a remedial agent. Castor, taken from the beaver, is reputed by the books to have a good effect on the nervous system, quieting babes and acting well on women of excessive nervous temperaments and suffering from hysteria and amenorrhœa; but we have never been able to produce any very good results from its use. The U. S. Dispensary says: "A factitious preparation has been sold, consisting of a mixture of various drugs, scented with genuine castor, intermingled with membrane, and stuffed into the scrotum of a goat." This is a cheap preparation where goats are plenty, and enables one to make patent medicine cheap, and is probably what "baby cries for."

We next come to *Mind Cure*. Everybody has heard of this new palace car on which we are invited to ride to perfect health—a car run mostly by such women as compose the W. C. T. U., women noted for being independent, pious, intelligent, and *perfectly free from clerical control*. The patient, when buying a ticket on the "mind-cure" train, is assured that a trip on this life-saving conveyance is better than taking the Shaker remedy, as he (generally she) will shake off tumors, cancers, stone in the bladder, Bright's kidney, amenorrhœa, hysterics and every form of disease before the train has gone very far. It is called in this country a system of "Christian metaphysics," as we are all Christians here. In Hindostan it would be called "Hindoo metaphysics"; in Egypt, "Mohammedan metaphysics"; while in Salt Lake it would be "Latter-Day-Saint metaphysics",—all properly named, as the system works the same in every country under the same law of hypnotism, where the moral brain can be excited and faith in higher power intensified.



Now, is this mind-cure "all a humbug," as some people assert? We think not. There is no system of medicine, no system of government and no society but has some truth in its "great central idea." They all seem to be necessary under the great law of progress to carry man from cannibalism in the stone age up to a higher plane.

There is yet room for more. New ones are constantly being hatched out, or, as is more often the case, such as had advocates in the time of Aristotle, and even long before, are remodelled, whitewashed, and offered as something new. Every system just suits the shape of some man's head, and though, as in the case with many, it best suits the back side of their heads, there is always some silver streak of truth running through its dark structure—some lightning flash shooting from intellect and the moral brain, to illuminate in spots the dark cloud-banks of ignorance and superstition. It is true that the less truth there is in it the more is it adhered to and loved. No man is so dogmatical in his belief, no man who gets so mad when its truth is questioned, and no man so willing to die fighting for his creed as the man who knows it is so because his grandmother told him it was, or, because he read it in some book. Mind-cure is no new thing. It consists in a hypnotized, or mesmerized mentality, operating on bodily tissue. Instances of its marvelous effects in restoring health or inducing disease, and even death, are well attested. We knew, in 1843, a young woman (Malvina Lewis), living about eighty rods from us, who embraced the Mormon religion. For a long time she had been suffering with asthma. Joe Smith laid his hands on her head, knelt down by her chair and prayed. She instantly stopped wheezing and never had a symptom of asthma afterwards. This we know to be a fact. A Mormon might say he healed by supernatural power, as many then thought. A scientist might explain it differently. "*There is not a natural action in the body, whether involuntary or voluntary, that may not be influenced by the peculiar state of the mind at the time.*"—JOHN HUNTER.

"Some are molested by phantasia, so some again, by fancy alone and a good conceit, are as easily recovered. \* \* \* A strong conceit and opinion alone, as Pomponatus holds, *which forceth a motion of the humors, spirits and blood, takes away the cause of the malady from the parts affected.*"—BURTON'S ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY, A. D., 1651.

Scholars, when writing of "mind-cure" hundreds of years ago, used the word "imagination" in a different sense from what it is popularly used. People now use it in the sense of a delusion, or, what Hudibras meant when he wrote,—

"He must have optics keen, I ween,  
Who can see things when nothing is to be seen."

"The business of conception is to present us with an exact transcript of what we have felt or perceived. But we have also a power of modifying our conceptions by combining the parts of different ones so as to form new wholes of our own creation. I shall employ the word *imagination* to express this power. I apprehend this to be the proper sense of the word, if imagination be the power which gives birth to the productions of the poet and the painter."—STEWART.

"We would define *imagination* to be the will working on the materials of memory; not satisfied with following the order prescribed by nature or suggested by accident, it selects the parts of different conceptions, or objects of memory, to form a whole, more pleasing, more terrible or more awful than has ever been presented in the ordinary course of nature."—ED. ENCYC.

Webster says these definitions of *imagination* are correct. They are in the main, perhaps, but they fail to show how "the more pleasing or more awful" pictures painted on the brain in dreams are selected from memory's store and brought together to form imagery a man never conceived of before *by the will*, which during sleep is supposed to be quiescent. Indeed, we doubt whether the astonishing conceptions of the poet and painter are creations of the will, unless the psychological exaltation that enabled the mind to grasp them be induced by the will, which in many cases we know is not. However, the effect on the body is the same in either case, working either as a "mind-cure" or a mind-kill.

Dr. Laycock placed the sensorial fibres in the cranial ganglia under the power of the will, but he also called attention to an excito-motor phenomena produced by "involuntary attention," instancing the crushing effect a nervous female experiences on being pointed at on the street.

Ruskin says such definitions of imagination as are here quoted from Stewart are meagre and miss the very point, for they omit the power of prophecy, which is the essence of the whole matter. He says that the wonderful productions of the painter and poet are merely new arrangements of images copied from the memory, and imagination has nothing to do with it. With him "it is a penetrating faculty, reading truths, discoverable by no other faculty, as well as a combining associative power, which creates new forms, and one which regards simple images and its own combinations in peculiar ways. It is greatly dependent on acuteness of moral emotion. In its highest form it is 'altogether divine,' and, out of an infinite mass of things, seizes two that are fit for each other and are together right though disagreeable alone. It is the grandest mechanical power that the human intelligence possesses, and one which will appear more and more marvelous the longer we consider it. It is an operation of mind altogether inexplicable and can only be compared with chemical affinity."

If Ruskin meant (as we have no doubt he did) by imagination that condition of mental and moral exaltation that we often find in mesmerized somnambulists, under vastly quickened intellectual and moral perceptions, what he says of its power and importance is mainly true; and hereafter when the suffering invalid, who has run the gauntlet of the doctor's purges, blisters and nauseous poisons, speaks of a cure which has been effected by something beyond the doctor's knowledge, the M. D. shrugs up his shoulders and says with a sneer, "It was all imagination," the patient may wonder why he doesn't carry a little imagination around in his own saddle-bags.

Bacon, in investigating psychological phenomena, became so oppressed by the difficulties he met in trying to explain what he knew to be real, complained that "the inquisition of this subject in our way, which is by induction, is *wonderful hard*." This psychological hypnotism, which Ruskin speaks of, is only developed in certain persons, and then only under favorable conditions. In the scholar, poet and painter a strong mental temperament, large ideality and hope are necessary. With a religious enthusiast, a soldier, mathematician or "mind curer" other qualities are indispensable, but in all of them there must be surroundings favorable to development. If no such environments exist, no results will come from effort. The soldier who in camp would quail at the click of a revolver, is perfectly devoid of fear on the battle-field. The sound of martial music, the glitter of the paraphernalia of war, the stimulus of patriotism, the desire for fame, with perhaps a strong faith that the "god of battles" is on his side, and his hope and expectation to win all conspire to change the whole man. Fear is unknown even to the natural coward, and he storms the breastworks, rushing wildly up to the mouth of the belching cannon, closing up the ranks by taking the place of his fallen companion, whose blood and brains besmear his uniform and bespatter his face. He has reached a state of mental exaltation in which a limb may be shot away and he scarcely feels any pain. Even this mental condition could never be induced by causes we have enumerated if the soldier didn't feel as though he was there *mainly fighting for women*. The mingling of the sexes is absolutely required to produce a first-class hypnotism at a camp-meeting. Does any one think that a preacher, or a dozen preachers, who believe in this as religion, could, by any amount of singing, shouting and exhortation, induce Baptists just coming out of an ice-water bath to take the "power," fall down and roll in the snow? Does any man think that even at a camp-meeting two good subjects can be selected, each seated fifty feet apart on a cold, wet stump, and then be made to tumble off and roll on the ground by any amount of effort on the preacher's stand? If, as Ruskin says, this is "truly a divine power," why not work as well in one case as in another? By "divine power" Ruskin and other scholars do not mean what you do. They hold that *natural law* is divine, and that all phenomena produced under it are "divine." Natural law cannot make wheat grow on an iceberg, neither will it allow a Baptist to be hypnotized in wet, freezing garments any more than in a pious countryman perched on a cold, wet stump. The fact is the *environments* are not favorable. But let some good-looking female, for whom he has a particular liking, take him by the hand and lead him down from the stump to a seat in a large congregation of mixed believers and the same blasts from the pulpit, with singing and exhortation all through the congregation, will soon produce the desired effect on him.

Mind-cures and faith-cures, when effected at all, are only effected under proper environments. Imagine an ignorant woman or illiterate man arranging the proper environments for

"mind-cure," and this is the very class, so far as our observation goes, which is trying to make money out of it. The first effort at producing "mind-cure" was made by Mesmer, who thought he had the proper environments when he formed a circle of his patients with joined hands, sitting around a wash-tub while he made passes and rubbed a magnet over them. This was called "mesmerism." Scholars in France and Germany experimented with it for many years, producing wonderful and inexplicable phenomena till the Marquis de Puységur succeeded in producing hypnotism, somnambulism or clairvoyance, which gives it its real importance in curing diseases. The phenomena such as was witnessed in the Fox family in York State, suggested the idea of spirit influence, and hundreds who failed to comprehend the mysteries of mesmerism found an easy solution of the difficulty by accepting the phenomena as spirit influence. The results of the experiments in both schools seem to us to be the same, while the conditions necessary to their development appear to be a little different. Mesmerism can perform its operations in broad daylight; it challenges investigation in the bright light of the noon-day sun. But when the same power wishes to assume the form of "spirit," it seems to have a holy horror for sunlight; it favors, as we often witnessed in Boston, nocturnal assemblages. The rooms are lighted, of course, but before the "spirits" will venture in to begin operations the gas is turned down just enough to throw such a soft, uncertain glamour over the "circle" that every one present looks much like a ghost himself. The effect would probably be heightened by substituting for the gas a lone tallow candle or an old-fashioned Missouri lard lamp. Every sbrewd tradesman who sells "goot goots sheep for cash" knows that his merchandise appears to best advantage in a store poorly lighted in day time and the glare of gas jets at night. A lady just said to us, "That piece of plush I bought last night I got cheated in. It looked well by gas-light, but on examining it this morning, it doesn't look like the same goods." Moral—Before we invest in offered goods it is well enough to examine them by daylight.

We have seen momentary luminous phosphorescent flashes floating over the heads of those around us, felt a breeze blowing on us, but could not see the outlines of spirit hands and spirit bodies others declared they saw plainly. The forces which produce "spiritual phenomena" are various,—acting, living forces, acting in conjunction or acting singly, little understood, and about which a very large book could be written. Baron Karl von Reichenbach claimed that during his researches, commenced in 1844, he discovered a new principle which he called "Od"—named after Odin, the principal deity of Scandinavian mythology. It was held by Reichenbach to be the all-pervading, universal force of nature, pervading all bodies and running the machinery of the universe. It was different from any other principle heretofore known, but was "akin to the great physical forces of electricity, magnetism, chemical affinity, heat, light, etc., and always accompanies them, so that wherever they are in action 'od' is developed, and the strength of its most active development is often in proportion to the energy of their action. In living animals, in effervescing and fermenting liquids, in putrefying substances, in magnets and in galvanic batteries od is briskly generated. \* \* As in electricity and magnetism there is a polar dualism, so also there is in od; it has two poles—the positive and negative—which keep company respectively with the electric and magnetic positive and negative poles. These odic poles appear in all organic substances. The human body is od positive on the left side and od negative on the right. \* \* The odic radiation can be felt and seen by certain persons called sensitives, who have a peculiar nervous susceptibility, while the majority of mankind, called non-sensitives, are entirely insensible to the odic influences and impressions. Odic sensitiveness has many symptoms, among which are liability to somnambulism, capability of being magnetized, inability to sleep on the left side in the northern hemisphere, dislike of strong yellow colors, fondness for blue as opposed to yellow, dislike of crowds and close rooms, and dislike of fatty and fondness for sourish victuals. Odic emanation is *felt by the touch as though it were a breath; and it is also seen in the dark by the sensitive, but not in the light.* The odic rays are perceived like a luminous vapor, and substances which generate od glow with their own od light and appear as if incandescent or semi-transparent. \* \* The earth is strongly odic, being od negative in the northern hemisphere and od positive in the southern. This shows why a sensitive person cannot lie on his negative left side in the northern hemisphere, and cannot enjoy good health by lying on the right side in the southern hemisphere. It



also shows why the points of quartz crystals and the north poles of magnets, which send off strong emanations of positive ods, cause a cool and agreeable sensation to the left hand ; while the base of the quartz crystal and the south pole of the magnet being od negative, cause a disagreeable sensation in the same hand. No sound sleep could be enjoyed if pairs slept with negative left sides together or their positive right sides, as positive repels positive and negative repels negative. If the "mind-cure" women doctors understand this, they doubtless advise married women never to let the left side rest against the husband's left side during sleep. If the two right sides come in contact, the result is the same—no sound, unbroken sleep.

Reichenbach says that "the ghosts seen in grave-yards are the odic emanations arising from putrefying corpses on fresh graves, and seen at night by sensitives." This doesn't account for ghosts seen in spiritual circles, ghosts seen by the roadside, or ghosts seen in a half-darkened room, where there are no new graves holding cadavers in the first stages of decomposition. He attributes in this case the development of phenomena to a cause which we *think* never, and we *know* seldom produces it. In doing so, he robs *expectant attention* of the honors due it. He makes a reality of an image seen *where no such image exists*, except in photograph on a sensitive brain, highly stimulated by a previous train of thought. A child properly educated never saw a "ghost"; a man who has a level head never saw a spirit. Yet we must admit that there are natural forces which cause people to *think* they see and feel almost anything. These forces are not for nothing. They were made for an object, and if we knew how to utilize and control them, they form a powerful adjunct to the remedies for human maladies. Those who practice "mind-cure" generally know about as much about these forces as the ignorant dupes whose money they get for treatment. Yet, now and then, with all their ignorance, in blindly groping around for some mesmeric, odic, Christian, or expectant attention power, they lay hold of something that hits a case. The "od" force of Reichenbach, the "expectant attention" power of Tuke, the miraculous power of monks and priests, the magnetic power of loadstone, the power that evokes ghosts from grave-yards, the power that brings spirit communications, the power that makes a deaf man hear,—all spring from the same root, and are all branches, leaves, blossoms and fruit, found on a tall tree whose top reaches into the heavens, and which originally sprung from one small seed—MESMERISM.

The causes that produce these conditions in sensitive people are as various as the causes that produce disease. They may be local or general in brain influence, and they may be evoked by one's own will, as in many clairvoyants, or they may be induced by the will or manipulation of others,—always requiring proper environments, among which are faith, hope, and an entire yielding of the will on the part of those operated upon. An intense and long-continued line of thought in one direction may exalt or hypnotize only one faculty, as in the case of a lightning calculator whose organ of numbers became exalted; or, in the case of Edmund Kean, who, after years of intense thought and preparation, practicing often all night before the glass, as his wife said, became so exalted in imitation that when he played the character of "Sir Giles Overreach" in Drury Lane theater, the whole audience wept and sobbed, and Lord Byron fell forward, pale as death, and veterans on the boards were so mesmerized that they were powerless and had to be carried off the stage.

Another kind of hypnotism is induced by expectant attention, or a long-continued direction of the mind or eye to one object. To test this, we once called the passengers in the cabin of a vessel on deck to see a sail. There was no sail in sight, but for days the passengers had been expressing an anxiety to see one ; it seemed so lonesome to be in mid-ocean with nothing in view. We pointed in a north-westerly direction and asked them if they couldn't see it. All said "no." We said, "You must be blind, there is a ship in plain sight." A susceptible woman soon exclaimed, "I see it !" and stretched her neck farther over the bulwarks to get a nearer view. Soon another saw it, then another, and another, till all saw it, and saw it plainly. We said, "It looks like a British man-of-war." It wasn't five minutes till all of them could almost count the port-holes, and knew they saw what looked like a British flag flying from the top gallant-sail. Here was a clear case of ar. 'mage on the brain, produced by expectant attention. When laughed at for their credulity, the image immediately vanished.

Martin Luther, though a coarse man as to nervous sensibility, was capable of being hypnotized by an incessant dwelling upon one theme. In his "Table Talk" (page 104) he gives us a fine illustration of the power expectant attention had over him, as well as how an antidote can be applied to break the current and dispel the illusion. "On Good Friday last, I being in my chamber in fervent prayer, contemplating with myself how Christ, my Savior, on the cross suffered and died for our sins, there suddenly appeared on the wall a bright vision of our Savior Christ, with the five wounds, steadfastly looking upon me, as if it had been Christ himself corporeally. At first sight I thought it had been some celestial revelation, but I reflected that it must be an illusion and juggling of the devil, for Christ appeared to us in His word, and in a meaner and more humble form; therefore, I spoke to the vision thus: 'Avoid thee! I know no other Christ than He who was crucified, and who in His word is pictured and presented unto me.' Whereupon the image vanished, clearly showing of whom it came." If Luther hadn't believed in a devil, or if he hadn't had his mind about as much devoted to studying him as he had to thinking of Christ, the devil could not have been utilized to destroy the picture of Christ photographed on his brain. He had both largely photographed there, and he was as well acquainted with the essence and office of one as he was with the other. It is a case which shows that even the devil is not all bad, as some suppose, but he can be utilized as a remedial agent—for Luther would, no doubt, have seen the phantom picture of Christ on the wall till his dying day, if he hadn't taken a large dose of devil to drive it away.

It is probably only necessary now-a-days to take this kind of an antidote in homœopathic doses. Tuke, in explaining such phenomena, says: "All we maintain is, that the state of the mind—the condition of the cerebral hemispheres—may play upon the ganglia of the senses so as to produce certain sensorial phenomena, and also that it may so affect the sensorium that impressions upon the senses received from the outer world may be modified in various ways." An impression is made on a sensitive husband by witnessing the agonies of a wife, and through what is called "sympathy" he straightway experiences similar pains. John gapes, and Peter, who sees it, gapes, and even in reading this sentence you will probably gape, too. Muller says, in speaking of such phantasmata as were often present before Luther's eyes: "I, on waking, have myself very frequently seen these phantoms, but am now less liable to them than formerly. It has become my custom when I perceive such images immediately to open my eyes and direct them upon the wall or surrounding bodies. The images are then visible, *but quickly fade.*" Muller, though also a theologian, had a common-sense way of dispelling his illusions, which is in amusing contrast with Luther's "Avoid thee!" addressed to the devil. Muller simply *opened his eyes and looked the other way.*

Tuke gives many instances of the effect of expectant attention resulting in imaginary pictures on the brain, as perceptions of sensorial impressions derived from the outer world. During the conflagration at the Crystal Palace in the winter of 1866-7, when the animals were destroyed by fire, it was supposed that the chimpanzee had succeeded in escaping from his cage. Attracted to the roof with this expectation in full force, men saw the unhappy animal holding on to it, and writhing in agony to get astride one of the iron ribs. It need not be said that its struggles were watched below with breathless suspense, and, as the newspapers informed us, "with sickening dread." But there was no chimpanzee there, and all this feeling was thrown away upon a tattered piece of blind, so torn as to resemble to the eye of fancy the body, arms and legs of an ape. "The imagination (said the old French commission appointed to investigate mesmerism) renews or suspends the animal functions; it animates by Hope, or freezes by Fear; in a single night it turns the hair white; in a moment it restores the use of the limbs, or the speech, or the hearing; it destroys or develops the germ of disease."

A woman in Plymouth hospital was much depressed because the doctor, on leaving, had forgotten to leave her a cathartic. The nurse said, "The doctor left a pill for you with me," and hurried away for it, bringing back a bread pill. The next day the woman saw it had worked like a dose of castor oil. Tuke gives as an explanation of this, that "an idea is suggested by the fictitious pill, which recalls the sensation experienced on a former occasion when a real pill was taken; this central sensation (which is referred to the peripheral terminations of the sensory nerves of the



intestines) is reflected on to the motor nerves supplying the muscular walls of the alimentary canal, and they contract in consequence. It is true that in *most* instances the effect produced would not be so sure or so great as when the action of the intestinal muscles is directly excited by purgatives. If, however, the system be placed under the influence of mesmerism, the action excited from the center, would be more likely to equal in intensity that excited at the periphery."

Another interesting instance in point was the case of Dr. S., who all his life had entertained the greatest horror of taking medicine, although he admitted the beneficial and necessary effects of it, and constantly prescribed it for others, never taking it himself. After a certain period of life, however, he began to experience a torpidity of the bowels and all the consequent uneasiness, rendering it apparent to himself that relief could only be obtained by the means he prescribed to his patients, namely, the taking of medicine. After due deliberation, accordingly, and conflict with himself, he decided upon taking some; and imagining that an ordinary dose of salts would answer all the purpose and be less nauseous than most others, he carefully mixed one and placed it by his bedside at night, to be taken in the morning when he first awoke. The proximity of it, however, and the impression on his mind of the horrible dose which awaited his first waking, banished sleep from his eyes and kept it continually before him. At length, however, he did sleep, and even then the vision did not leave him, but assumed various guises and positions in his mind—purely imaginary, as he had not swallowed the cause of the mental disturbance but suffered from the anticipation. In the morning he was compelled to rise early, as the salts, or something else, had brought about a powerful movement of the bowels. From that time, he declares, he has nothing to do when suffering from constipation but to put a dose of salts by his bedside, which acts the same as if he had swallowed it. This is a case of "mind-cure," and seems in favor of Hahnemann's idea, that an infinitesimal dose of medicine, or even smelling of it, is all that is necessary. Hahnemann's error lay in attributing the results obtained to the action of the medicine, which really had nothing to do with it; for imagination would just as effectually have influenced the sensory and motor nerves to contract the bowels and induce peristaltic action if, by mistake, Dr. S. had mixed up magnesia, sulphate of zinc, or arsenic, and placed it by his bedside.

It is a well-known fact that, while a long-continued mental attention to a diseased organ, when accompanied by faith and hope, may mitigate, or even cure some diseases, a like fixed attention may produce serious abnormal bodily conditions. We have an interesting case in point where M. Maury gives us the experience of St. Francis de Assisi: "One day, when exhausted by fasts and absorbed in reverie and prayer, he imagined that God ordered him to open the Gospels in order that he might there learn His will. 'Open me the Holy Book,' he exclaimed to a friar. Three times was this done, and three times it opened at the account of the Savior's Passion. St. Francis regarded this as a proof that he must carry his imitation of Christ much further than he had hitherto done. Bodily mortification he had doubtless practiced, and had crucified his desires, but he had not yet subjected his body to the suffering of the cross, the penance now evidently required by the Almighty. One thought, one definite idea henceforth occupied him—his Master's crucifixion. His imagination reveled, so to speak, in all His sufferings. He strove, while fasting more and more and praying more and more intensely, to realize them himself. On the anniversary of the Exaltation of the Cross, resigning himself more than ever to one of these ecstatic contemplations, he imagined he saw an angel descend from the vault of heaven and approach him, the hands and feet attached to a cross. As St. Francis contemplated this vision, full of profound delight and astonishment, the seraph suddenly vanished. But the pious anchorite experienced from this spectacle a strange reaction, and his whole system was more than ever permeated with the idea of the realization of the physical sufferings of Christ in his own person. He then suffered pain in his hands and feet, and this was succeeded by inflammation so severe as to terminate in ulceration. These wounds he regarded as the stigmata of the Savior's Passion."

We should hardly be justified in taking these saintly narratives as positive proof that such remarkable influences upon the body could be produced by a focalization of brain power directed to a certain part of the body; but we incline to receive the saintly narrative as true, when so many similar instances come under our own observation. Here was a man with running, painful sores on

his feet. What caused them? Expectant attention intensified and long directed to one spot. The rays of the sun, when properly distributed, warm and fructify the world; but focalize a few of these rays by using a sun glass, and they will soon destroy a delicate flower, or burn a hole in a pair of new pants. The brain life, when distributed through the eight pair of healthy nerves, carry life and health to each part of the body; but focalize them, and they can even burn a hole in a man's foot. In St. Francis' case he had focalized this influence by using a theological sun glass and produced a disease—a clear case of *mind kill*. Now, could a "mind cure" be brought to bear on his sore feet? The medical colleges would all probably say no; while there is no doubt it could. Well, how? The only infallible cure was in Rome. The Pope, in this case, would have been "infallible" as a physician. If the suffering saint had entertained any doubt about the cause of his sore feet he would have hobbled up on crutches to the throne of the Vatican, and if the Pope had told him that these ulcers, which were running down into his boots, were *not* made by God, but by the devil, he would have believed it and would have probably been able to walk home without his crutches and been well in three weeks—a clear case, as in that of Martin Luther, of a "mind cure."

"Resist the devil and he will flee from you."—James iv-7 (but be very careful you do not resist a good influence, under the impression that it may come from the devil.)

Such morbid mental conditions as were superinduced in the religious fanatics of the dark ages were not peculiar to them. They vegetate in the brain of many theologians now; whose utterances, while they shock the nerves of sensible people, are received without a word of dissent from a large portion of the religious community, or are passed over unnoticed. Take the following example, quoted from a recent sermon of Spurgeon, the noted revivalist: "I want to spend my first five thousand years in heaven in looking into the wound of my Savior's left hand; the next five thousand years in looking into the wound of his right hand; the next five thousand years in looking into the wound in his right foot; the next five thousand years in looking into the wound in his left foot; the next five thousand years in looking into the wound in his left side." This is a clear case of mental disease, brought on by long continued attention to *one thing*, a case of *religious monomania* developing all the symptoms of a threatened softening of the brain. Is such a case beyond the reach of "Mind cure"? No! "Well, as a doctor who believes there is some truth in all the schools of medicine, would you apply the mind cure to Spurgeon? Certainly; after preparing him for it, by a little China, homœopath and allopath treatment.

Well! how would you treat such a case? First, have a China barber shave the hair all off his head. Then keep his head under the hydrant much of the time to check the tendency to brain softening. Then give him a large dose of castor oil, mixed with three to five drops of croton oil. In a short time he will be prepared to received "mind cure" treatment. Well! how will you apply that? *By directing the whole current of his thoughts into some new channel.* Gently lift him down from the pulpit, and set him at some kind of useful business—running a milk wagon would do; or, which would be better in his case, divert the mind from imaginary sore feet in heaven to the naked, frosted and bleeding feet of children on the sidewalk. Give him shoes, clothing and bread to distribute to these little sufferers. When he becomes enough *interested* in this to withdraw his glazed eyeballs from ghostly specters, riding on rainbows, floating in the clouds, or enthroned somewhere far beyond; to cause him to shove his green theological goggles into his pocket and anxiously look after little barefoot children down here, then he will be imitating Christ for the first time perhaps in his life, and he will be in a fair way to recovery—to being "clothed and in his right mind"—and will soon be ready for exhibition as a good sample of the efficiency of "mind cure"—not by that alone, but acting in conjunction with remedies taken from the schools of medicine.

"Mind cure," in such a case, acts wholly and entirely *by inducing a new train of thought*; but this never could be induced but by calling in a hydropath to cool off his brain, and an allopath to physic out the ever-present phantom which danced on his brain and run its long devil fish *tentacles* along every nerve in his body, down even to his quivering toes and caused him to imagine he had sore feet; or, like St. Francis, would like to have them. Mind cures may eradicate certain

forms of disease, and there is no doubt whatever that it does, but can it remove a large sebaceous tumor from the head; goitre, stone in the bladder, rattlesnake bite, mad dog bite, or any abnormal condition that can only be reached by the use of the surgeon's knife? Would any mind cure women doctor be willing to risk trying to cure her own child bitten by a snake in this way? Their system, as they practice it, does well enough to gull people with, and thus pluck their feathers or make money; but, let one of their own darling family be struck down by disease that baffles their skill to diagnose, and assume alarming symptoms and they are the first to send for some physician in whom they have confidence. It never occurs to the patient that if they go to a doctor why shouldn't I? Well, that isn't strange. O'Flaherty has rheumatism. He has a family doctor in whom he has all confidence, as he was once cured of a pain in the bowels by a dose of morphia given him by Dr. Regularity. Dr. R. also has rheumatism himself, and has been hobbling around on crutches for a year or two in consequence of it. Just as one of those terrible rheumatic pains is twisting the doctor's face into horrible contortions, Mr. O'Flaherty walks in, and says, "Dr., I've got rheumatiz agin, and got 'em bad; put me up a bottle of medicine that will cure it." The doctor replies, "all right." On handing him his prescription, the doctor says: "Go to the drug store and get the medicine; it's the best rheumatism medicine I know of." O'Flaherty replies: "I haven't a doubt of it, doctor, for I think you are the best doctor in the United States; and Michael O'Flanagan told me you were a holy terror on rheumatiz."

If the people who believe that one school of practice knows it all and are humbugged, why should not people who believe only in *another* system be deceived also? and if people are generally on the level of the hod carrier, in believing that a doctor can cure *them* of a disorder he can not cure himself of, why shouldn't they all be driven to the same goose pasture to yield up a few feathers to make a downy bed for their favorite doctor?

Now, the question arises, did the medicine furnished by Dr. Regularity result in a cure of O'Flaherty when the same medicine had no effect on the doctor himself? It is quite possible it did, for many reasons, among the most important of which is the fact that O'Flaherty had faith—he *expected to be cured by it*; while the doctor had no faith whatever in his own practice, which is the case with most thinking physicians who belong to any one-idea—"pathy" school. If O'Flaherty was cured, it was a case of "mind-cure." Now, could a modern mind-cure doctress from the ranks of the Salvation Army or the W. C. T. U., bringing a focal blaze of "Christian metaphysics," electro-biology and spiritual hypnotism, with prayer and fasting on the part of the doctress, have cured O'Flaherty? Certainly not, as O'Flaherty couldn't be fooled into any cure not produced by medicine; besides, he has no faith in such doctresses—holds the whole race of them in sovereign contempt. We could cite to many remarkable cures reported to have been made by regular physicians, which claim to have been made by operating on the patient's mind. These physicians are *natural-born doctors*. They rise superior to the teachings of their *alma mater*, and to the common run of the profession are as giants among dwarfs. They grow up till their heads are encircled by rainbows among the clouds. They take in an extended horizon, and are willing to look for remedies in the realms of matter and mind. Their thoughts are engaged in searching for something better than the world has yet discovered. Sampson-like, they snap the withers with which their *alma mater* bound them. They straddle the wall of the medical corral into which they were ushered from the back door of some medical college, and boldly walk off into newer and broader fields of research, leaving the average young doctors searching their books for prescriptions, and scratching in the dirt for worthless dead worms they had lost from their saddle-bags, carefully placed there, as suggested by the teachings of their curriculum. Dr. Rush, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was one of these great doctors—a man who has probably received more honors in America as a distinguished physician, and more testimonials from European potentates, than any other American doctor, embracing gold medals and tokens of regard, sent over by such as the king of Prussia, the king of Spain, the queen of Etruria, and the emperor of Russia. Rush, in addressing his medical class in Philadelphia, said: "Remember how many of our most useful remedies have been discovered by quacks. Do not be afraid, therefore, of conversing with them, and of profiting by their ignorance and temerity. Medicine has its



pharisees as well as religion ; but the spirit of this sect of medical pharisees is as unfriendly to the advancement of medicine as it is to Christian charity."

We might give many examples of cures made by these "big" doctors who use common sense in their treatment of cases, when the rules laid down in their books have failed. Why couldn't the little book doctors, to whom Charles Sumner applied here, have cured him at home as easily as did Brown-Sequard in France? We may say it was because the home physicians didn't give him any common sense treatment. This may be the truth, but it may not be *all* the truth. If Brown-Sequard, or some man just like him, had been practicing in Boston, Sumner's home, he would have been apt to have got the case. Great doctors and great remedies are generally thought to be *far off*—the big doctor lives in Paris, or the cure-all root or plant vegetates in the almost inaccessible interior of Africa or on Puget Sound. The invalid in Wasco, or in any other county in the interior, has no faith in any cure within his reach at home.

The big doctor of course holds forth in the metropolis—Portland. Portland is a big place, and hence is the place to go to find a big doctor and get a big cure. The traveling doctors' advertisements in the Portland papers attract his attention. He believes everything they say, but could not believe a word of it if the doctor hung out his shingle and advertised in his own town and home paper. He mortgages his farm to raise \$500, packs his trunk and hobbles to the depot, on his way to see Madam du Flot, or some other cosmopolite, in Portland. Nine out of ten of them get hack home with less benefit perhaps than they would have got at home from a box of Brandreth's pills that cost twenty-five cents. But they have had their intense desire to be plucked of their feathers gratified, and the doctor and hotel keeper are very glad they came down to give Portland a "boom," by leaving a considerable hard cash.

The same views are entertained in France and about everywhere else. A woman in Toulouse was sick ; had been so for years. She said she believed she had swallowed the egg of a frog in drinking, which had hatched out in her stomach. She employed all the doctors in her vicinity, but to no avail. They foolishly tried to reason her out of the notion ; told her *there was no frog there*. She knew better. Oh ! if she could only go to Paris she knew she could get the frog removed. She was right. All she needed was treatment from a doctor who had brains and tact, instead of a little book learning. Sheep skin diplomas didn't seem to reach her case. She went to Paris, visited a physician who was known to nearly all France. She explained her symptoms, gave a history of her case, and told how all the doctors had told her there was no frog in her stomach, but the frog was only kicking around in her imagination. The doctor listened patiently to her story, then asked her whether she was religious. She told him she was a devout Catholic. "Glad to hear that," said the doctor. He then made her put out her tongue about seven times ; examined her pulse carefully, counting the beats with watch in hand. He then percussed her over the sternum, and the right and left iliac. He then placed his ear over the stomach, but soon started hack with a horrified expression on his face. He then asked her if she had eaten any meat on Friday since she had been afflicted? "No, doctor, for I believed the frog would eat the meat and swell him up so it would kill me." "Have you been to the confession regularly?" "Never missed when I was well enough to get there." "Glad to hear it ; it makes the case much easier under my system of 'Christian metaphysics.'" Now, madam, do you pretend to tell me that that any eminent physician who had a medical sheep skin, said there was no frog in your stomach?" "Yes, doctor, they *all* told me so ; but I *knew* they were mistaken. Don't you think so too, doctor?" "Most assuredly I do. I am astonished at the superficial character of those Esculapian scholastics. I never saw a case where the diagnosis, pathology and prognosis were so easily grasped as in your case." "What did you say, doctor?" "I said I knew you had a frog in your stomach just as well as I knew you had a nose on your face," "Well, doctor, I'm *so* glad I came to Paris ; but do you think you can take it away?" "Not a doubt of it, madam." "But did you ever take one away?" "Never failed in a solitary case." "But, how many such cases have you had, doctor?" "If my memory serves me rightly, I think from fifteen to seventeen hundred. I will be at your room in the Hotel de la St. Patric at 11 a. m. to-morrow and let you see that frog in a washtub.

The doctor went out and told a newsboy he would give him a dollar if he would bring him a live frog early in the morning. The boy brought it, and at the appointed



time he repaired to the "St. Patric Hotel" with the frog pinned up in his vest pocket. He gave the madam a dose of medicine, which he told her would disgust the frog and make him crawl up and out to get a little fresh air. It was a powerful emetic. This was given every twenty minutes till it operated. He held her head over the washbowl while she was vomiting, covering her eyes with one hand; with the other hand he drew the frog from his pocket and dropped it into the washbowl, exclaiming, "Glory be to God, I've got him!" She opened her eyes, looked into the washbowl, and said: "You have, sure enough, doctor. Oh, I'm so glad! I knew I felt the thing crawling up my throat and coming out; but, doctor, I'm *so* 'fraid it has laid eggs, and more frogs will hatch out in my stomach." Here was a poser. Here was a *pons asinorum* that no little sheepskin doctor could have walked over. But, quick as a flash of lightning, his great mind came to the rescue. He snatched the frog from the washbowl, and holding it between his thumb and forefinger, held up its breech and said: "*Its impossible, madam, for you see its a male.*" "Yes, doctor, I see, I see, and I'm *so* glad it isn't a female." She never had any more trouble from frogs in her stomach. Wasn't that a clear case of "mind-cure"? Could those women who are teaching and practicing mind-cure now without remedies, as they say, have taken away their frog without an emetic? Could all their arguments and all their expectant attention alone have made the woman believe it was a male and not a female frog?

This "mind-cure" practice is nothing new. It belongs to scholars and natural-born doctors, and is entirely out of place when handled by ignorant Salvation Army and W. C. T. U. women, as we believe it now is in this country. There isn't one of these "mind-cure Christian metaphysicians" that can tell any more about the influences that are at work to produce their "cures," and how these forces can be brought to bear on disease, than a Chinaman. We took pains to visit a woman only a few days ago who hangs out a shingle and advertises as a mind-cure doctor and a teacher of "Christian metaphysics." She could give us no information whatever about her system, but could only say, "You will have to take lessons and study it before you can understand it." We asked her if she had no books, pamphlets or circulars, or any other printed matter that would give one an idea of their mind-cure practice. She said, "We have a great many books and publications, but you couldn't understand them, in fact, I do not think any one would learn anything of importance by reading them; the only way is to take lessons and learn it that way." This woman didn't know us, and probably took us to be some clergyman, fresh from Pike, as we had a stovepipe hat, which we held in our hand while studying her face and reverently nodding assent to her assertions.

The mind-cure is called by scholarly doctors a SYSTEMATIC EXCITEMENT OF A DEFINITE EXPECTATION OF HOPE, IN REGARD TO THE BENEFICIAL ACTION OF TOTALLY INERT SUBSTANCES. To show how this "definite expectation of hope" can be set in motion by a natural-born doctor of *any* school of practice, we will only mention two or three well authenticated cases out of more than a thousand, equally remarkable, which we might mention.

M. Lisle, an eminent French physician, who believed in "mind-cure" as a wonderful agent, the action of which he said he couldn't understand himself, always kept two boxes of pills made of bread crumbs, the pills nicely covered in the box with silver-leaf. One box he labeled "Pilules argentees anti-nervenses" and the other box, "Purgatives." He had in his establishment a hypochondriac who believed himself to be the victim of obstinate constipation, although in point of fact the bowels were regular. Of purgatives he had taken every form, but, he affirmed, without any result. Dr. Lisle refused to give him any medicine, and was, in consequence, incessantly importuned and even abused by his patient. At last, one day, wearied out, he professed to yield to his solicitations, and told him he was about to give him one of the most violent purgatives he knew, and that it would certainly make him very sick, but it would go through him or kill him. His

patient exclaimed with delight, "Give it to me, doctor, I'll take the chances." He took some bread pills from his "purgative" box and told him to take one every fifteen minutes. After the third dose the patient was well purged, and in seven hours the bowels had been acted on more than twenty times. This is the story as told by Dr. Lisle himself, and we entertain no doubt of its truth.

Sir John Forbes, editor of the *British and Foreign Medical Review*, January, 1847, vouches for the veracity and high standing of a surgeon in the British navy, who reported the following cases of "mind-cure"

CASE 1—A very intelligent officer had suffered some years from violent attacks of cramp in the stomach. He tried almost all the remedies usually recommended for the relief of this distressing affection, and for a short period prior to coming under my care, the trisnitate of bismuth (what we call the sub-nitrate) had been attended with the best results. The attacks came on about once in three weeks, or from that to a month, unless when any unusual exposure brought them on more frequently. As bismuth had been so useful, it, of course, was continued; but notwithstanding that it was increased to the largest dose that its poisonous qualities would justify, it soon lost its effect. Sedatives were again applied to, but the relief afforded by these was only partial, while their effect on the general system was evidently very prejudicial. On one occasion, while greatly suffering from the effect of some preparation of opium, given for the relief of these spasms, he was told that the next day he would be put under a medicine which was generally believed to be most effective, but which was rarely used in consequence of its dangerous qualities, but that, notwithstanding these, it should be tried, provided he gave his consent. This he did willingly. Accordingly, on the first attack after this, a powder containing four grains of *ground biscuit* was administered every seven minutes, while the doctor (within the hearing of the patient) expressed the greatest anxiety lest too much should be given. The fourth dose caused an entire cessation of pain. Half-drachm doses of bismuth had never procured the same relief in less than three hours. For four successive times did the same kind of attack recur, and four times was it met by the same remedy and with like success."

The same doctor reports another case of "mind-cure": "A seaman had suffered from four successive attacks of constipation. So far as could be detected, there was no organic disease to account for its occurrence. The symptoms were such as usually follow protracted constipation of the bowels; and on all four occasions large and repeated doses of the strongest purgatives (croton oil included), powerful enemata, cold affusion and hot baths had all been required to be persevered in to procure relief. On the fifth attack he was put under two-grain doses of bread pills every seven minutes, the doctor all the time expressing (within his hearing, of course,) much anxiety for fear he would take too much, and evincing a great desire to watch the action of the medicine. The doctor told the nurse (within the patient's hearing), 'The medicine will probably make him very sick, but as it seems to be a case of life and death, I thought best to use this powerful cathartic on him.' In two hours the patient became very sick, his bowels moved freely and he had no more trouble with constipation."

The same authority says: "In July, 1845, the company on board our royal navy ships were attacked with an epidemic bowel complaint, terminating in simple diarrhœa in some, but going on to dysentery in many. In every one of the latter cases tapeworms (whether a cause or merely an effect, I am not able as yet to divine) showed themselves. Among others who suffered was H. B—, a first-class petty officer, who had but a mild attack of dysentery, but who was much distressed towards the latter part of his attack by tapeworms appearing in considerable quantities. As the dysenteric symptoms disappeared these worms were attempted to be dislodged by every means that could be devised, and for a time it was supposed these means had been successful; but, as I feared at too great a sacrifice, seeing that the pain, arising (as I fancied) from the large doses of

powerful medicine necessary to effect the difficult object, continued, around the pyloric orifice of the stomach and upper portions of the small intestines, to be most distressing. counter-irritations were applied until the skin became callous, sedatives administered until the man's senses became muddled, but no course of treatment seemed to afford the least relief. This being so, I determined to try the effect of mental influence. Stating to him, as I did to the other men, that, as his disease was most obstinate, so was it necessary to have recourse to desperate means to relieve it; that, with his sanction, I would therefore put him under a medicine which it was most necessary to watch with the greatest attention lest its effects might prove fatal, etc. Having by these statements made an impression, it became necessary to keep it up. This was done by repeated visits at all hours of the day and night, and by expressing on these occasions the most intense anxiety as to the effect of the very powerful and dangerous medicine. This was not a case in which a sudden effect could be expected to be produced, whatever might be the means employed. Symptoms of disease existed which bore too close a resemblance to those of an organic order to admit of hope of a sudden, if even of tardy relief. Hence the pills (*bread*, of course) were given every sixth hour only. Within twenty-four hours the man's sufferings were decidedly less. Within four days he was almost free from pain. On the sixth day he was quite so. His pills were omitted, and at the end of two weeks he was again at duty with a clear eye, a healthy skin, and was rapidly regaining his flesh. Here, as in most cases, he was allowed to eat and drink whatever he craved, occasionally, of course, forbidding the use of some article lest it might come in contact with the medicine and counteract all its good effects; in other words, articles must be occasionally forbidden when the mind seems inclined to lose sight of what must be made the all-important subject of thought by night and day. It may be said this case, as here given, goes for nothing, in so far as it does not show that the pains were anything but casual; in which case any other mode of treatment, or very likely no mode at all, would have been equally successful; or, it may be, again, as it has before been said, that it was altogether feigned. I think not, for the following reasons: the man's flesh had wasted; his eyes became sunken; his skin sickly in hue, as well as in feeling; his sleep, when he had any, was of the most disturbed character. But, more than all, the pain after some weeks returned, and the other bad symptoms followed in its wake; *yet both it and they were again relieved a second time by the same means*. While suffering from a third attack, he was sent to the Royal Naval hospital at Malta, and there, after much suffering, he brought up by vomiting a portion of the mucous membrane of one of the small intestines, distinctly marked by two, at least, of the valvule conniventes (the seminular folds formed by the mucous lining of the duodenum, jejunum and ileum). I am assured by one of the officers of the establishment that he most carefully examined this ejected matter, and that its characters were so marked that there could be no room to doubt as to what it was. This being so, we have pretty clear proof that disease existed long before the slough was thrown off; and that even this organic disease was suspended on two occasions *by mental influence only*."

That *expectant attention*—fixing the mind on one thing for a long time—will produce disease or cure some diseases, and that this mental concentration on one thing will make a man see with his eyes and hear with his ears what in a normal condition he could never see or hear, is most evident. Tuke says that a case of this kind came under his observation. A lady whose mind had been intensely engaged for a long time over one of the sayings of Christ, when walking one day from Penryn to Falmouth, saw a newly erected fountain by the roadside bearing this inscription: "IF ANY MAN THIRST LET HIM COME UNTO ME AND DRINK." A few days after, she told the daughters of the gentleman she supposed had put up the fountain, she was delighted at this act of generosity to the poor thirsty traveller. The young ladies surprised her by telling her there was no such fountain there. She said, "You must be mistaken, for I *saw* it." On going to the



spot again she found no fountain there—merely a pile of stones, out of which her imagination had constructed a fountain with an appropriate inscription.

Sir Walter Scott, an intimate friend of Lord Byron, tells us that not long after Byron's death he was reading with much interest an account of Byron's habits and opinions. He laid down the paper and got up to walk through a hall fitted up with the skins of wild beasts, armor, etc. He plainly saw right before him, standing up, Lord Byron, of whom he had been thinking with the most intense interest. He paused to gaze at the image and to note the wonderful accuracy of Byron's features and every part of his clothing. The countenance, the expression, the form, the posture and the dress of the poet were all there, and he saw it as plainly as he had ever seen it during Byron's life. He knew it was merely an optical illusion, and no ghostly Byron. He had no fear; didn't run, as an ignorant ghost-seer would have done, but stopped, gazed, and wondered at the extraordinary accuracy of the resemblance. He walked right up to the figure, which at once vanished. On his near approach the figure resolved itself into the elements of which it was composed. What were they? On the walls hung coats, plaids, shawls and a variety of clothing used by men and women. The image of Byron, already on his brain, had been clothed by materials snatched from this wardrobe; just as in dreams, the brain snatches from the tablets of memory parts of images imprinted there, and out of the fractions constructs something new, something natural, as Scott saw, or something more beautiful or more horrible than anything heretofore seen or imagined by the sleeper.

Scott walked back to the spot from which he had seen the image and tried with all his power to recall it by will force, but in vain—a good illustration of the slight influence of will over sensation, compared with that of a vivid mental image or idea acting on the sensorial centres, and distorting or molding into other forms the impressions received from objects of sense. A ghost-seeing person would have run wild with terror; she would have told the story, and all her neighbors might have believed that she had actually seen Byron's ghost, while a credulous spiritualist would probably have said, "I saw Byron's spirit and I know it," neither one of them ever doubting but what ghosts and spirits wear clothes, even to the overcoats, breeches and boots they wore here. All their angels have wings, as an angel has to fly, of course, and an angel can no more fly without wings than can an eagle or turkey buzzard. They never stop to think that anything with wings cannot fly after it gets beyond the atmosphere, forty-five miles above the earth; but a vivid imagination keeps the angel flying on through ether, all the time flapping his wings. Their ideas are all essentially "of the earth earthy," because they live here, and their priests live here, and neither one of them knows anything of what is going on outside of this little planet, and know, perhaps, just as little of the laws that produce phenomena here.

We will give another illustration to show that a man can *see* what he strongly, or implicitly *believes*. Sir T. Moore was a zealous Catholic, he believed in the "real presence," that the bread and wine after being blessed by the priest, was the real body and blood of Christ. He believed this in spite of his senses, with no evidence whatever but the teachings of his church. He more than believed it, for he *knew* it, as he could see Christ in the sacrament as plainly as St. Francis "saw an angel descending from the vault of heaven with his feet and hands nailed to a cross."

Sir T. Moore had many an argument with Erasmus trying to convince him of the truth of the "real presence" teaching of the Roman Church. Erasmus said it was contrary to his senses, and could not be believed by any except a purblind religious fanatic. Moore replied, "You just get to *believe* it once, and you will *know* it, for you will *see* it as I do." Erasmus didn't believe Moore saw anything of the kind, but we have no doubt he did, and we have no doubt that when a Salvation Army woman or converted saloon keeper, under the teachings and magnetic influence of the "Army," made up mostly of ignorant young women, and worthless men, pounding drums, rattling tambor-



ines, Bohemian castinets, and wearing red collars, tells us "I *am* saved, I *know* I am," they *do* see it, and see it as plainly as Luther saw Christ, or Scott saw Byron. These forces, though sneered at by unthinking people as imaginary, are real, and when wisely utilized may prove of eminent advantage in curing diseases, casting out devils, and diverting erring footsteps from the paths of vice to something higher. Does any man believe that Moore could have seen a *horse* in a *walking stick*, and been made to straddle it, and ride around town with children, astride of sticks, experiencing as much or more pleasure than they would enjoy in riding a pony? You say no; well, why? If his *church* had taught him to believe a stick was a horse, he would, but it hadn't. Erasmus tried to make him believe this, but couldn't. Why? Erasmus was a heretic—didn't believe in the Pope, and "ate mate of a Friday." Erasmus and Moore, outside of religion, were warm friends, were both men of intellect, and didn't fall out about what they couldn't agree on. Erasmus borrowed Moore's gentle pony to ride. He rather liked the pony, and kept it a week to ride round the country on. Moore wanted to go somewhere, had the gout, and couldn't walk. He sent for his pony, but didn't get him. In its stead he got a nice little letter from Erasmus which ran about this wise :

"Quod mihi dixisti,  
De Corpore Christi,  
Crede quod edis, et edis :  
Sic tibi rescribo,  
De tuo palfrido,  
Crede quod habes, et habes."

A literal translation of this might be given about this way :

"Remember, you told me  
Believe and you'll see ;  
Believe 'tis a body,  
And a body t'will be .

So should you tire walking  
This hot summer tide,  
Believe your staff's Dobbin,  
And straightway you'll ride."

Now if Moore had been taught by his *church* that a staff, blessed by a priest, was a *horse*, and the Pope, in writing him a letter of condolence on his gout, had told him horseback riding was a sure cure for gout, does any one doubt but that Moore would have straddled his walking cane after being blessed, and on returning from his ride around eight or ten blocks in the city, would not have felt much relieved, if not entirely cured? No man who gives to "mind cure" the credit that really belongs to it will doubt it for a moment.

We visited a woman in Portland only a few days ago who advertises herself as a teacher of "Christian Metaphysics," and Mind Cure. She said she had been cured of a large tumor in the bowels, which had grown to such enormous size that she appeared as a woman "nine months gone"—relieved by "mind cure" after all the doctors had failed to do her any good. We were interested in the case, did not incline to stick up our nose and say, "You are an old fool," as many doctors would. We believed there was some truth in her statement. The question with us was, whether this enlargement of the abdomen was really a tumor or ascites (dropsy in the belly). In reply to our questions we concluded she had never had any tumor, as the doctors all told her—merely ascites. If it had been a tumor, as she believed, and *believed it because the doctors said it was*; could "mind cure," or a long continued concentration of mental force, intensified by faith and hope, have dissolved the tumor and cured the woman? We are not prepared to say it, could not, neither will we say we really believe it could. From our present limited knowledge, we should answer in the words of our "old Missouri friend in Yamhill, when in 1848 we asked him if he thought such and such a thing could occur in a case of blind staggers, like a sensible man he replied—"It *mout*, and then agin it *moutn't*."

We have all heard and most of us have practiced a good deal in removing warts by mind cure or "charming them away." Now if it is a *fact* that expectant attention will remove such unsightly excrescences as warts in a few days, who will dare limit its power in successfully assaulting tumors or other abnormal growths, outside or inside of the body? But is it a fact that warts have been thus removed? A one horse doctor, leaning back, stroking his beard with a pair of kid gloves, and gazing complacently at his diploma on the wall, through a pair of gold spectacles, will say, "No! better go to a regular physician." A writer on Electro-Biology says—"The influence of the imagination upon warts, trivial as it seems, is really a curious page in the history of mental power, as a curative agent. The warts are so apparent that there cannot be much room for mistakes as to whether they have or have not disappeared, and in some instances, within my own knowledge, their disappearance was in such close connection with the psychical treatment adopted, that I could hardly suppose the cure was only *post hoc* (from this.) In one case, a relative of mine had a troublesome wart on the hand, for which I made use of the usual local remedies, but without effect. After they were discontinued it remained *in statu quo* for some time, when a gentleman "charmed" it away in a few days. A surgeon informs me that a few years ago his daughter had about a dozen warts on her hands. They had been there about eighteen months, and her father had applied caustic and other remedies without success. One day a gentleman called, and in shaking hands with Miss C. remarked upon her disfigured hand. He asked her how many she had, she replied she did not know, but thought about a dozen. "Count them, will you?" said the caller, and taking out a piece of paper he solemnly took down her counting, remarking—"You will not be troubled with your warts after next Sunday." Now it is a fact that by the day named, the warts had disappeared and did not return." Brand says "old women were always famous for curing warts. They were so in Lucian's time, A. D. 120. Brand refers to the old time honored cure for warts, that of stealing a piece of meat from the butcher's shop, rubbing your warts with it, then throwing it away or burying it; then as the beef rots, the warts decay. Brand thinks "the excitement of the theft was one element of the cure." Carpenter, the noted physiologist, in one of his works (Vov. 8, page 684) says, "The charming away of warts by spells of the most unscientific kind, belong to those cases which are *real facts*, however they may be explained."

Lord Bacon, in his Natural History (page 73), speaks of curing warts by charms, and gives his own experience, but seems to be entirely ignorant of the real cause that removed his warts. He says, "I had from my childhood, a wart upon one of my fingers; afterwards when I was about sixteen years old, being then at Paris, there grew upon both my hands a number of warts, at the least a hundred in a month's space. The English Ambassador's lady, who was a woman far from superstition, told me one day she would help me away with my warts; whereupon she got a piece of lard with the skin on (bacon rind), and rubbed the warts all over with the fat side; and amongst the rest that wart which I had from my childhood; then she nailed the piece of lard, with the fat towards the sun, upon a part of her chamber window, which was to the south. The success was that within five weeks space of time all the warts went quite away, and that wart which I had so long endured for company. But at the rest I did not marvel, because they came in a short time, and I thought they might go away in a short time again; but the going away of that one which had stayed so long doth yet stick with me."

Lord Bacon failed to see in this the real cause of the removal of his warts—expectant action of the mind upon the warts, but supposed it was due to a sympathy which he imagined existed between the lard and the warts, the melting or wasting away of the bacon fat in the sun, caused the disappearance of the warts. This was a vulgar error, which has been exploded by the inductive process of investigation, which Bacon himself initiated. Now if mind cure has been effectually used by old women to remove warts ever since A. D. 120, and for aught we know, the old grandmothers were practicing it when our ancestors lived in caves, killed their game with stone hammers and ate their meat raw, why shouldn't a woman be cured of a tumor by the same power in Portland now? But if she had only ascites, could "mind cure" reach *that* difficulty? Dr. Beaumont, in Devonshire, England, says that he had a case—"a woman of 45 years of age who had ascites. He told her she must be tapped, and he would perform the operation next morning. This frightened

her terribly, and all night she lay thinking of it, dreaming about it, and dreading it. He went there the next morning with two other doctors to assist in the operation—but no operation was needed, as the woman had got rid of all the water mostly through her bladder.”

Dr. Rush reports a case of a young woman, nineteen years old, who had taken any amount of medicine to remove the water from her largely distended abdomen, but without avail. The doctor, after consulting with Dr. Hull, told her she must be tapped. This so excited her mind, that there came on a plentiful discharge of water, and she rejoiced in a perfect cure without tapping—a “mind cure.” Dr. Rush gives another case of what he terms a cure by “emotional excitement.”

“A lady with dropsy, in Philadelphia, was informed that tapping was necessary, and was much terrified upon hearing it. I saw her two days afterwards, when she told me with a smile on her countenance, that she hoped she should get well without tapping, for that she had discharged two quarts of water, in the course of the day after we had advised her to submit to the operation. For many days before she had not discharged more than two or three gills in twenty-four hours.” These various cases of cures made by *mental excitement*, when *fear* was powerfully aroused, which, like intensified faith, hope and desire, is capable of producing remarkable changes in the current of vital forces, directing and concentrating it here or there, strengthening it, or weakening it so as to either cure or kill. A moderate amount of joy is highly conducive to health and longevity, but a sudden overflowing gush of joy may kill. Hume says that excessive joy, at the restoration of Charles II., actually killed many people. Dr. Rush says he was disposed to doubt this, until learning that the doorkeeper in Congress fell dead at the joyful news of the surrender of Cornwallis.

We will now refer to a few, out of thousands of well attested cures, made in Germany in 1822, by a Catholic priest. Mesmerists claim they were made by mesmerism. Spiritualists claim they were made by spirits, while devout people generally believe they were supernatural cures, controlled by forces operating only in religious circles, and developed by church friction. Prince Hohenlohe, a Catholic priest, saw an ignorant peasant performing strange cures among his illiterate associates, and became intensely interested in the matter. After watching the peasant a while he concluded he might possibly do the same thing himself. He started in with a great advantage over the peasant. First he was a priest, highly educated, and built up the ground work of his practice on FAITH, sprouting up from the hotbed of religious fanaticism. His patients were all cured by a belief in the efficacy of his prayers. His high standing at Rome, and his numerous titles, gave him great influence. He even had an advantage in names and titles over Paracelsus Phillipus Aurealus Bombastus Von Hohenheim of Switzerland; for he sailed under the following modest titles—Alexander Leopold Franz Emmerich, Prince of Hohenlohe—Waldenburg—Schillingfurst, Archbishop and Grand Provost of Grosswardein, Hungary, and Abbot of St. Michael's, at Gaborjan.” Thousands and thousands flocked to him for cures, and many of them received what seemed to be miraculous cures when he laid hands on them and prayed. Letters poured in upon him from all over Europe and America, imploring his prayers for long standing troubles the doctors could not cure. He answered these letters through his secretary, appointing a certain hour when he (it was generally she) after counting the beads on the rosary so many times or performing some other ceremony must, *having a strong faith in the result*, join him in a prayer which he would then offer up for her cure. It is a well established fact that multitudes in far off countries were cured by following his directions. In 1824, Mrs. Anna Mattingly, of Washington, D. C., was cured of a tumor probably as large as the one which tortured the “Christian Metaphysician Mind Cure” sister in Portland, by piously going through the religious ceremony, Prince Hohenlohe wrote she must be strictly observed, and then by joining him at a certain hour, of a certain date, in a prayer with an *answering faith in its efficacy*. Protestants at the time regarded these cures as deceptions, not real, but merely a device of the devil, working through the “Man of Sin,” to give people confidence in the Romish Church, and enable Satan to gather in a bigger harvest of sons.

We will quote a little authority to show what people in those days thought of the cures:



We quote the following letter, written by a Prince of the Blood—the Ex-King of Bavaria to the Count Von Sinsheim, describing his own case:

BRUCKENAU, July 3rd, 1822.

*My Dear Count:*—There are still miracles. The ten last days of the last month, the people of Wurzburg might believe themselves in the times of the Apostles. The deaf heard, the blind saw, the lame freely walked, and not by the aid of art, but by a few short prayers, and by the invocation of the name of Jesus. \* \* \* On the evening of the 28th, the number of the persons cured of both sexes, and of every age, amounted to more than twenty. These were of all classes of the people, from the humblest to a prince of the blood, who, without any exterior means, recovered, on the 27th, at noon, the hearing which he had lost from his infancy. This cure was made by a prayer made for him during some minutes, by a priest who is scarcely more than twenty-seven years old—the Prince Hohenlohe. Although I do not hear so well as the majority of the persons who are about me, there is no comparison between my actual state and that which it was before. Besides, I perceive daily that I hear more clearly. \* \* \* My hearing at present is very sensitive. Last Friday, the music of the troops, which defiled in the square in front of the palace, struck my tympanum so strongly, that for the first time, I was compelled to close the windows of my cabinet. The inhabitants of Wurzburg, have testified, by the most lively and sincere acclamations, the pleasure which my cure has given them. You are at liberty to communicate my letter, and to allow any one who wishes, to take a copy of it.

LOUIS, PRINCE ROYAL.

Professor Onymus, of the University of Wurzburg, went out to investigate these pretended cures, and reported what he had himself witnessed. We give a few in his own words:

“Captain Ruthlein, an old gentleman of Thundorf, seventy years of age, who had long been pronounced incurable of paralysis, which kept his hands clinched, and who had not left his room for many years, has been perfectly cured. Eight days after his cure he paid me a visit, rejoicing in the happiness of being able to walk freely.”

“A man of about fifty, named Brandel, caused himself to be carried by six men from Carlstadt to the Count at Stauffenburg. His arms and legs were utterly paralyzed, hanging like those of a dead man, and his face was of a corpse-like pallor. On the prayer of the Prince he was instantly cured, rose to his feet and walked perfectly, to the profound astonishment of all present.”

“A student of Burglauer, near Murnurstadt, had lost for two years the use of his legs; he was brought in a carriage, and though he was only partially relieved by a first and second prayer of the Prince, at the third he found himself perfectly well.”

“These cures are real and they are permanent. If any one would excite doubts of the genuineness of the cures operated by Prince Hohenlohe, it is only necessary to come hither, and consult a thousand other eye and ear witnesses like myself. Every one is ready to give all possible information about them.”

Is any one prepared to say that a woman could not be cured of most any disease in Portland by the same power?

Father Mathew, the son of a bastard in Ireland, the great apostle of temperance, also a devout Catholic, had the reputation also of working miracles. Many wonderful cures are ascribed to him, but the most wonderful part of it is, *his cures did not cease at his death*. Those who visited his tomb expecting relief, were cured; devout cripples by scores hobbled to his tomb, implored his intercession in their behalf with the Virgin Mary, St. Patrick and St. Peter, and then flung away their crutches, and walked away rejoicing in perfect cures. These are facts of history. What are we going to do with them? Do not Father Mathew's cures, *after death, performed only at his grave*, seem to militate against the claims of spirit rappers, and mesmerizers, and force us back to either the Catholic idea of miraculous power, or to the scholarly and more sensible conclusion, that it was cured by “expectant attention,” and intensified mentality, stimulated by long suffering, and exalted by faith, hope and desire—in other words “*mind cures!*”



An old medical writer says: "If I hold a ruler in my hand, and point it to a painful region of the body of a patient, who entertains the opinion that I am about to relieve the pain, she imagines that the ruler will be the means of curing her, and believes the curative power will pass from the ruler to her body. She believes in a power that does not exist, but she is relieved. That she is cured is no imagination. What cured her? Merely to say it was only imagination is no solution of the problem. What really happened was, that her attention was arrested and forcibly directed to the part, the prominent idea being the firm conviction that the morbid symptoms would pass away."

Dr. Paris, in his life of Dr. Davy, an eminent English physician, on page 74, relates the following: Dr. Baddoes had a paralytic patient, and thinking perhaps the employment of nitrous oxide might work well in palsy, got Dr. Davy to administer it, telling the patient there was not a doubt but it would cure him. This the patient said he firmly believed, as he had unlimited faith in his physicians. When Davy, previous to administering the dose, placed the thermometer under his tongue to ascertain the temperature, the patient supposing, the remedy was being applied, no sooner had he felt the thermometer between his teeth, than he broke out in a burst of enthusiasm, declaring that he already felt its benign influence working all through his body. This was too good a hint to be lost, and Davy did nothing more but told his patient to return on the following day. The same ceremony was repeated, the same result followed, and at the end of two weeks the poor paralytic was discharged cured,—no treatment whatever having been employed, other than holding the thermometer in his mouth a short time every day.

Dr. Crawford, of Baltimore, had a patient who imagined he had a terrible liver complaint, Drugs having no effect on him, the doctor advised a journey. On returning he was quite well, but a few days afterwards, learning that a twin brother had actually died of a schirrhous liver, immediately staggered, fell down and cried out that he was dead, and just as he had always expected, had died of his old liver complaint. Dr. Crawford was sent for, and on entering the room took a good look at the hypochondriac and exclaimed, "Oh, yes! the gentleman is certainly dead, and it is more than probable his liver was the death of him. However, to ascertain the fact, I will hasten to cut him open before putrefaction sets in. Bring me a carving knife quick, for I imagine I can already smell the poor man's liver begin to stink. On taking the carving knife, he began to whet it as a butcher would to open a dead calf. He went up to him and began to unbutton his vest, when the patient was so roused by fear, that he sprang up with the agility of a cat, and ran out of the house and down the street shouting, "Murder! Murder! MURDER! He ran till nearly exhausted, and looking back, and seeing no doctors at his heels, as he expected, became calm, and for twenty years after, had experienced no more symptoms of liver trouble. This was clearly a case where fear acted beneficially through the will—in the presence of a *greater* evil, the patient resolves to throw off the *lesser* one, knowing that if he does he will escape the *greater* evil.

This embraces a large number of cases in which nervous symptoms—convulsions, spasms, etc., are at once controlled by the threat of unpleasant consequences. Fear, though in rare cases is a good remedial agent, is like dynamite, a dangerous thing to handle by other than those who know when and how to use it. Is a doctor, who is on a common level with a half-witted mother, who will make an idiot of her child, by shutting it up in a dark closet to frighten it into obedience, or who will pour coal oil into a stove to start a fire and burn up her house and whole family in consequence, fit to employ the use of fear, or even to light his own lamp with kerosene—if he has a diploma?

Esquirol, the celebrated French physician, who in 1817, by his lectures and writings, did much to change public sentiment in France, as to the proper treatment of lunatics, had observed that lunacy could often be traced back to excessive fright; hence he was induced to say, "We reject as dangerous the salts of copper, and nitrate of silver, how many miracles soever may be attributed to their use. We can say as much of fear, which is recommended by some rash persons. Who can calculate the effects of fear, and consequently who would dare to make use of it as a curative agent."

It is a well known fact that excessive mental excitement, or even a moderate exercise of expectant attention, will weaken muscular energy, or double, or even quadruple its power. When potassium was discovered by Dr. Davy, Dr. Pearson, expecting it was a very heavy metal, took a small piece on his fingers, and exclaimed, "Bless me, how *heavy* it is!"—whereas the reverse was true. Dr. Carpenter, in his "Human Physiology" (4th ed., page 821), says he "has seen a man remarkable for the poverty of his muscular development, who shrank from the least exertion in his ordinary state, lift a twenty-eight pound weight upon his little finger alone, and swing it around his head with the greatest facility." Now this was due—first, to a mental condition rendered acutely susceptible to impressions, and then to the action of the imagination, when the subject was assured that the weight was a mere trifle, and that he could lift it easily. "This idea of affecting the muscular senses of resistance, produced the same effect as actually lessening the weight would have done. Again, to the same individual, when in the same impossible state, a handkerchief placed on the table felt so heavy that he could not raise it, after repeated attempts to do so."

These accounts in the books about development of almost superhuman power in the muscles by mental excitement, we are the more ready to credit as we have experienced the same thing in more than a hundred instances. One must suffice. In crossing a deep river in Missouri just after sundown, on our way to Oregon in 1848, in the middle of the river the wagon wheels struck a sudden rise in the bed of the river, where the water had cut a deep channel. This stalled the team. The three yoke of cattle forward of the tongue cattle refused to pull, but swung around till they came alongside of the wagon. The tongue cattle became frightened, turned their yokes, and stood looking at us in the wagon. The water was nearly to the top of the wagon-bed, and the goods were all afloat, on top of which sat our wife and two little ones. We jumped into the water, chin deep, and unyoked the tongue cattle, set free the other three yoke by unhitching a log chain. The cattle all left, some going back to the shore from which we had come and some going to the other bank. Before we could remove the ox yoke from the tongue, it was necessary to straighten an inch iron rod three feet long, which the cattle in turning around had bent at nearly right angles. We laid the iron rod across our knee, and bent it back straight as easily as we could have bent a tallow candle. We tried to bend the rod afterward, when mental excitement had passed away, but could make no more impression on it than if it had been an iron rail for a railroad. We do not believe now that Sullivan or any man living, in his normal state, could have straightened that rod by laying it across his knee.

Expectant attention, or a long-continued concentration of the mind on one thing, will intensify nerves of sense till a person can hear, taste, see or smell anything that does not exist, as we could show in a thousand well authenticated cases in addition to those already given. You call the attention of a child to a chime of bells and tell him that the bells say, "Long live the king," and he will hear them say it. The oftener he listens under that impression, the more distinctly he hears "Long live the king." Tell another child the bells say "Never, forever," and after a few days of listening no power on earth could make him believe they didn't say it plainly every time he heard them ring. But why search the records back to the remotest antiquity to prove our position? Do we not read almost every day of people who see angels and hear enchanting music on their death-beds, and perhaps when in good health? Do they not, under the influence of intensified attention, see these things in their dreams, when in fact no such things exist? Do we not see men so absorbed in one pursuit that they see nothing outside of their limited field of vision, but the one idea that has engaged their attention? You call them, perhaps, monomaniacs—editors call them "cranks." They reach their exalted position by spending anxious days and sleepless nights struggling with what they believe some great problem, such as "*similia similibus curantur*," or,

"In Adam's fall  
We sin-ned all,"

or perhaps the great man grapples with "the exceeding sinfulness of men," or the awful crime of "Sabbath breaking," or some other equally important matter.

Perhaps his great soul becomes disturbed because Christ made wine, and Paul advised Timothy to take a little occasionally. He soon sees through the theological spec-

tacles, as Locke (Petroleum V. Nasby) saw, that "every drop of wine was a deadly poison;" hence, the only salvation for the world is a law prohibiting the use of the Savior's drink. Their great minds are devoted to these mighty problems till after a sufficient length of time of intense study they can see the philosophers' stone in their system as plainly as their equally sensible brother over the way can see snakes in his boots. After years of agony over some such great question as "Is it possible for a crippled Mongolian in the northwest corner of China to escape eternal torment, he never having heard of Christ?"—he is able to write a three-page pamphlet on the subject, and is dubbed a D. D. (see the Andover controversy). He has reached a satisfactory solution of this momentous problem, but has done it at the terrible expense of a softening of the brain, with an added expense of large sums required of his parishioners to send him abroad on a vacation. These are cases that require the attention of a skillful physician. They are cases of a *mind kill*, and a "mind cure" for such deplorable cases cannot be found among women doctors, who got their diplomas from the W. C. T. U. or the "Salvation Army."

Do not understand us that we condemn a concentration of thought on any one subject. No man can become eminent in his profession without it. A great man can not, or will not carry this so far as to make a monomaniac of himself. Demosthenes did not, Archimedes did not, Galileo did not, Edmund Kean did not; neither did any great man whose name studs the galaxy of earth's illustrious ones, which shines forever in the heavens. An *intensity of thought* on any one subject is necessary to make a man eminent in his profession, but carried a little beyond the bounds of philosophic contemplation, it may make a man see and hear strange sights and sounds.

Since writing the above, while taking a walk on the street, we met Brother D., an old friend, and a man of much intellectual power; a good-hearted, genial fellow, who appreciates a joke and is always ready to laugh at it. He is said to be the only divine in America who can throttle and hamstring Bob Ingersoll. He has triumphantly done this before the Y. M. C. Association of Portland—an association made up of profound scholars and able thinkers. Brother D. is, perhaps, the ablest man in the M. E. Church in North America, if not in the world. He has long concentrated his mind, we think, *on one thing*—METHODISM. He has become an expert in this, to him, grand science. The poet said:

"Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind  
Sees God in every cloud and hears him in the wind."

Brother D., with his intensely "tutored" theological mind, sees *Methodism* in every cloud and hears it in every sound. On meeting him on the sidewalk, he said, "Well, what are you doing now?" We replied, "Writing a book on medicine." His eyes fairly sparkled when he said, "METHODISM! well, I thought you would get around all right before long." This affection of the auditory nerves was a natural result of a long-continued and intense attention to *one thing*, and if Brother D. keeps "growing in grace" a while longer, he will hear the town clock when it strikes nine say, as plainly as an angel in the belfry could shout it out: 1 (M) 2 (e) 3 (t) 4 (h) 5 (o) 6 (d) 7 (i) 8 (s) 9 (m).

This ends our chapter on "mind cure" and mind *kill*.



## Chapter XII.

### HYDROPATHY.

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**H**YDROPATHY (water-cure; Greek, *hudoor*, water, *pathos*, an affection or disease) has been practiced more or less from the remotest antiquity. It was successfully employed in the days of Noah to cleanse the world. It was effectually used to cool off the ardor of Pharaoh's army when pursuing the Jews. It was the only means used by Dr. Elisha in curing inveterate leprosy. It was found to be a sure cure for all sorts of disorders by such as visited the pool of Bethesda, and were able to get into the water just after it was stirred by a messenger. It was recommended in curing inflammatory disorders by such early writers as Hippocrates, Galen and Avicenna. In the eighteenth century Sir John Floyer and Dr. Baynard, in England, and Drs. Hoffman and Hahn, in Germany, employed bathing almost exclusively in treating nearly every form of chronic disease. In 1797 Dr. James Currie, a Scotch physician, graduate of Glasgow, published a book on this subject—"Medical Reports on the Effects of Water, Cold and Warm, as a Remedy in Febrile Diseases." His views obtained little favor with regular physicians, who had more faith in mercury and the lancet than in such simple treatment which everybody could use. It had, however, advocates among a scattered few, who had experienced and witnessed the benefits accruing from the use of water in fevers, burns, etc., up to the time of Preissnitz, an Austrian peasant, who was the originator of what is now known as the "water-cure," first taught and practiced at Grafenberg, Austria, in an institution founded there by Preissnitz in 1828. Preissnitz, a poor peasant boy, when thirteen years old badly sprained his wrist. Instead of running to a doctor, who would probably have made the matter worse, or at least would have done no good, the lad had sense enough to run to the pump, and prevented inflammation by a liberal use of cold water. He then bound up his wrist in an *umschlag* or wet rag, and kept it wet until all inflammation and pain had subsided. After removing the bandage he noticed that a rash had broken out on the wrist. Soon after, he badly mashed his thumb, and again sensibly kept away from the doctors and applied his *umschlag*, noticing again the appearance of the rash at the end of the cure. The boy concluded that this rash indicated an impure condition of the blood. He went around applying his *umschlag* to the sprains, bruises and ulcers of all the boys and girls in the neighborhood, making remarkable cures and producing the rash in almost every instance. This confirmed his views on blood disorder, and without the fear of "regular physicians" before his eyes, he built up for himself a humoral pathology of all diseases, which embraces the doctrine that all morbid matters in the system, the cause of all disease, must be eliminated by what he called "crisis"—about what Thompson, the founder of the Thompsonian system of practice in New York called "the determining powers." The skin, one of the three great emunctory organs of the body, unable to perform its functions, must be roused to action.

Preissnitz, after getting rid of the poisons in the system by the use of water applied to the skin by means of wet bandages, conceived the idea that the accumulation of morbid matter in the system could be prevented by a proper diet. Hence, he thought that a diet consisting mostly of vegetables was just the thing. When Preissnitz was nineteen years old he was run over by a cart; several ribs were broken, and he was otherwise terribly bruised. The doctors said his case was hopeless and he must die. On hearing this, he tore off the surgeon's bandages and put on his *umschlag*, and got well, after fixing up his broken ribs by inflating his lungs while pressing his abdomen against a window sill. This adventure confirmed all his previous notions, and inaugurated the practice of the water-cure system. He went on experimenting with water, cold and



warm, rapidly discovering in the changed temperature of his wet bandages the means of producing in the body cold or heat, just as he might desire. He then introduced in his practice the sponge bath, the wet sheet pack, the sitz, foot, arm and other partial baths, the douche, the stream bath, the dripping sheet, the plunge, the tepid shallow bath, dry blanket packing, etc. On opening his water cure establishment in Grafenberg in 1829, he added to his water cure a most rigorous system of hygiene—embracing a plain and peculiar diet, much walking in the open air, and a disuse of flannel underwear and soft beds. Those who were tough enough to stand his rigorous treatment, said they were cured of chronic complaints of long standing; while so many delicate people succumbed under it that others, who believed in water-cure in the main, set to work to modify the Grafenberg system so as to adapt it to such as were not very hard to kill. We well remember the great excitement created by the Grafenberg reports, and how thousands flocked to it from all parts of Europe and the United States. The Grafenberg advertisements were ably backed up by Sir George Lytton Bulwer's publication, "Confessions of a Water Patient," who had tried water cure and got cured, besides hundreds of others who gladly announced to the world that, "Whereas, I was blind now I see," or, "I was a cripple, and now I can leap over a wall."

Preissnitz thought that by stimulating the skin, opening the pores and rousing the peripheries of nerves to a healthy action, morbid matter could be carried off through natural channels—the pores of the skin. Of course the boy did not state it just this way, but this was his idea. It is objected to water cure by doctors even at this day, that "Its advocates give us no comprehensive and philosophical exposition of its principles and their application." This objection is enough to disgust the average hod-carrier with any use of water, and send him to the "regular physicians." The thinking man may stop and ask himself, "Did Hippocrates, Galen, Paracelsus, Avicenna, Hahnemann, or any other advocate of a one-idea system, ever give us any comprehensive and philosophical exposition of the principles of *his* system and their application"? Hasn't the "philosophical exposition" of one been ridiculed, overthrown and spit upon by another who came to the front with something new?

If a man is sick, he wants to be cured—is anxious to be cured by anything that will reach the case. If he is burning up with an internal fever, does he want cold water, or "philosophical exposition,"? He begs for cold water, but his physician tells him our system of practice does n't allow it, and I can bring an armful of books to show that our system is based on "philosophical expositions." The poor fellow reluctantly swallows the warm water the doctor ordered, but gets no relief. An old woman comes in who has common sense, and tells him to pour down all the cold water he craves; the colder the better. She hands him a large pitcher of water, with a cake of ice in it. He wants the water, is dying for it, but hesitates to disobey the orders of our "eminent physician." He asks her, is your cold water system based upon a "philosophical exposition"? She says, no, not that I know of, but I do know that it is based on "*common sense*." He concludes the idea is sensible, and soon drinks the whole pitcher full of ice water. In three hours his fever is gone, he breaks out all over with perspiration, and the man is out of danger. If he had followed his doctor's direction, and died, it would have been a clear case of manslaughter by a *brainless quack*; yet the papers would probably have said, "He had the best of medical treatment, and all was done that could have been done to save life." The parson, at the funeral, as ignorant as the doctor and editor, finds an indictment against the *Lord* for this manslaughter, by telling the weeping mourners—"The *Lord* gave and the *Lord* hath taken away, blessed be the name of the *Lord*."

This is not an overdrawn picture, as every observing man knows. Multitudes of such cases have come under our observation, already, though we are as yet, not quite three-score-and-ten. But the man was killed by "philosophical exposition," that is, was killed scientifically. The eminent physician prolonged his agony for six weeks, perhaps, when it would have been better to put him out of his sufferings in a few hours.

In Germany, the Grafenberg system found a number of advocates among the doctors—Francke, Weiss, Munden, and several others.

Francke became an enthusiast on the subject, and wrote a treatise, giving such a glowing account of the marvelous efficacy of water-cure, that it did much to spread the practice in Germany. About 1840, public attention was first called to it in England, by a book published by Capt. Claridge, who had been a patient of Priessnitz, and who entitled his book "Hydropathy, or the Cold Water Cure." March 17, 1842, a hydropathic society was formed in London for the purpose of gathering information about Priessnitz, and ascertaining whether his reported cures were real. Drs. Wilson, Johnson and Gully were the first to embrace the water-cure system. They lectured before the London Society, and all started water-cure institutions of their own. In a short time many institutions of this kind sprung up all over Europe, and multitudes of blind, halt, maimed, withered, etc., were wrapped in "umschlags," rolled in "wet packs," stood under "shower baths," or placed in sitz baths, for piles, or some other disease which "eminent physicians" had as signally failed to cure, as did those who attended the woman who "had an issue of blood for twelve years." About the first time the water-cure tidal wave reached the shores of the United States was in 1843, when a letter was published, written by one H. C. Wright, who had gone over to Grafenberg, to take a course of water treatment under Priessnitz. The glowing account Wright gave of the cures made there, created great excitement here, as many still remember. J. H. Gray, of Boston, and A. J. Colvin, of Albany, N. Y., also soon followed with similar endorsements of and earnest appeals in behalf of hydropathy. The three first doctors in the United States to throw their saddle-bags of drugs into the ditch and take to water, were Germans—Schiefferdecker, Wesselhoeft, and Shew. The first water-cure establishment opened over here was started by David Campbell, in 1844, at No. 64 Barclay Street, New York city. Campbell was afterwards the originator of the "*Water Cure Journal*." In May, 1845, Dr. Shew, who was the physician in Campbell's establishment in New York city, started an establishment on his own hook, at Lebanon Springs, N. Y. But the establishment which got the biggest run was that started the same year at Brattleborough, Vt., under Dr. Wesselhoeft, who advertised that he had explored the country from Maine to Florida, and had found the purest water at Brattleborough. About 1848, this place had a high reputation, and hundreds went there to get cured, many of whom were never cured. The same year we, with about three hundred others, came overland to Oregon, believing there was purer water here than in Vermont. We have been drinking it, and bathing in it now for about forty years, and while those who went to Vermont, are, so far as we know, about all under the sod, we are getting younger every day, and hope to enjoy Oregon water for forty or fifty years more, and a thousand if we can. There are probably over three hundred water-cure establishments now in different parts of the world. During all the time the hydropaths were for many long years using water for diseases, they were so often disappointed in their expectations, and saw so many of their patients nailed up in coffins, they were induced to believe that something was still lacking in their hydro-dynamic machinery, to so lubricate the wheels of Von Helmont's *Archæus*, as to produce perpetual motion, and run the body forever. The rude system of hygiene, connected with the use of water, adopted by Priessnitz, didn't seem exactly adapted to Americans, especially delicate ladies. In addition to a great deal of exercise, in connection with a liberal use of water, Priessnitz is said to have put his patients on a "rigorous peculiar diet." Just what that was, we have never been able to learn; but from its good effects in Germany, and its failure in America, we are led to infer it consisted mostly of sour kraut and limberger cheese.

To *Americanize* hydropathy, seemed to be a necessity. Yankee dyspeptics would, of course, take kindly to any "peculiar diet," if it was something new, but they couldn't very well adapt themselves to as "rigorous" a regimen as a Teuton would naturally hanker after, sick or well. The great question among hydropaths over here was, who is to be the "coming man" to adapt the whole system of water-cure to "our soil and climate," as well as to our present and coming degenerate race? The right men in the right place soon introduced themselves to a waiting and anxious public. These men were Dr. Russell Thatcher Trall, and Rev. Sylvester Graham—both hailing from the Nutmeg State. Graham was born in Connecticut, 1794—Trall, in the same state in 1812. Graham inherited a frail, dyspeptic constitution from his father. When a mere child, his digestion was very poor, and he was so puny and spindling, that a neighbor is said to have said to the old gentleman one day—"I don't see what you ever expect to make of that boy?" Graham replied,

"Well, I shall put him at work awhile on a farm, and if he does n't develop into more of a man than he threatens to, I shall have to make a clergyman of him." Graham became a Presbyterian clergyman, and was so troubled with his stomach and other infirmities, that he became deeply interested in hygiene. He threw his whole soul into the study of physiology, anatomy, medicine, temperance and chastity. He sought for an effectual remedy for all bodily and moral diseases. He published a book on "Bread Making," introducing to notice the Graham bread, so much in use now by dyspeptics. He seemed to reach the conclusion that the only effectual way to close up all saloons and houses of prostitution, was to destroy all animal desires, by a purely vegetable diet, boiled in water, and eaten without salt or other seasoning. His great mind solved this problem which is now engaging the attention of mighty intellects. Graham saw that men could never be made healthy, temperate or virtuous, by law—the only way was to strike at the *root* of the evil—to *destroy all desires*. This can never be done till the food which is now exciting the animal propensities is placed beyond our reach. A "constitutional amendment," prohibiting the sale or use of anything but turnip greens and cold water, would soon close up every haunt of vice. If any one doubts it, he has only to confine himself and wife to turnip greens for twelve months, and see how they feel then. If turnip greens fail, let them fall back on the vegetable diet of Nebuchadnezzar,—really the father of the vegetarian system. It worked well with him; for during all the seven years he went on all fours and "ate grass like an ox," he was never known to visit a saloon or "look on a woman to lust after her." Why not have this "constitutional amendment," and hurry up the millenium?

Trall was also a sickly youth. He was intended by his father for the farm, but, owing to inability or indisposition to work, he studied medicine and became an M. D. of the regular school, practicing in Western New York. He soon concluded that the whole system was a humbug—that it killed far more than it cured. At least his own system was not strong enough to stand up under the action of his medicines. In 1840 he started out to explore new medical fields—to hunt for something better—and in his rounds of observation turned up in New York city. Here he went to work to see if it were not possible, out of some of the systems then in vogue, to patch up a new and better one. The smell of the "regular" practice was a stench in his nostrils, and he wanted none of that in a system designed to benefit the human race. He first dived into homœopathy. He carefully studied all its theories and systems of practice, tried their "attenuated doses" on himself, and after going so far as to try Hahnemann's advice to "smell of the medicine," he turned up his nose at homœopathy as a *harmless* humbug, if not like allopathy, a *dangerous* one. Another insuperable objection to homœopathy could be found in the fact that the field, like that of allopathy, was pretty well occupied by those in search of goose-feathers. Something new, something radically different from anything known, must be started to ensure any very good picking. At last he investigated hydropathy thoroughly. He liked the water part of it, thought that would take, but its necessary dietary adjunct—what was to be done about that? Preissnitz' sourkrout and limburger would n't do for this latitude. He had heard of Sylvester Graham's vegetable system, and soon found hundreds of Graham's disciples, who testified to the good effects of bran bread and boiled vegetables. Trall was shrewd; he knew how to take an advantage of human frailty so as to draw in such as were sick. Of course he was only acted on by pure benevolence!

The stories told us by Dr. Hoel, of Salem, who was an ardent admirer of Trall's system and went to New York to attend Trall's water-cure establishment, as well as the story of Dr. Stickney, who said he was one of Trall's lecturers in his "college," and many others we have talked with, must be taken with just the amount of salt you think ought to be swallowed with their statements. Hoel came back with a long face, "no cure, but lots of humbuggery, and an empty purse." They represented Trall as a New York sharper, who feathered his own nest at the expense of such simpletons as they were. We mention this, in order to caution our readers against believing the stories of these men. They all seemed to be honest and truthful men, and we believed anything they said till we heard them call the doctor a "sharper, intent only on plucking feathers out of his dupes." What strikes us is, that these men who had read his "water-cure journal" and believed in him at a distance, should change their minds on coming in immediate contact with him. But then, "distance lends enchantment to the view." The further we are



from a gold mine the richer it is. The further you are from a President of the United States or other "great men," the taller they seem. The nearer you approach them the more their heads settle below the clouds. When you reach them, and talk with them, you are reminded that you have seen many just such insects in your own town. You think you have "big men" on this little mud-ball we call "Planet Earth"—only twenty-five thousand miles in circumference, while the inhabitants of Jupiter—four hundred and ninety thousand miles in circumference—would probably regard the President of the United States or the Pope, if they happened to get hold of them, as new additions to a collection of bugs; and some lady professor, in what Sam Jones calls the "science of bugology," would exhibit under a glass jar your "President" and Pope as the latest discovered specimens of "two-legged tumblebugs." We look down on *our* tumblebug, who rolls his ball before him, and get down on our knees to a president, who rolls before him his little globe of political excrement.

This is n't healthy, and we are compelled to introduce a few truths now and then, which to many may appear to belong to something outside of a "history of medicine"; but the thinking man or woman will conclude that our history could n't have been very well complete without it. Our object is to benefit by improving the health of such as are all the time being humbugged. We know that the vast crowd that is daily going to the cemetery love to be humbugged, and they die happy under the appliances of quackery, while they would have felt miserable under the common sense treatment of some old woman, who would have restored them to perfect health with her roots and herbs. One loves allopathy, one hankers after homeopathy, one leans to hydropathy, one runs after patent medicine, one takes kindly to a "Christian metaphysical mind-cure" woman doctor, one wants a "faith-cure," one believes in a "prayer-cure," one wants Madame du Flott or some traveling doctor just from California, who plasters the sidewalk with circulars, telling us he cures every disorder flesh is heir to—never failed; one squints his eye at the picture of some crank with a ghost at his back dictating a "revealed remedy," and runs to the drug store for a bottle of it; while few, very few, send for some common sense old woman. All are marching to the tomb and are all delighting the undertaker, who has coffins to sell at perhaps from one to two hundred per cent. over first cost. All have to die, of course, sooner or later, and there are more dying now sooner than later; but they are dying just as they want to. If Christ were here and cured ninety-nine out of a hundred, and the regular physicians lost ninety-nine out of a hundred, for losing that one he would be howled at as a quack, and the parson would hardly dare preach the funeral sermon of the poor fellow the doctors said was killed by a quack, who had no diploma.

Trall, after investigating enough to think he could get up a satisfactory system of his own, announced to the world that *similia similibus curantur*, and *contraria contrariis curantur*, as central ideas for a school of medicine, were both humbugs—thus knocking the bottom out of Galen's and Hahnemann's medical tubs. He enunciated as his grand central idea: "The use of drugs for medicinal purposes is injurious under all circumstances, and contrary to the laws of nature; and that water, air, temperature, light, exercise, sleep, rest, food, and passional influences were the only true remedies for disease." His great mind selected out of the different systems enough materials from which to fabricate something new. He took from the mind-cure, which we have already pretty fully developed, *passional influence*. He took from Preissnitz his "water, air, temperature, light, exercise, rest, sleep," and when he came to "food" or diet, he shrewdly passed around the sourkrout and limburger cheese of Preissnitz, and substituted Graham's bran bread and vegetable diet as better suited to the American mind—or, rather, want of mind.

There is not a doubt but water as a remedial agent, judiciously used, works well in many cases, and ought to be oftener used in curing diseases than it is by the average doctor. The system of dietetics adopted by Graham and endorsed by many water-cure advocates, no doubt may be well suited for a time to such "stomachs" as that of Graham; but to recommend the use of such diet to a hard-working German, Irishman, native American, Esquimaux, or even to Lucy Stone, Susan B. Anthony, or any other strong and vigorous man, would be about as silly as to limit women to the choice of three or four colors in dress, or styles in hats.

Men (and women, too) are too apt to think that what has helped them is good for everybody else. It seems to be hard to avoid monomania when the mind is devoted exclusively to one idea.



Preissnitz's idea that flannel underclothing should be ignored, was a square slap in the face of natural law and common sense; yet we have no doubt thousands of silly women threw off their flannel and went shivering around in a cotton chemise till they took a death cold, just because an ignorant peasant boy told them it was healthy, and just as fathers and mothers (who ought never to have been allowed to have a child) thrash their children for every trivial offense, because an arch-polygamist told them if they spared the rod they would spoil the child, and then let their little fellows go half clad in cold and wet, under the old Presbyterian idea that it "toughened them." Trall discovered and enunciated what he thought was a great truth, or at least, he pretended he thought it. Well, what was that? *The use of drugs for medicinal purposes is injurious under all circumstances, and contrary to the law of nature.* If he had said the use of drugs as he used them when he was a "regular," he would have come very near the truth. What are drugs? The only correct answer is: *All substances that are employed as medicines.* We find this definition in high medical authority, and it is correct. Water is a drug; it is an ingredient of many of our most useful preparations. Is water "injurious under all circumstances"? Is one drop of water "injurious," and does it contain as much deadly poison as David R. Locke (Petroleum V. Nasby) discovered in a "single drop of wine," such as Christ made and Timothy had to drink "for his stomach's sake"? If Petroleum V. Nasby, after wrestling over Bascom's saloon at the "corners" in Kentucky for years, developed eyes on the back side of his head that looked back eighteen hundred years and saw Christ manufacturing "deadly poisons," is it any wonder that a prohibition crank in Maine sees a "deadly poison" in every drop of apple-juice, and sends a man to jail for giving his neighbor a drink of sweet cider?

It was only a few years ago that the world went crazy over "blue glass." Those who had blue glass windows, experienced relief from all manner of aches and pains. There was a great rush for blue glass, and glass factories had to put on a night force to supply the demand for it. Old women wanted it in their windows, nervous old maids wanted it, and dudes thought they felt more manly when looking through blue goggles. Now where did this idea come from? It was not originated by Hippocrates, by Galen, by Hahnemann, Preissnitz, Graham or Dr. Trall. We do not find it mentioned in any of their books. The blue glass Yankee who made a fortune out of it, got his ideas from Baron Karl Von Reichenbach, the discoverer of "od" with a dual polarity. The left side of men was charged with negative "od," while blue colors were highly positive. Now if positive "od" could be conveyed through blue light to the heart on the negative left side, the heart must run on indefinitely, if "indeed" it does n't keep on working forever. All blue was healthy, and this accounted for the fact that our blue-stocking Presbyterian ancestors were all "as tough as boiled owls." Blue glass had a short run, as every medical humbug ought to, but it served its purpose in supplying a good deal of down to blue glass advocates who thought "*the public is a goose, and he is a fool who will not pluck her.*"

Trall sent his *Water-Cure Journal* all over the country. Multitudes took it and stopped using any "drug" but water. In 1855, we think Trall's *Journal* had a circulation of about three hundred in Oregon. Preissnitz's *Umschlags*, wet sheets, cold and warm douches, were in great demand as cure-alls. Men and women retired for hours every day to cold water sitz baths, to cure piles, womb troubles, and bladder complaints, after dining on turnip greens and Graham bread. Some thought they were helped at first, but few got well. We had the pleasure of curing many of these afterwards by a little common sense treatment, in which we did n't exactly see our way clear, without using a few efficacious drugs. The dog when sick, like Nebuchadnezzar eats grass, the cat runs to catnip, the horse or cow selects some weeds adapted to their diseases, the hog runs his nose into the ground and roots up some radical remedy. Few of them ever die with disease while out on the common. They there find by instinct God's remedies for their troubles and get well. The two-legged animal, called man, has no instinct to guide him; he generally has very little common sense to take the place of it; and depends on a doctor who overdoses him with the wrong medicines, or forbids the use of any medicine whatever. The four-legged animal lives and gets fat, the two-legged one falls off in flesh and dies,—because instinct in a brute, is better than a lack of com-

mon sense in man. A man who has common sense will never trust his life in the hands of any doctor who is found to belong to any one school of medicine.

Monomaniacs are useful, however;—they send scrubs to the cemetery, to give place to what we hope is an improved “coming race.”

## Chapter XIII

### "REVEALED REMEDIES."

IN the chapter preceding this we have given a pretty full, correct and impartial history of the various "remedies" for human ills—correct, if history is correct. Solomon is said to have written, "There is no new thing under the sun." This might have been true in his time, but if Solomon had lived till now he would never have penned that expression. What would he have thought of the telegraph, of ocean steamers, railroads, of Immaculate conception, Papal infallibility, of water-cure, mind-cure, patent medicines, horn gunflints, wooden nutmegs and "revealed remedies" made of roots? The world has been physicked, blistered, bled, washed off and prayed over to seemingly little purpose for many thousand years, and now wants something new. To be sure they have been seeking "revealed remedies" since the day of Adam. But these remedies consisted generally of friendly advice from ghosts or directions from the gods. There was generally as great a lack of drugs in the prescriptions as we find in our modern faith-cure, mind-cure or hydropathy. Saul, when sorely pressed by the Philistine army, wanted a "revealed remedy" for his troubles, and obtained an interview with the "spirit of Samuel" through the mediumship of a lady at Endor. The ancients depended more on the gods than they did on the doctors, and between the two they had a hard struggle to live at all. For six hundred years they threw off on the doctors almost entirely in Rome, and used "revealed remedies" to banish disease, such as driving a nail in the wall, or looking at an imported snake through the cracks of a box. This worked well in that day, and seemed to be a relief to such as dreaded the salivation which so often followed the treatment of the doctors, who belonged to the school of Paracelsus. The old system of "revealed-remedy" practice is n't quite suited to our day. It does n't cost the patient enough money—no charges for drugs, and no opening to a fortune for an enterprising "company," which chooses to rig up a kettle and boil down two or three "revealed" vegetables warranted to cure heart disease, kidney troubles, and every other form of human ailment, even delirium tremens—besides being a sovereign balm for hog cholera, bloody murrain, blind staggers, epizoot and glanders in horses.

While animals running at large are able to select their own remedies and get well, the horse kept in a stable takes the blind staggers, or epizoot, and needs a "revealed remedy," which of course, must have cured the discoverer of the same disease. While the horse, being an herbivorous animal, selects his remedies from the vegetable kingdom, man, being an omnivorous animal, takes in a wider field of investigation; but in every age his eye has been turned a good deal toward the clouds, calling on Jupiter to come down and lift his wheels out of the mire. He is getting the habit of depending more on Jupiter than on himself. Natural law is too slow a coach for him—he prefers to ride on some supernatural structure. He finds ticket-sellers on every corner, as boisterous and positive as hotel runners; and the poor fellow, after being jerked around till the hind-side of his pants have been oftener before than behind, buys a ticket and meekly crawls into the supernatural conveyance. The sharper, witnessing the facility with which so many are easily gulled, resolves to make a fortune by getting up a balloon of his own with some female ghost for a captain, bound for Immortality, and able to carry more sick men and other animals than could have been crowded into Noah's ark.

The latest invention in this line was lately dug up, as to its ingredients, in or near a logging camp on Puget Sound, W. T., U. S. of America, Planet Earth. It is advertised and sold as "Moore's Revealed Remedy." It is put on the market by the "Moore Manufacturing Company," of which Moore is "president." The "company" is probably composed of men wh

were financially able to take enough "paid-up stock" to buy a brass kettle large enough to begin operations, by hoiling the roots as fast as Moore could dig them up with a grub-hoe, and to pay for printing the circulars. It is named after Moore, because he gave birth to it, in conjunction with a female ghost, who overshadowed and impregnated him. The circulars scattered over our sidewalks by the "Revealed Remedy Company," one of which lies before us, informs you that Moore lived in a logging camp on the Sound. He and two other loggers amused themselves while in camp with experiments on Spiritualism. They soon got the table to tipping and "revealing" one thing and another, just as we have done a hundred times. The more they practiced on the table the more they and the table grew in the grace of spirit-rapping, and the more they got acquainted with spirits. Moore was not feeling well; in fact, he tells us he had suffered a good deal for some time from "terrible cramps and pains in the abdomen," which finally ran into a terrible cough. His trouble originated, he says, in 1864, at Port Ludlow, W. T., as follows: "In attempting to roll a large saw-log into the water, I slipped, and the log rolling back, I was crushed to the earth." The devout Spiritualist, that is, the one who (like a good many members of other churches) is a little weak in the upper story, and carries around in his hat a large bump of gullibility and a good many pinfeathers under his shirt, does n't need to read any Moore, but rushes off to buy a bottle of revelation. The cool-headed Spiritualist is naturally a doubting Thomas, and has learned by experience that spirits ought to be about as closely cross-examined when they come back to tell a fine story as they were here, when under oath in court and swore to a lie without any more compunction of conscience than would have been experienced by a Hood River Mormon. This kind of a Spiritualist, which we have mostly in "Portland and vicinity," which, of course, includes East Portland, Albina, Sellwood and Mt. Tabor, and all the country adjoining, wants to "investigate" a little. Let us take time to follow this gentleman on his round of "investigation." We may learn something that might happen to be of advantage to us in investigating the claims of other infallible cure-all nostrums. We shall learn something, if we have common sense, or even good average "horse sense." Of course this does n't include the "*spiritual* sense" of the sick glander-struck horse, who refuses bran mash in the stable and whinnies for a "revealed remedy." Neither does it include the intellectual exaltation of our average monomaniac on any given subject, or moon-struck dude in the Salvation Army. Let us follow this investigating Spiritualist, starting out as a detective, and see whether his investigations lead to the conclusion that the "revealed remedy" is all that is claimed for it, or that both the remedy and its pretended discoverers are arrant humbugs.

He first walks up to the show-window of a drug store where the "revealed remedy" is kept. He sees through the window a picture of a demure but healthy looking logger, sitting at a table, who seems to be writing something on a slate. Behind him stands a nice-looking young woman, rather pale and ghostly, with long, waving ringlets of silvery hair, reaching like a bridal veil nearly to her knees, and whose fingers and even the hairs of her head are flashing with divine odic influence. She seems to be making "revelations" to the logger. She is the "daughter of a Cincinnati physician"—probably a root doctor. She is nicely dressed, as all pictured ghosts are, but from her position he cannot exactly tell whether her bustle is of the latest style or whether she still wears the "Cincinnati Inquirer" she wore in Ohio before she died. The "investigating Spiritualist" concludes that the harness they have put on the "materialized spirit" is a happy conception to begin with. Her "revealed remedies" would have been just as efficacious if she had worn any other clothes, but then who would have bought the medicine if the "spirit" stood behind the logger rigged up in patched overalls, brogan shoes and a cow-boy's hat? Just imagine a pretty fancy girl sitting at her window and soliciting "business" in that kind of toggerly! They understood business better than that in the days of Solomon. "The young man void of understanding" was out on the street hunting for something—probably medicine. A lady of pleasing address, fashionably arrayed, and highly perfumed, met him, "caught him and kissed him" and urged him to see her home, saying, "I have decked my bed with coverings of tapestry, with carved works, with fine linen of Egypt; I have perfumed my bed with myrrh, aloes and cinnamon." The dude "goeth after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks," or as an average fool now goes after a "cure-all" before investigating a



little. But our investigating Spiritualist, not belonging to the class which Solomon calls "fools," concludes to examine into this thing a little further. He thinks perhaps as it is a *spirit* medicine,

may be the same medicine he has seen so often advertised in all railroad guides, where was printed all around the margin of every page, "Drink Moore Whisky"—"Drink Moore Whisky." He walks into the drug store and asks to see a bottle of "Moore's Revealed Remedy." He has read in the papers the advertisement that it is kept in saloons as a fine thing to sober a man up, and having heard that when a man was coming out of a debauch small doses of Moore whisky were indispensable, he, too, hastily concludes this must be the old remedy under a new name. He has also seen advertisements in the "Rural Spirit and Willamette Farmer" of May 3, 1888, as follows :

"Moore's Revealed Remedy gives perfect health and aids mortals to fully enjoy all the pleasures of a long life to the utmost.

"Moore's Revealed Remedy cleanses, mildly regulates and strengthens all organs of the system. It is woman's best friend.

"Moore's Revealed Remedy positively cures epizootic, colic and blood-poisoning in horses, and acts as a mild regulator. Half a bottle one dose."

These announcements have startled him, but now that he is in for it he resolves to pursue his investigations. With trembling hand, he seizes hold of a bottle he asks the druggist to show him, and reads on the printed wrapper the following: "MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY—sure cure for chronic diarrhoea, asthma, dyspepsia, constipation, chills and fever, inflammatory rheumatism. A sure preventive for sea-sickness. Cures dyspepsia, liver complaint, fever and ague, kidney and bladder difficulties, all bowel disorders, such as constipation, diarrhoea and piles. All bronchial troubles, such as coughs, colds, asthma, female complaints, consumption, in its early and oftentimes later stages, rheumatism, gout, nervous debility, neuralgia, *venereal diseases*, etc. Price, \$1.25."

On reading it, the "investigator" falls back exhausted, and says, "How strange! Can it be possible? Is it really a fact that Moore himself was cured of all these complaints by his revealed remedy? As the druggist kindly brings the fainting "investigator" to, with a "smelling-bottle," he sees a young dude walk in on the "wide track" and take a bottle, and says to himself, "It may possibly be good for gonorrhoea, and if these roots will cure venereal, who dare limit its power over man, or any other brute?" He thinks dandelion, skunk-cabbage and Oregon grape roots were never known to produce such wonderful effects before, but perhaps the mode of their preparation was never "revealed" before. Like a sensible man, he concludes to "investigate" still further. He is slightly put back by the classification the "manufacturing company," with Moore, the logger, as President, makes of diseases, especially when they call piles a "bowel disorder"; but this does not deter him from further investigation. He desires to know what this medicine is made of, as any man of sense would, and would like to know if it is made of dandelion, Oregon grape and skunk-cabbage, as he has heard. He also wants to know just what was the matter of Moore before he was cured by the medicine he offers for sale, who now seems to feel positive that after every family has a bottle (and the company is rich), they can sing around every family altar, in every church choir, as well as in spiritual seances :

"Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are feared and felt no Moore."

The druggist hands him the circular with which the "Revealed Remedy Manufacturing Company," plastered our side walks. On carefully perusing the circular he looks in vain for the names of the three roots—finds it is a *secret* remedy, does not even find a formula for making ninety gallons of it, as the Shaker Company kindly gives. The investigator scratches his head a moment and wonders why a good benevolent "spirit" should so long have withheld the knowledge of this cure—all from a suffering world, many of whom are poor widows, and others are either cripples or "flat broke," and not able to raise \$1.25 for even one bottle to start on—with a good prospect of having to spend \$12.50 for ten bottles more, before the family is restored to "perfect health." Then there is to be an additional expense for Moore's medicine to cure their only pony who is down with "Epizootic" before the children can ride to school on him? Would not any *benevolent* "spirit," or even a *decent*

ghost, have "revealed" this to some philanthropist, like Howard, who would have sown his information broadcast, instead of to an ignorant logger? Would a *good spirit*, while making "revelations" to Moore, have whispered in his ear—*Now you just keep this to yourself, and make a fortune? The public is a goose and you are a fool if you do not pluck her?* He begins to suspicion that Moore isn't the unsophisticated fellow he pretends to be, or else he has fallen into the hands of shrewd Yankees, just over from Connecticut, who have lately closed out their stock of horn gunflints and wooden nutmegs "at cost," as business in that line is dull in 1888. The investigator scratches his head again and asks, who is this Luther L. Moore—is his word good for anything? He looks at the circular and reads,—“We the undersigned, residents of Seattle, W. T., have been personally acquainted with Luther L. Moore, discoverer of Moore's "Revealed Remedy," for the past fifteen years, and take pleasure in testifying as to the gentleman's integrity, and good character in every respect," L. B. Andrews, Ex-Clerk District Court; E. P. Ferry, Ex-Governor and Ex-Surveyor General of Washington Territory; O. Jacobs, Ex-Chief Justice, Ex-Delegate, etc.,; George W. Harris, President First National Bank, Seattle; F. J. Burns, Seattle; A. P. Miller, Proprietor New England Hotel, Seattle; Amos Brown, Seattle.

The investigator carefully reads this over, and notices that while they certify to his "integrity and good character," up to the time probably when he began to be, as he says himself, "a tool" for spirits, and also notices that they do not certify that he is not now a first-class crank, or a "tool" for sharps. He notices that they certify Moore was the *discoverer* of his revealed remedy, not thinking perhaps that their statement would be published alongside of Moore's statement that he *did n't* discover it, but a *spirit* did. They probably had no idea of robbing a ghost of the credit of having made a discovery compared with which all other discoveries as yet made are as nothing. Our investigator does n't blame the signers for not more closely scrutinizing the statement before signing, but thinks they owe an apology to the spirit of the dead daughter of a Cincinnati root doctor, which they ought to communicate to her through some "medium." Here the investigator again scratches his head and wonders why the "Company" did n't give the name of the spirit that made the discovery, so that some medium over here could call her up, and ask her whether she really *did* reveal her discovery to Moore, as he claims, and if so, has she any objections to telling what these three roots were, so that some benevolent company, composed of humanitarian stockholders, can publish it to a sick and dying world, and let poor people cure themselves and their sick horses? Just here our investigator reflects a moment, and while gazing at a blow fly perched on one of the bottles, is struck with the idea that Jacobs, being a lawyer, and reputed to be honest before he went into politics, retains some of his old-fashioned honesty yet, and probably wrote the certificate himself, thinking if he attributed the discovery to Moore, people would be forewarned and nobody would buy it; whereas if he endorsed Moore's statement it would have a large sale among spirit-rappers and table-tippers, and if it did turn out to be a humbug, a good many poor people might be out and injured financially. But our investigating genius does n't stop here. He wonders what Moore's disease was, of which he was cured by revelation, how he got it, and how long he had it! He finds Moore states in the circular published by the "Moore Manufacturing Company," that "for eleven long years" he was *sick*. In the spring of 1864 he says—"In attempting to roll a large saw log into the water, I slipped, and the log rolling back, I was crushed to the earth. Well, what injury did he receive from that mishap? "Dr. O'Brien, known as a skilled practitioner, pronounced my case hopeless, said I had strained the ligaments of the heart and could never get well." Did you try any other doctor? "Not being satisfied with this eminent man's testimony, I sought other medical advice, but one and all told me there was no possibility of my ever regaining my health." Well, what did your doctoring cost you? "My search for health took me to every city of importance on this coast, and put me to an expense of upwards of \$5,000." (He must have been one of the crowd, that blocked the sidewalks in Portland, offering \$100 for the privilege of one minute's interview with Madam Du Flott—what other "eminent physician" would have sized a poor logger's pile and raked it all in?).

Moore says he was crushed by a log which he was trying to roll down into the water. Our investigator takes another look at a bottle of "revealed remedy," and wonders how a log could roll *up* over a man when he was trying to roll it *down* into the water? He concludes that Moore was on

the wrong side of the log; and if Moore was on the wrong side of the log, was n't Dr. O'Brien, who said the case was "hopeless," proven to have been on the wrong side of the log, in his diagnosis, pathology and prognosis, as Moore says he *did* get well when he abandoned the doctors and took to roots? Now if Moore and the doctors were all on the wrong side of the log, is n't it probable that the "*spirit*" was on the wrong side of the log too, when it pointed out the vegetables that would cure Moore of "strained ligaments;" cure others of gonorrhœa, womb troubles and "epozoot"—cure everything in fact, excepting the "mother marks" such as are on natural born fools, with a fair prospect that a few bottles will somewhat lessen the size of their purses as well as their bumps of gullibility, if it does n't *cure* them of their gnawing appetite for stump water or some equally wonderful "revealed remedy"—a disease that is happily ridding the world of Moore worthless scrubs than cholera, smallpox, gonorrhœa and whiskey combined. Just here our spiritual investigator leans back, takes another look at the blow fly on the bottle and sees Moore blow flies come buzzing around as though they smelt some dead thing not far off. He reflects—it was a *spirit* that discovered this; so Moore says, though Jacobs *et al.* say "*Moore* discovered it." Now who lies—no, who was mistaken? Moore may be *deceived*, but he cannot be a *deceiver*, for Jacobs and six others have certified that. "We have been personally acquainted with Luther L. Moore, *discoverer of Moore's* "Revealed Remedy" and take pleasure in testifying as to the gentleman's integrity, &c. The query flits through the brain of our "investigator" whether the "pleasure" they experienced in "testifying," was caused by a prospective dividend on paid up or watered stock, in this "revealed remedy" company which is boiling down or filtering revealed vegetables for epizoot, venereal, etc.? No, Moore must be right—he got it from the original discoverer, a spirit, a good spirit as Moore must have thought, or she would not have come back from hell, hades, or sheol to tell him the name of three vegetables which had been wasting the fragrance of their flowers on the desert air and hiding the world's salvation in their roots under the sod for millions of years—roots which would not only drive all diseases out of the world, but enable Moore to get back the \$5,000 out of which he had been probably swindled, with a good prospect of making five or ten thousand Moore if he kept this thing secret, as to the name of the roots, and got the right men to start a "manufactory," and advertise it. Our investigator takes another look at the blow flies which seem to be increasing, and says, "I have no doubt but what Moore got his discovery from a spirit, for he says he did, and I know spiritualism is true; but then there are a great many deceivers among Spiritualists, just as there are frauds and dishonest men in all other churches; besides there are a great many spirits that keep up their old habits of lying, trickery and deception after they "pass over." I think it well enough to "*try* the spirits" as St. John advised. (Just here another dude walked in for a bottle of the "revealed remedy," when a whole swarm of blow flies light on him, and one or two roost on the nose of our investigator.) Well, was this one of the spirits that was cast out of Mary Magdalene, or was it some other spirit? It could hardly have been a Magdalene spirit, for they belonged to a class that walked through "dry places seeking rest and finding none." Such a spirit would n't be apt to leave the sandy desert and go to a damp country like Puget Sound, and seek "rest" in the bosom of a logger. If it had been the spirit of the dead daughter of a Cincinnati doctor, as she told Moore she was, she would, if she had any gratitude at all, have revealed her "discovery" to some intimate friend over in Ohio, and let him make the ten thousand that was hid up in the "discovery." Then what spirit was it? It could n't have been the ghost of Samuel, for no one was ever able to call him up but the old mediumistic hag of Endor, besides Samuel was so disgusted at being disturbed of his rest that he said he would n't have any Moore of that nonsense.

It must have been some spirit that was n't afraid of water and knew a great deal about roots. Ah! says the investigator, as he crushes another blow fly he just snatched from his nose, I think I have it now—"And the unclean spirits went out and entered into the swine, and the herd ran violently down a steep place into the sea (they were about two thousand) and were choked in the sea." Mark 5, 13. Here were "spirits" that were not afraid of a damp climate for they forced their possessors down into the water. They pushed the swine *down* about as "steep" a bank as Moore tried to roll his log *up*. Of course a spirit, when he is safely stowed away in the bowels of a hog, became inspired with a desire to root, and if he ever enters the body of a "medium," he will



send the medium after roots, and tell him to be hog enough to keep the roots all to himself, and if any other poor,starving,sick things want a bite to save life, do n't let them have it, do n't tell them where you got it, do n't tell them anything about it—say only, it is a “revealed remedy” and make them pay \$1.25 a bottle for what would n't cost them over a cent if they dug the roots themselves. Always remember that most human cattle are idiots—that *the public is a goose and he is a fool who does n't pluck her*—and be sure to pull out all the pin feathers, too. You will be surprised to see how good it makes the average goose feel to be plucked. Moore said he progressed in spirit rapping till he could draw pictures, and many other fine works of art, such as carpets, elaborate fresco patterns, etc. All this was done through his hand as a “tool” used by the spirit. All this time the controlling spirit had neglected Moore's disease which had now turned into a cough—the “strained ligaments of the heart” having probably become elongated like the roots of a cancer till they reached his wind-pipe and set up such a tickling as to cause an annoying cough. At last the spirit said one evening, “why do you not stop that cough? Do you not know that it is fast hurrying you to your grave?”

“I replied: ‘Have I not tried every means in my power for eleven years without experiencing any relief?’

“She then said: ‘You have the remedies at your very door to make you a healthy man if you will take the trouble to procure them.’

“A formula was then written through my hand comprising water and three vegetable ingredients, with explicit directions where to find and how to cure and compound the same, together with the manner of administration. \* \* \* The following day I went into the timber and, from directions received on the previous evening, was able to procure the three ingredients. \* \* \*

“I made enough to fill four quart bottles. I was obliged to wait four months before testing its curative properties, as my instructions said it took time to mature the remedy after compounding. \* \* \*

“I have been compelled to adhere strictly to the instructions given me, for whenever I have deviated in the least from the formula, I have made a failure and produced a compound that would ferment and become worthless in a very few days. The medicine I now manufacture seals itself very soon after maturing, and may be kept indefinitely without fear of evaporation or spoiling.”

Here our investigator falls back in his chair and says, “Wonderful! wonderful!! I now see why the spirit wisely withheld the names of these vegetables from the world; the medicine has to be kept ‘four months’ before it is used. Yes, now I see. If a man happened to take a dose in three months and twenty-nine days, it would do no good, but might kill him. If a man had cramp colic and his wife sent out and got the medicine fresh, how tempting it would be to try it then and there, when, if he did so, there was danger that he would tumble over as Uzza did when he touched the ark. If Moore had tried the “revealed remedy” before it had ‘four months’ time to mature,’ as the spirit ‘revealed,’ he would not have been cured if he had n't been killed, and with him would have been buried his inestimable discovery away off in a logging camp on Puget Sound. How wise, then, in the spirit, to lock the secret in Moore's breast and enjoin him to lock the bottles up just four months before selling any. What at first looked like selfishness begins to assume the garb of angelic benevolence.”

“The formula” for making the medicine contained no alcohol to preserve it, as the spirit told him “alcohol impairs the utility of medicines.” Our investigator began to conclude that a medicine which can be preserved indefinitely without alcohol must be a “revealed” preparation, for no druggist pretends to keep a tincture without, but thinks he will investigate a little further. So he walks over to our office with the “revealed remedy” circular in his hand and takes a seat. We notice his whiskers and “bang” are considerably fly-blown, but of course say nothing about it.

He says, “Doctor, I am in pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.” Well, what is the matter now? “I want to know if medicines can be preserved in water without alcohol?” Yes. “Do you ever preserve them without alcohol?” Yes. “How long will they keep?” Forever, so far as I



know. "Do you use this kind of medicines in your practice?" Sometimes. "Do n't you think they are better than alcoholic tinctures?" In a few cases, where there is fever, or inflammation, they are, but where there is no fever alcoholic tinctures are much better. "Here is a circular, which claims that a spirit revealed to one Moore, a logger over on the Sound, a formula which would keep tinctures made of water instead of alcohol from fermenting. I am inclined to think such a discovery *must* have been revealed, do n't you?" Yes, but not revealed by a spirit—I see the hair on your head is all matted over with fly-blows, where have you been? "I have been over investigating Moore's Revealed Remedy." Now take this fine tooth comb and "investigate" your *head* a little. Clean out those fly-blows before they hatch or Moore's "Spirit Control" will have her hands on *your* head revealing something to you, the first you know. "Well, if there's any money in it, I wish she would come along." She is [at your back now, and whispering in your ear. "How do you know?" I heard her voice coming out of your mouth. "What did she say?" She said but little, but would have said Moore if you had n't shut your mouth and cut off what was coming. She "revealed" the grand central idea of this new system of medical practice in just three words. "What were the words?" "MONEY IN IT." "What Moore did you think she wanted to say?" She wanted to say a good deal Moore. "How did you catch the idea of what she wanted to say?" When I noticed the fly-blows on your head I thought you was a "medium," and for fear you would get a dispatch from Sheol in my office I gave you the fine tooth comb to cut the wire with. You did n't use the comb as directed. Pretty quick you began to yawn then you "yawped" a little, then you wriggled in your chair, then one leg of my table evinced a disposition to lift itself and ease a corn on its big toe; then I noticed your eyes which were rolled up and seemed to be contemplating a blow fly on the ceiling, were considerably glazed, and the pupils were fearfully enlarged. Pretty soon I heard three raps on the last money I had—a five cent piece in my pocket, and I knew there was coming a "dispatch" from hades. I had become so familiar with spiritual telegraph machinery during my "investigations" in Boston, that I can almost tell just what spirit is coming when I hear her rap, and what she wants to "reveal." The old style was to rap on tables, but spiritualism, like everything else (except Hard Shell Baptist and Catholics), is "progressing." It has pretty much discarded tables and prefers to rap on a twenty dollar piece. If you have n't got any twenty dollar pieces handy it is so benevolent that it will kindly "size your pile" and rap on a nickel. But hurry, up and clean out those blow flies, before the spirit hatches them out, for I see she is feeling after them with her spiritual fingers now. "Do you think she could hatch them out?" Spirit power is wonderful and can not be limited. "What if they *should* hatch out, what harm could they do?" The maggots would crawl right through your skull and destroy a part of your brain. "You must think I am a crack brain." Nor not exactly that, but I discover from your temperament and the "history of the case" that your skull is remarkably soft and porous. "Well, if they should crawl in through those openings, or pores, as you call them, what part of the brain would they destroy?" The finest and noblest part in your head; the only part which really distinguishes man from a brute, the basis of all true religion. "Do you believe in religion, doctor?" No one holds true religion in higher esteem. It is the only key that unlocks to the world the door to human felicity, on which good health is more dependent than on any other one thing. "You must be crazy, for I believe religion has filled the world with more suffering, more bloodshed and more crimes than all other causes combined." That shows that you are as ignorant of what "*religion*" is as is the Pope of Rome or any average Doctor of Divinity at Andover. "You surprise me; why should n't the Pope and the Doctors of Divinity be able to tell us what religion is?" Because the same maggots which threaten to crawl into your brain and eat up the organs of *benevolence and conscientiousness* has crawled into theirs, and while you find only "worm dust" in the cells of those vacant organs you find the organ of acquisitiveness swelled to an abnormal size. "How do you know that the spirit you say was standing at my back was of that character?" Because I heard her say through you as a "medium"—MONEY IN IT. Do you think that a fat lazy fellow would stop mauling rails, and start out to "save souls" if there was n't more rest, more "yellow-legged" chickens and Moore "money in it," than in handling a maul and wedge or in sawing logs, as God intended he should do. "Of course not, but this only applies to the clergy, who are a dishonest set of theological confidence men."

There is where you make a big mistake. Is a missionary who goes to Central Africa and eats lizards and caterpillars all his life to save the soul of a negro wearing a breech clout, by teaching him the Westminster Confession of Faith, a dishonest man or even a selfish man? "No; I'd call him a crank or a natural born idiot." You are too rough in your language. I could n't excuse such language in my office if I did n't see you are going under "Spirit Control" Your charges are too sweeping, when you talk as though benevolent religious societies were merely selfish money-making institutions. Do you see that blind widow over there half-clad and shivering in a snow storm? "Yes, I see her; I wonder where she is going?" She is going to the "house of God"—that building over there with a tall spire that cost \$50,000 to which she contributed a "widow's mite." Look again: do you see her five little ragged barefoot children standing in the snow drift at the door and crying "mamma, come back; we are hungry and there is n't a crumb of bread in the house?" Now look again: do you see that well-dressed sanctimonious looking fellow with a stomach full of chicken pie passing by the door where the children stand shivering and crying? "Yes, that looks like Spurzeim." It *is* Spurzeim, the great soul saver. Do you notice he does n't hear the children cry, or even look at their bare feet? "I see he does n't; I wonder why?" Do you think Bob Ingersoll would pass by without seeing them? "No, not if the 'Rev. Henry M. Field, D. D.' describes him correctly in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, as a kind hearted man who can not bear to see even a worm suffer. I wonder what Spurzeim can be thinking about?" He is thinking about scars on feet and hands in some other world. Now keep your eye on that pious widow as she goes into the "house of God." Do you see how she shrinks to one side of the aisle as she passes that wealthy banker who has sent his agent after her twenty times for the last month's rent of the shanty she lives in? "Yes, I see; and I see the banker is drawing a check for \$50,000 to found a chair in some theological seminary."

Do you see that fat, sleek fellow in shining broadcloth meet her with a smile and tell her that "God tempers the winds to shorn lambs," and motions her to the deacon who kindly takes the nickel she made by knitting a pair of socks for one of the elders? "Yes, I see." Do you hear the parson say that "God loveth a cheerful giver, and whisper something into the poor woman's ear about the 'widow's mite?'" Is that blind woman dishonest or even selfish when she contributes her last nickel to send an Andover Doctor of Divinity to China to tell the Mongolians that all their ancestors are now roasting in eternal torment because they never heard of Christ, or the Westminster catechism? "No! I think she is a benevolent good woman who is anxious to save their souls." Very well. Now is a Chinese Missionary dishonest who is a 'Doctor of Divinity' in the school of Confucius, and is so anxious to save the souls of the Andover theologians, that he is willing to come over here and eat boiled rice with chop sticks and no salary; while he labors to bring the Andover clergy up to a higher plane? "It looks as though such missionaries are not very selfish, but I do n't see what all this theology has to do with "Moore's revealed remedy." I am merely giving you a tape line with which to measure every arrant humbug that is riding the world to destruction. Put that tape line in your vest pocket and measure every panacea for body or soul sickness you come across "revealed" or "discovered," and it will be worth money to you. "Do you think that your tape line will show that Moore's revealed remedy is a humbug?" What do you mean by that? "I mean is the medicine worthless?" By no means. He says it is composed of three vegetables. Now if it contained only two, catnip and skunk cabbage, it would be good for some things, and if it had only one, it might cure some diseases; but put your tape line to it and see whether only three vegetables known can cure, or even help all the diseases he claims it will. There are no newly discovered remedies but what are known to medical men. All the nostrums that are offered as patent medicines are composed of simple medicines you will find described in every dispensatory. Every physician who is worthy to be called a doctor, knows all about them. Of course it takes many years of study, before a doctor can know just what the five hundred different kinds he keeps on his shelves are good for, and it takes a good deal of practice to find out just what will suit the case he has in hand. He knows that people are just as different in their temperaments,

habits and idiosyncrasies as they are in their brains or in the shapes of their heads—no two of which have ever yet been exactly alike. He also knows that what is good for one may injure another. "Yes, I believe that is so." Well, now take out the tape line I gave you, and stretch it around the world. It is only 25,000 miles. Now drop 4,000 miles of it down to the center of the earth right through all the minerals that give Mineral Springs and the Michigan artesian wells all their wonderful curative power in many cases. Now stretch it away up through the clouds and after you have got beyond the earth's atmosphere, carry it on through ether, touching at the Moon, Jupiter and all the planets in the Solar System till you reach the grand heating center of the whole System, and tell me what you see. "I see more than I can describe. I see tens of thousands of plants on the earth's surface, a vast number of minerals deep under ground, and midway between the two, a great many roots. I see lightning coming down the line from the clouds. I see an influence I can not describe coming from the planets, and down through Solar rays." What do you think all these influences were made for? "They all seem to be operating under natural laws, to vivify, to vitalize, fructify and perfect everything on the earth's surface; the most important of which is man, the most complete specimen of the animal creation I know anything about." How many of these influences are at work? "I see millions and millions of them." What are they trying to do? "They seem to be trying to benefit the human race, and under the law of progress to improve animals and vegetables." Do you think any three of these agents could cure the diseases of men and animals it is claimed they will? "No; and I see this tape line lets out patent nostrums and advertising doctors who claim to cure every disease by the use of two or three medicines or simple appliances. I see it also lets out every humbug in the whole world, ecclesiastical not excepted." How do you discover that? "When I was stretching the line around the world I passed through Andover and measured several doctors of divinity. I finally reached Spurzeim, Moody and Sanky, and Sam Jones and measured them. I have "cinched" the pope with a very Small end of it. I measured every divine in the "house of God" who was uncapping hell, passing checks through the bars of "purgatory," or unlocking the gates of paradise. I then tried it on a rag-picking Chinaman." What was you measuring them for? "I was not measuring *them*—merely their capacity to save souls, and I found that the Chinaman's capacity was fully equal to the whole of them put together. Your tape line seems to possess wonderful power. It ought to be patented, it would sell like hot cakes." Nobody would buy it; every man who is capable of using it has got one now; the rest would prefer a bottle of "revealed remedy" or something of that kind. "Who invented it?" God did. "How many possess it?" Very few. "What is the name of it?" COMMON SENSE. Well, did you ever measure anything else? I tried to measure the devil, the mightiest potentate of earth; the fellow who has kicked up more fuss in heaven, earth and hell, and frightened more women and children into insanity than all other causes." Did you find him too big to be cinched by your tape line? "*Could n't find him*—went to all the camp-meetings, to all the saloons and ten thousand other places." Why did n't you ask Sam Jones where he lived? "I did and Sam said he was everywhere in general, but nowhere in particular; but I would be most likely to find him in some Methodist church, where the members dance occasionally, or in an Episcopal church where they tolerated such plays as "blind man's buff," "pussy wants a corner," or where its members ever went to a theatre—but he was n't there." Did you then give up the search? "No; I asked Bob Ingersoll, and he said he lived at present in the skull of a jackass that died in Asia some 4,000 years ago; a house he had always occupied since he was born. I found the skull bleaching on the shores of the Arabian Sea, but it was empty. The fishermen there told me he had plumed his wings and taken his flight to Andover, intending to live after this in a large vacuum in the center of an Andover theologian's brain."

Did you measure anything else? "Yes, I went on measuring till I began to think that a large part of everything earthly was a humbug, or else your tape line was n't cor-



rect." Why did n't you *weigh* them, to see whether the weight corresponded with the measurement? "That was just the idea that suggested itself to me; they ought to be weighed. Just then I saw a pair of scales coming down from the clouds that seemed to be let down by an angel." Well, did you weigh anything? "Yes; the first thing I threw in the scales was the "discoverer of a revealed remedy." What did you use for a weight on the other side? "I threw in a goose feather that I saw a webfoot drop as he carried off a bottle of 'revealed remedy'—sure cure for epizootic." Which was the heaviest? "The goose feather went down."

Did you weigh any thing else?

"Yes, I then threw in a Doctor of Divinity." What did you balance him with? "I tried to balance him with a corn doctor, but the corn doctor was too heavy." Well, what next? "I put in a Shylock banker, with his five tons of gold." Pretty heavy weight that. "Yes, in *man's* eyes, he is; so I thought I would weigh him on *God's* scales, and get his *true* weight." How did you weigh him? "I threw in on the other side a crippled widow with a pair of socks in her hand, she had knit for the banker, for which she was to be credited ten cents, on her rent bill, to save being ejected." Well; how did the scales stand then? "They stood with the beam nearly perpendicular, for the Shylock's end went up like a balloon, he all the time throwing out bags of gold for "Christian institutions." Well; what next? "I threw in Jay Gould and Vanderbilt next, with their \$500,000,000.00 of gold, with all their flunkies and stump orator politicians, who are screaming for the 'rights of laboring men.'" How did you weigh them? "I took a poor laboring man, whose hands were horny with toil, who struggled hard to support his family which could with difficulty get the necessities of life, and threw him in on the other side, and he outweighed them all." Did you stop weighing then? "No; I thought as I had found a pair of scales that seemed to be correct, I would weigh some more of earth's greatness—so I threw in all the wealthy men, all the merchants of Babylon, and all the gilded butterflies of "social circles," with all the kings and queens and members of all the 'royal families,' who roll in splendor at the expense of the blood and tears of starving millions." Could you find anything to outweigh this immense crowd? "I threw in a dog that licked the sores of Lazarus, and he was too heavy for them all." Did you go on weighing? "I next threw in the Pope of Rome, with his glittering robes, bedecked with ten thousand jewels, his head crowned with a diamond, sparkling mitre, his vaults at the Vatican filled with costly presents, his pockets filled with bids for the votes of his worshippers, written by the President of the United States and other representatives of a crowned aristocracy, fattening on the ignorance of dupes, and trembling on their thrones at the sound of the bugle blasts of an advancing civilization." Well; that was a fearful weight to overcome, the way the world looks at it; could you find any thing that would counterbalance it? "I found a starving Irishman, dividing his last roasted potato with one as hungry as himself, and threw him in, when "His Holiness, Lord God the Pope" seemed to shrink in weight into a fly speck." You must have weighed nearly all of earth's "greatness" by this time. "No, I had hardly begun; but concluded I would weigh the 'Pride of Buffalo,' and quit." Was that "Buffalo Bill?" "No; it was Buffalo Grover." You had a big weight there. "Yes he was a big weight in the estimation of about fifty thousand gentlemen who were on their knees before him, hat in hand, begging for office; but I thought I would like to see how much he would weigh on *God's* scales." You should have weighed him on avoirdupois scales first, to see how the two compare. "I did. I took him to a pair of hay scales and found he weighed exactly with a common load of hay. I then measured him around the neck and found he took an eighteen-inch collar, and it took a seven-foot cinch to go round the abdomen." You found a "man of function" at last and a truly "great man." "I concluded I had found a 'big bug' at last, and was proud of my country. I had a slight misgiving when I noticed that the most of his brain lay back of his ears, and



that while his bump of secretiveness was enormous, his bump of amateness was so excessive, that between the two they were liable to drive benevolence, conscientiousness and all the moral organs into 'outer darkness,' but when I reflected that he had been endorsed by Henry Ward Beecher, the 'Methodist Church South' and with St. John and his crank followers at his back, I concluded there must be a good deal in him that the hay scales had n't developed." Where did you find him? "I found him in a big 'White House' before which was passing a band of office seeking musicians, three miles long." What tune was the band playing? "The tune of 'Dixie'—the song was—

"Hurrah for Maria,  
Hurrah for the kid,  
I voted for Grover,  
And am d—d glad I did."

Well; what did you find in the big White House? "I found all the banners which were carried during the canvass, on which were emblazoned '*Let us go back to Jeffersonian simplicity*,' hung up on a hook back in the White House water closet, but in their place I found cases of choice liquors, wine, whisky, brandy and champagne, with all the paraphernalia of European royalty, on exhibition, while swarms of fashionable butterflies danced under the light of golden chandeliers, with low neck dresses, and a hundred newspaper reporters squatting on the door steps to tell the world how each fashionable butterfly was dressed in 'Jeffersonian simplicity' imported from Paris. When I got this great man up on the scales he seemed to settle down his end very slightly, so I threw in one hundred fashionable butterflies who tripped the light fantastic toe on the floors of the White House halls, not leaving out the 'Mistress' of the White House." How did the scales stand then? "They went down very low, and the weight seemed enormous. I stood transfixed with amazement, and listened with admiration to the giggle and jolly laughter of this crowd of fashionable butterflies, glistening with jewelry, and wrapped in Babylonian purple. I was proud of my country till a shriveled English lord, with a low forehead, punched me in the ribs and said: 'Very pretty! very pretty!—that looks like Hingland you gnaw.' I was proud when Dan Lamont replied, 'Its New York English, but it goes ahead of England, and excuse me, my lord, in saying as an American that I believe that the crowd sitting on those scales would outweigh all the crowned heads of Europe (excepting Queen Victoria and the Cobden club) with Bismarck, Boulanger and the Czar of Russia thrown in.'" Well; did you weigh them? "I was about to, and inquired of Dan where he thought I might find a weight to throw in on the other side. Dan said, 'Its no use. That Jeffersonian crowd will outweigh all the world, if not all the universe.' I felt overcome myself with this exhibition of American glory, and walked out to the front gate to get a little fresh air. There I saw sitting on a cold, wet curb-stone, a poorly-clad woman weeping bitterly. I asked her what was the matter. She said, '*I and my poor boy have been cast out to starve.*' I said, yes; I have read of you in the Bible. You are Hagar; come in, I want to weigh you. I took hold of her bony hand and led her sobbing and blinded with tears past the newspaper reporters who sneered at her, past the clergy who shrank from her touch, past the band that was playing Dixie, and to cover her ragged calico dress and make her presentable, I wrapped her in the American flag I snatched from the wall. At this I noticed that a big fat fellow on the scales turned pale, and the fashionable butterflies sitting by him put their perfumed handkerchiefs to their noses, and with hysterical screams, cried out: 'Take her out! take her out!'

"I took her up tenderly,  
Lifted with care,  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young and so fair,"

and put her on the scales." Well; what then? "The other end of the scales went up so fast that the big fat fellow rolled off on the floor with a terrible rent in the seat of his

pants. While the gay butterflies were spreading their shawls over the rent, I lifted the poor woman down from the scales, crying all the time as if her heart would break. I noticed a brass engagement ring on her finger with the gold washing all worn off. On that old brass ring I saw engraved—MARIA HALPIN."

Well; doctor, your tape line and scales for measuring and weighing humbugs, seem to work well so far; now if you can show me how tinctures can be preserved indefinitely without alcohol, you will have knocked the last prop from my faith, in anything of this kind that claims to be revealed by a ghost." I told you it *was* revealed, did n't I, but not by a spirit? "Yes; that's what you said, and from what you said I thought you intimated it must have come as a revelation from wooden nutmeg and horn gunflint Connecticut." That's where you mistake; it comes from the Hub—the center of American literature, besides the center of a good deal of sharp Yankee practice. Look at this bottle on my table marked "Aqua Vitæ," you will notice that the label on the bottle reads: "This brand is prepared specially for obtaining medical extracts without alcohol. Directions on back. Price \$1.00." Now turn to the back for directions. On the back it reads: "AQUA VITÆ for obtaining medicinal extracts without alcohol. DIRECTIONS FOR USE—Reduce the drug to powder to the usual fineness, and for each pound (avoirdupois) of the drug, use half gallon of distilled, blood warm, but not hot water, in which there has been dissolved a half ounce of the "Aqua Vitæ" powder. Treat in a covered vessel by infusion, maceration, or digestion, according to the nature of the drug; then filter or percolate and add another half ounce of the "Aqua Vitæ" to each half gallon of the fluid extract." Where is this medicine made? "It is put up by the Humiston Food Preserving Company, 72 Kilby street, Boston, Massachusetts, and only cost me, with expressage added, \$112 per pound." How does it work in preserving tinctures? "It seems to work well enough." Pretty costly, is n't it? Not very; seven cents worth will preserve half a gallon of "revealed remedy," which the average goose will pay for, put up in bottles, \$5.00; but if you do not choose to send to Boston for the "preservative," I will sell you fifty pounds of saltpeter for thirteen cents per pound, and you can preserve the same "revealed remedy" for one and five-eighths cents, giving you \$4.98¾ profit on every three cranks that buy it." But I do n't know what "vegetable" to use. "Any one you come across. They are all good for something. All you have to do is to preserve it with saltpeter and tell them it is a self-sealing remedy, that was "revealed," and will cure anything and everything that flesh, on two legs or four, is heir to, and you've got "money in it." What vegetable do you think I had better select? "You could n't select a better thing than '*Maruta Cotula*.' It is very bitter, and when the average goose swallows it he will believe that it must be a 'revealed remedy of value sure enough.' Does it grow in Africa, or Puget Sound? "It grows in every man's yard, and all along the sidewalks in Portland, and every logging camp on the Sound smells of it." "Has it medical virtues?" Yes. "What is it good for?" The United States Medical Dispensatory, (Wood and Bache) Old School, on page 340, edition of 1875, says: "On the continent of Europe, it has been given in nervous diseases, especially in hysteria. \* \* It has also been thought to be emmenagogue."

King's American Dispensatory (Eclectic) page 518, says it is "Tonic, emetic, antispasmodic, emmenagogue and epispastic. The extract may be used in sick headache, and in convalescence from fevers. A warm effusion may be used as an emetic or diaphoretic. It has been efficient in amenorrhoea." "Is it possible that such a valuable medicine grows in the United States?" It does, and if you will organize a company to go into the business of manufacturing it, you will sell it rapidly, if you call it "revealed" medicine, and put the picture of a dead Chinaman's spirit in every drugstore where you leave it, and tell the people this is the spirit of Confucius revealing a remedy he used ten thousand years ago. "I think if what you say is so, there is big money in it—but will it really cure anything else besides amenorrhoea, sick headache, gonorrhoea and epizootic?" It will cure every disorder in man or other brute that any other "revealed remedy" will, and Moore, too.

"But would n't it be better to represent the medicine as having been revealed by the spirit of some dead doctor's dead daughter?" No sir; remember the masses have more confidence in ignorance than they have in science. You bait your hook with a scientist and bob for whales and you will fish a long time before you get a bite; but use some dead thing like a Chinaman or Indian and you will have a whole school of fish nibbling at your bait immediately. Of course you must bait your hook with some dead thing, and if you wish to run all other "revealed" medicine out of the market, you can do so by having a large spirit picture of a Chinaman standing behind some logger, or intelligent contraband, revealing the *Maruta Cotula* remedy.

"But then how can I find this medicine if the spirit does n't reveal its whereabouts!" I will tell you—but if you expect to get up a company to manufacture it and make a fortune, keep the name of it a profound secret. Do n't even hint the Latin name of it to any one, not even to your wife. Say in your circular, it is a self-sealing revelation, kept without alcohol—and, by the way, I think it would be well to say it is self-cocking, too, and instead of four months, you had better say that no bottle can be safely delivered of a drop of it till the bottle has been "nine months gone." Its being self-cocking, as well as self-sealing, will add to its efficacy in public estimation, and then having an advantage of five months in the period of incubation, will, without doubt, drive all other revealed remedies out of the market. "Would you advise me to organize a company to manufacture and sell it?" You might do so, as a last resort, if your family is starving for bread; but you had better first try a more honorable profession, by joining a band of burglars and rob railroad safes awhile before you rob poor people. "Is there no other name by which this *Maruta Cotula* is known?" Its common name is "*dog fennel*."

## Chapter XIV.

MODERN ESOTERIC MIND-CURE, WITH SIMPLE DIRECTIONS, SO THAT ALL CAN CURE THEMSELVES—"CHRISTIAN METAPHYSICS," DISCOVERED IN THE BIBLE.

IN a previous chapter we have pretty fully developed the system of "mind-cure" as practiced by the ancients. We have shown what its wonderful power was in healing diseases. We innocently supposed that the same system was being practiced now.

A teacher of "Christian Metaphysics," and "mind-cure" in Portland, to whom we had applied for information, had told us that "*the Bible was full of it*," but she could n't just then remember what passages contained it. She said we could n't understand the system as taught in their books, without "taking lessons in Christian Metaphysics" from a teacher of this grand science. We found that the teachers of the "science" did n't wish to issue diplomas to such as we, and Peter, who could truly say—"silver and gold have I none," (Acts 3-6). If there is no *money* in Christian Metaphysics, what is it good for? We returned to our office determined to hunt this thing up, and if there was anything in it, to give our discovery to a dying world without money and without price. We first piled up on our table many Creeds, Confessions of Faith, and longer and shorter Catechisms. We found that every creed taught a different doctrine, all diametrically at war with each other, and all proving their allegations by voluminous quotations of Scripture. We noticed that while the Wes'minister Creed proved by a fearful array of passages, that an "unregenerate man" who gave a starving widow a sack of flour, would be sent to hell to all eternity if he did n't repent of it, the Methodist Creed quoted an equal number of passages to show that it was not so. We noticed that while the Presbyterian Creed proved from numerous passages that to please "God," a mother must have her babe baptized by sprinkling, the Baptist proved by an equal number of passages, that "God" regards this ceremony as an invention of poor, fallen, ignorant man. We noticed that while the Catholics were proving from the Bible, that an insect at Rome was the successor of a poor Galilean fisherman, and carries the keys of the fisherman dangling at his girdle, the whole Protestant world were proving from the Scriptures, that "His Holiness, Lord God the Pope" was the "Man of Sin," and the number of the "Beast" was 666 (Rev. 13-18).

We noticed that the Seventh day Adventists were issuing wagon loads of tracts to show that they only are the successors of Moses, and had the theological bull by the horns, on the "Sabbath" question, while all Christendom was against them, and proved from any amount of "Scripture" that the "Adventists" only had the bull by the tail. It was also noticeable, that while the Unitarians, and all who leaned to Arianism, proved by any amount of Scripture that there was only *one* God, the Catholics, with all other "orthodox churches," prove from an equally fearful array, that there were "*three Gods in one*," and to balance the scales in their favor, threw in a beautiful poem called "The Doxology," said to have been given birth to by the pious poet monk, who, during the heated controversy between Arianism and Catholicism in the dark and bloody ages, interpolated a passage not found in Griesbach or any old Greek copy—"For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, The word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one." 1 John 5). This spurious verse is now quoted by the average "doctor of divinity" as the "word of God" together with the "sixty thousand errors" the new "revisionists" said the present version



contains—all of which, when dove-tailed together make an “*infallible rule of faith and practice*.” But, then, all this does n’t prove that the Bible does not reveal the grand science of “Christian Metaphysics” which will cure all diseases without the aid of medicine; not excepting Colonel “Moore’s revealed remedy,” or dog fennel.

As we are now writing a book giving a candid statement of the means employed by all the schools intent on saving the souls and bodies of men, we shall let the *modern Esoteric* mind-cures speak for themselves. We can only make short extracts from their book which we have just received from Boston. The book is entitled “THE ESOTERIC.” (Do not confound this with *erotic*.)

Esoteric comes from the Greek “*esoteros*,” which means *interior, hidden, private*. The ancient Grecian philosophers who taught mysteries inside of closed doors were esoterics. The alchemist who operated down in a subterranean cavern was an esoteric. The man who says he has keys that will open the gates of heaven to you, and refuses to let you see them, for fear you will take an impression of them, and open the doors yourself, is an esoteric. The tramp who offers you a secret remedy for corns and warts, or a secret washing powder, or any other secret prescription for \$2.50 or \$5.00, which any intelligent druggist will give you for ten cents, is an esoteric. The man who offers you dog fennel as a cure-all, and tells you it is a “revealed remedy” that can not be divulged to mortals, is an esoteric. The doctor who gives you a prescription, sending you to the drug store for medicines that grow in sight of your door yard, and to prevent you from knowing what the prescription contains, writes it in barbarous Latin, and plutonian hieroglyphics, is an esoteric. Esoterics, as far back as the memory of man runneth, have been sleeping on down and riding in palace cars, while their poor dupes have slept on straw beds, and limped on bare and blistered feet along the stony highways—yet the average goose cries for more esoterics. Now do not think we condemn the whole pile of esoteric remedies as totally worthless. We do not. We believe there is some good in everything. Suck out the good and leave the refuse. Learn a lesson from the honey bee. You see him sucking a little honey from a pile of mud. The bee flies away, satisfied with the sweet, and leaves the mud. In presenting the modern mind-cure esoteric system of Christian metaphysics, we shall let them present it in their own language, so the reader can judge of its claims as a “science” himself. Like all other systems, it has ITS GRAND CENTRAL IDEA.

*“Every physical disease or ailment is an effect of discord in the spirit body, and takes shape according to the cause which implanted it.”*

This is certainly a revealed discovery, but in interpreting the language, we should be careful not to refer the “ailment” that killed Lincoln and Garfield, to an “effect of discord in the spirit” of the murdered presidents, but to the fact that the souls of Guiteau and Wilkes Booth were slightly out of tune. Mind-cure, of course, could only have extended in those cases to removing the “discord in the spirit bodies” of the assassins.

*“This science shows the mental condition that governs, and is governed by each and every function of the human body. So that when we find a function diseased we know what mental condition produced it, thus being able to know the antidote.”* (This upsets the old idea, that a man having a painful corn on his toe, or a Hunterian chancre, got it from something else than an “inharmonious mental condition.”)

The mind cure has a preventive system of practice which seems to be good. It begins with the family circle and tries to start the young with a “harmonious mental condition,” by bringing them around a “family altar,” where sacrifices are daily offered up, somewhat new of course; but which must be good. For the benefit of devout seekers after the mysteries of esoterics we will let them describe—

#### THE FAMILY ALTAR.

*“Harmony is the sweetest, the most delightful of all the influences, and to secure it, it is necessary to offer up sacrifice. There can be no permanent happiness without constant and complete sacrificial offering. A sacrifice is a seed, which, when planted and nourished, can not fail to grow and ripen, and afford in the price of its fruit the sweet wine of Harmony. Of all places home is where the most constant*

*and thorough sacrifice should be made. In a figurative sense there must be burnt offerings of a Bull, a Ram, a Boar. The Bull should first be laid upon the sacrificial altar, and all its characteristics of brute force—bellowing, locking of horns, be completely consumed. Next the Ram; the flame of sacrifice must burn up its characteristics of pugilism and one other (?) degrading vice, which, though pertinent to the matter, shall now be nameless. Then the Boar must be destroyed by the sacrificial fire, until not one vestige of its grunting selfishness and its bristles of antagonism and irritability remains; and all be scattered to the fathomless realms of empty air, never to return again. Ye who would have the divine spirit of Harmony come to dwell with you by your fireside, see to it that not the smallest pig [that must be a baby] be allowed to come grunting into the sanctity and peaceful love and trust of your conjugal lives."*

#### DISEASES IN THE HUMAN BODY CAUSED BY INHARMONY.

"Sensual passions react for consumption, diarrhoea, dysentery, constipation and biliousness; worldly passions, as pleasure-seeking accompanied by late hours or intemperance, react for nervous disorder, or liver and kidney troubles; selfish passion in the form of misused or misapplied nature (the perversion of man's highest nature love) reacts for blood diseases, fevers, eruptions, scrofula, cancers, and paralysis when continued in the incarnation following." (This refers to spirits which first start in a primordial cell, and when leaving the first body keep coming back for a new incarnation till they 'progress' through insects up through hogs, horses, monkeys, Chinamen and so forth, till they are incarnated in the body of a shrewd Yankee, all the time changing the expression of countenance, shape of the head and length of the tail—till they are prepared to exist in ether as spiritual offshoots of divinity. (See Figuear's "To-morrow of Death.")

"Thus expression of countenance or figure betray man's interior nature or what he was in his former incarnation, and his nature or inborn ailments betray his passions or what were once such." (When he switched the tail of a monkey, squealed and ate swill like a hog or sang with the musical voice of Baalam's ass). "Many (spirits) of course return with a firm determination of overcoming them, and intuitively resist, combat or denounce them, when proffered or only hearing of them. Such often escape the reactionary result on the physical body in consequence of their abnegation, but suffer aches or pains instead, if the germ is active." (That is, if the mind-cure patient has come back from a breachy horse fully determined not to jump any more fences, he may escape such reactionary results as wind galls, and sprains, but you may look for his disease, in such aches and pains as pole evil, epizootic, or wind colic.)

"This form of reaction manifests itself as rheumatism, neuralgia, coughs, catarrh troubles" (due to pole evil) "nearsightedness, etc.," (the "etc." probably refers to the itch) "and may be regarded as a compromise form of spirit purification—discords or passions of the spirit neutralizing themselves through the physical body as above indicated." "But abnegation, or a strong will opposing the evil, sets it at naught, and instead of returning through the channels or organs through which it originally emanated" (the organs of the animal your soul came out of last) "it finds an outlet in the compromise state." (That is, men having two legs and a snake none, man is "compromise" between the snake that tempted Eve, and Baalam's ass who crushed his foot against the wall. The "outlet" for catarrh, cough, &c., found in this "compromise state" can only be found in the woman who teaches Christian metaphysics.) "And if, in addition to this abnegation, man denies himself his natural wants and needs of the body (goes to bed hungry, with not enough bed clothes to keep him warm) "he will be even freed from these aches and pains, and all the impurities of the spirit body will concentrate themselves in the physical cesspool, the gall bladder and pass off as bile—the same naturally converting itself into its own cathartic or purgative, and releasing itself in a most natural manner. But of course, this takes time and will be accompanied by a little inconvenience in the form of external inflammation or pain, but which may be relieved by an application of linseed oil, or a warm basin bath, if very severe."

#### FURTHER SIMPLE EXPLANATION OF THIS GRAND SCIENCE.

"The protoplasm of the human frame can be so transformed, in the greater evolution, as to be combined with arch-nature potencies; the initiate entering thus into the porch of a chamber of the mysteries (esoterics) into which India could never penetrate." \* \* \* "He of Nazareth, the resurgent Androgyne of our race, was also the Supreme Adept, Arch-Master of the

common guild; who held in his mind the body of esoteric science like as an orb grasped by his hands at its opposite poles, and revolving before his sight. The breadth and height of his nature was invisible to those who beheld through the dim Jewish eyes; their sight was holden; he could show to them by only one aspect of his ubiquity; he could not drop more than a seed germ of the divine science (of Christian metaphysics) into the intelligence of that age. The immensity of the realm of the fourth dimension, with all its social kingdoms of the loftier space, and all its lonely races of the irradiant impersonalities, was utterly beyond the scope of the narrow Semites against whom he toiled. They were like sleepers dazed by a great light that was too much for them. They could not comprehend the arch-nature evolution; few can even yet, although it is again a fact in the world—the highest of all world facts. He infused his Karmic vitalities as currents of deathless energy, as myriads of streaming virtues into the psychic constitution of mankind. He took the earth, actually into a new movement, commencing a vast process requiring nearly two thousand years for the first display of results. In this hour those results began to come to manifestation in the appearance of a MAN-WOMAN (a woman mind-cure doctor) who reopens that spiral and ascending path of divine evolution closed for nearly twenty centuries, but never to be closed again. The Adept of the Occident has been intromitted into the blessedness that is above mankind. He is a Star that has traveled over from East to West, but who, instead of sitting, pauses for a period above the edge of the horizon, and stands where the line of the earth seems to touch the heavens. In him the occult powers of the ages have met and the race brought forth its paragon. Jesus held in himself the mysteries; (esoterics) the works recorded as performed by him, without a single exception, are all within the compass of the hidden law. Whatever is new is old, whatever is old must also become new. He (the man-woman) who is in the wisdom of the illumination, and is bringing the structures of his naturality into the ascension state, perceives the process by which water is made as wine, food is multiplied, the blind and deaf are made to see and hear, the winds stilled and the water quieted; the person (body) of a friend (Lazarus) held in an exanimate state, yet capable of revivification in the tomb; the body (of Christ) made to walk on the floods as on a floor, to find in the high ether a pathway, or appear as transfigured, and with luminous intelligence. (Mark 9-2).

#### A FULLY BLOSSOMED MAN-WOMAN CAN DO ALL THIS AND MORE.

“The bodily emergence from the sepulcher; the coming and going among the disciples, and the subsequent departure as by a bodily ascension—were all manifestations of the divine occult (hidden or esoteric) art, and are among the inherent powers of our common human nature, when it blossoms into the arch-natural degree of life. Greater works than that shall ye do; said one who knew.” (John 14-12). (It should be carefully observed here that these wonderful works can only be performed by a man-woman who is “blossomed” out. Our present “healers” are as yet merely budding, and are only able to cure such patients as have a slight mental disturbance. When they are fully “blossomed” look out for “a wreck of matter, and crash of worlds.” These things should be carefully noted as we pass along, lest we fall into the pit of skepticism.)

“The way of all true evolution is from God, through the general body of the race. If a man in the Altruistic Spirit of Fraternity will thus serve mankind, the path of advance opens in him by means of a gradual transformation of his structures and faculties, leading in its maturity to physical immortality on this planet. ‘Who so follows me shall never taste of death, but rise by translation,’ said Christus—Christa. Amen!” (It should be carefully noted here by those who wish to live forever on this little mud ball, that they must wait till the “man-woman” blossoms out, and they should all pray that she “blossom” soon—pray to Christus-Christa, whoever that is; and don’t have any fears about too great a population here when nobody dies, for, as already shown, the bull, the boar and the ram in man will all have been cremated on the family altar).

#### FIRST FIND OUT WHICH SIGN OF THE ZODIAC YOUR PATIENT WAS BORN UNDER.

“It must not be supposed that all persons born in a given sign or period of the year will be alike in all respects. They will be characterized by the general nature of their sign.” (If born under Taurus they will be apt to have bull heads, thick necks and be men of function) “but may



differ entirely in polarity, as derived from the position of the moon (this applies mostly to women), and also in mental characteristics, due to different planetary positions."

"But, while they will appear and act differently, it will nevertheless be found that there is an underlying kindred nature, determined by the sign under which they were born. For fuller details and modifying causes of character, it will be necessary to consult 'Solar Biology.' But it will be found both interesting and instructive to follow this series of Twelve Manner of Peoples, as it will give a large medium of insight regarding the nature of the persons" (patients) "with whom you are brought in contact. 'Solar Biology' is based upon astronomical and natural laws, and has nothing whatever to do with astrology." \* \* \* "Women born in the Taurus, or Bull, sign are in great danger of being misled by their feelings and passions. Persons who have gained their affections hold control over them to a very great extent. Taurus men are ardent and sanguine in every cause they espouse; frequently, for instance, they are very active church members and preachers." \* \* \* "As to disease, they are liable to dropsy, for two reasons: First—from getting an over amount of vitality through eating too much (chicken pie), and having what they eat too rich, thus getting too fat; second—through strong appetites and over indulgence in sexual passions."

#### "BY WHAT POWER IS DISEASE DESTROYED?"

"By the power of truth, which is the knowledge that man is spirit, one with the Father, and can never be separated from Him; that he has a body and a soul. The knowledge of what we really are furnishes the link that unites the soul to the spirit, thus producing harmony in the mental and physical. Man has the power to control his body if he will, for he is master. Admitting matter superior to man makes us a slave to matter." "Wherefore, henceforth know we no man after the flesh: yea, though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we him no more."—2 Cor. 5:16. "Therefore, if any man be in Christ he is a new creature: old things have passed away; behold all things have become new."—2 Cor. 5:17. "For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds."—2 Cor. 10:4.

#### WHAT IS NECESSARY TO MAKE A GOOD HEALER?

"In order to heal the sick it is first necessary for us to get in the proper condition ourselves, which is, to feel conscious of the fact that we are spirit, and that we are one with God; that His divine light and love circulates through and permeates every fibre of our being. In this consciousness we are as empty vessels, ready to be filled" (while you are a vessel as "empty" of common sense as a tadpole, be sure to impress upon your patient that you are a vast reservoir, running over with heavenly esotericism) "and the divine love will so fill our being that we can see the unreality of all that is called sin and disease" (a leper really has no disease, and the man who cuts his wife's throat has committed no "sin," for sin and disease are "unreal"; but the "mind-cure" doctors will undertake all these cures for a small fee).

"When we come into this consciousness" (that there is really no disease and no sin) "and feel the presence of the divine within us" (be very careful not to mistake the "divine within us" for wind in the bowels) "and feel our hearts swelling with love for God" (how can we love God, whom we have not seen, and try to rob a simple widow we have seen?) "and humanity, then those that are afflicted, if they come near us, can not help feeling that divine healing power that will emanate from us. In order to get into this condition, we must humble ourselves before God, put down self-hood and become as little children, willing to be used by the divine spirit in restoring the afflicted to the 'liberty, wherewith Christ hath made us free.' Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time—"Casting all your care on him, for he careth for you;" "Submit yourselves, therefore, to God;" "Resist the Devil and he will flee from you;" "Draw nigh to God;" "Cleanse your hands, ye sinners;" "and purify your hearts ye double-minded," etc.

#### HOW TO RECEIVE YOUR PATIENT.

"In receiving a patient, first find out the mental cause of his trouble. It may be grief; selfishness; loss of property or friends; holding hatred against another; fear of death; fear of hell; some unhappy or dissatisfied state of the mind. Find out his mental state previous to his sickness. After finding out the cause of the patient's trouble, it is important to know



## HOW TO PROCEED WITH THE CASE.

"Seat yourself by his side, and when you are in the proper condition" (as referred to above) concentrate your mind on the thought that you are Spirit, one with God, and never can be separated from him. Dwell in thought on the attributes of God—love, peace and harmony—and you will quiet his fears. 'God is love, and perfect love casteth out all fear.' Reason mentally with the patient" (the practitioner just starting out is cautioned to keep his mouth shut while sitting by the patient, only "reason mentally" with him, especially if he has the lock jaw, and can not utter a word audibly) "reason mentally with the patient, that his fears are groundless; that there is nothing to fear, for God, who is love, governs all things, and 'He doeth all things well.' That God never sent any disease or pain, for there is nothing in him out of which to make them" (tell them also, that God never made the devil, for there is no material in God out of which to make such a monster). Dwell on these thoughts: God in his infinite mercy made man perfect. God permeates all things, and where the "Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty." No part of your being is in bondage; you have perfect liberty. Perfect harmony reigns supreme. God made you perfect. (The young practitioner is cautioned that if any skeptic should ask what about the cripples and sufferers who inherit horrible diseases from their parents, he can easily satisfy any one who calls on him for treatment, by telling him cripples were not made, as God only made "perfect bodies," that is, about one in ten million), and your body should express perfect harmony and perfection, and if you are not conscious of a perfect body, it is because some erroneous idea is expressed on it for a while, and hides from you that perfection and freedom which is your just right." (The hermaphrodite, who is not conscious of a "perfect body," is consoled by the thought that his defects are mere expressions of some "erroneous idea," which may have flitted through the brain of some ancestor, eating raw meat in a cave several million years ago, and that the expression of the idea is only "for awhile." If we were permitted the privilege of treading on holy ground, we would pull off our boots and walk up to our mind-cure esoteric sister and suggest to her that this hermaphrodite may really be the coming "man-woman," who, as high priest, is to offer on the family altar the Bull, the Ram and the Boar, and then ascend the throne of esoteric Christian metaphysics, necessitating the abdication of the sister, who at most is only a woman.) "Destroy this idea (that God never sent disease or pain) or thought in mind, and what you call disease will vanish."

## HOW THE ESOTERIC SISTER SHOULD TREAT A PATIENT.

"In treating, it is not necessary to think of the body; we should leave it out of our thoughts entirely, for we are dealing only with the man who occupies it. Our body was given to us for a divine use; then let us not abuse it, for it is the temple of the living God, and the house we live in. We are building this house or body continually with our thoughts. At first, this may seem incredible, but such is the fact, for thoughts are living things and they produce their kind."

## HOW TO CURE YOURSELF.

"I suggest the following to those who wish to become conscious of the Real world which is beyond the reach of the five senses. First—avoid all excitement and exciting scenes or reading. Second—move moderately, by always avoiding hurry of movement or feelings (this advice will be thought good by the average hired man), for orderly thought and universal attainment is by the operation of the law of "Order." By this law, plant life takes its own normal form in all its minutiae. \* \* \* The positive influence of the solar ether meets the negative of the earth, and in their quiet, harmonious blending orderly thought takes place. This polarizing current is so strong that an iron rod of one-eighth of an inch will polarize in three minutes by only standing perpendicular, so that the bottom will attract the south pole of the magnetic needle, and the top the north pole. This current is the physical expression of the law of Order, and if we are rushing around, this law can not act in us any more than it can in getting frost on the window-pane in motion."

(The young graduate in "Christian metaphysics" is liable to run across some doubting Thomas who will ask if this "law of harmony" can not act perfectly on things in motion, why it acts so beautifully on the earth, which has a double motion—revolving on its axis and dashing along the track of its orbit like mad? In such a case the skeptic must be told that the earth even has to have a rest occasionally, as Joshua showed when he laid a hand on each pole and stopped its rotary motion for "about a whole day."—Joshua 10:13. This, of course, shook the earth up a little, and

threw off a good many loose rocks ; but as the rocks have been coming back as meteoric stones ever since we have positive proof of the recorded fact, and are able to harmonize scripture with mind-cure "science.") It was because of this law that the old sage in the Biblical record said, "Use moderation in all things ;" and again, "Be still and know that I am God ;" and again, "He that believeth will not make haste." \* \* \* The time in the day most fitting for this work is when the sun is just sinking out of sight and twilight's hour comes, and there is a retreating of all nature from activity to rest. Then retire (while your wife is washing the supper dishes) where there is no one expected to disturb your quiet concentration (where you will not hear the rattle of the dishes or the cries of the baby).

### HOW TO SEAT YOURSELF.

"Seat yourself on a chair that will allow your limbs to be horizontal to the knees (if your legs are long you will need a higher chair. If the chair is n't high enough you can put a couple of bricks under each leg) and your legs, from the knees down, perpendicular ; your body erect, so that the perpendicular currents will pass freely from the crown of the head down through the spine. Remember that thus you are conforming to natural law so as to avoid all friction (if there is any "friction" the machine will probably refuse to work. In that case, sit on a sheep skin.)

### THE WAY YOUR NOSE SHOULD POINT.

"Turn yourself so as to face the east, allowing your hands to rest on each limb, as if ready to rise at any moment" (in case Gabriel should blow his horn). "The reason for facing the east is, that the left hand is negative like the north pole of the magnetic needle, and the right hand is positive like the south pole of the needle ; and the electric current running from north to south, which polarizes the iron rail of the railroad, will pass through the body normally, and without the friction upon the finer sensibilities. (Wonderful, indeed ! Here we have the grand "science" of Christian metaphysics reversing natural law—a negative left hand attracting negative electricity from a negative north pole.) "The ancient Masons understood this law, and many of their symbols are arranged in accordance. For instance : the symbol of the serpent with his tail in his mouth is always found to run from left to right. The positive north current is attracted by the left hand and passes through and out at the right." (Now we have negative attracting positive electricity. The estoric must have twisted around on his chair and turned his nose west, or slipped off his sheep skin, so there is "friction" somewhere.) "This is called the psychic current. There is much more in this that can be revealed only to the truly initiated.

### WHAT TO DO NEXT.

"Now, having gotten into a position harmonious with all nature, having a knowledge of the law"—

### HAVE FULL FAITH IN THE OPERATION.

"Skepticism and the idea of the ludicrous should have no place in your mind, for, as Paul said in Romans, 14-23 : 'And he that doubteth is damned, \* \* for what is not of faith is sin.' \* \* If any one attempt these things having no faith in him or her, they condemn themselves, and thereby will plunge deeper into the darkness of materialism." (We think this advice against entertaining any idea of the ludicrous while going through this ceremony is superfluous, for certainly no man who has a keen sense of the ridiculous, or any other kind of sense, would be there, while any man who is there has gullibility enough to have "faith" in the "past, present and future" prophetic powers of the gipsy fortune-teller. But if one wishes to try it, after he properly arranges the "environments"—sees that his legs are perpendicular to his knees, his nose points east, the bricks are under the legs of his chair, and his sheep-skin is properly adjusted, let him

### LOOK OUT FOR FLASHES OF DIVINE LIGHT.)

"When you have taken this position you will observe that the body is made thereby very positive, which will protect your physical senses from being affected with any outside influence, and enable you to hold and maintain your own consciousness, and at the same time to direct the consciousness to any part of the body or brain." When your "consciousness" is directed to the right spot,

## FIRE AWAY AS FOLLOWS:

"Then concentrate your mind on your own highest ideal of God" (If you are a Chinaman, your own highest ideal of God is Joss; concentrate your mind on him. It works all the same in "mind-cure" whether it be Joss, three gods in one, or the Arian god or Jupiter, or, if you are a Cretan, and your "god is your belly," Phil. 3-19, that being your "highest ideal of god, "concentrate your mind" there, and you will soon come all right if you have faith) "in a pure soul-devotion, and try to come into the conscious consecration to God of all you are or wish to be; for it is one thing to consecrate in words and another to realize it!"

## HOW LONG YOU MAY EXPECT TO SIT.

"Sit in this attitude at least thirty minutes, and at most an hour."

## KEEP YOUR EYE ON BUSINESS, AND REPEAT.

"The first five minutes or even ten, repeat silently the words 'will, still,' and as you do so, send the thought and feeling with the word down in the body." (It will probably be better to send it down through the body till it reaches the sheep-skin.)

## IT MAY BE NECESSARY TO DRILL A LITTLE BEFORE YOU CAN DO THAT.

"It may be necessary for many to think over the direction and effects of words as if in elocutionary drill; pronounce in your own mind pathetic words, loving words, and the opposite, if necessary." (That is, say, "Darling, I love thee," or, if you dislike the man-woman who is before you, it may be necessary to say, "You look like an ignorant, avaricious, deceitful old rip." Remember the object is to get your spirit in harmony with *truth*.) \* \* "After you have gotten so that you can speak to your own senses and say 'still' and feel it, then consider the word 'will.' In the use of this word keep active the consciousness that there is no power in earth or heaven but will-power; that it is the will of God that upholds the worlds, suns and systems in their places. But remember there are two wills (be very careful to remember this), one of energy and motion, and one of stillness that is unmoved under all circumstances." (The fellow who toils not, neither does he spin, has this "will-power" largely developed. You will generally find him on a dry-goods box, whittling and talking politics.) "Though heaven and earth may pass away, this will is unmoved. This is the kind of will you need to keep in thought while you are sitting and repeating the words 'will, still.'"

## HOW TO REPEAT THESE TALISMANIC WORDS.

"Let these two words answer to the breathing process, viz.: the word 'will' as you draw in the breath and the word 'still' as you expire; this allows the consciousness of stillness to descend through the body," (keep doing this till the idea gets as far down as the sheep-skin) "and the consciousness of drawing in that will-power at the same time." \* \* \*

## THE FEW ONLY WHO MAY EXPECT MIND CURES.

"Remember that this experiment should be entered into only by the truly devout soul whose one desire is to know the will of God that they may do it; not to see what will come and then to decide what they will do after, for there may something come under such mental conditions that you would wish had not come to you." (To avoid that, lock up the bowels with opium before taking a "sitting." If you feel any lack of faith, you are not "devout" and you may know that you have at least a thimble-full of brains, which must be carefully scooped out by some surgeon and the cavity filled with cold mush, when you can safely take your position on the sheep-skin, remembering all the time to say "will, still" as you draw in and force out your wind. Under esoteric law the "cure" is facilitated if the air in your lungs is n't expelled through the same channel by which it entered).

## HOW YOU WILL BEGIN TO FEEL AT FIRST.

"You will observe, as soon as you begin to concentrate your mind on God, that it will produce a feeling of pressure on the upper part of the forehead in the organ denominated by phrenologists as 'human nature,' which is the organ that, when brought under the control of the spiritual soul, becomes the eye of the soul."

## YOU CAN SIT IN THE MORNING IF YOU WANT TO.

"Another hour of the day equally important is that of sunrise, when all nature awakes to consciousness. To many this hour would be far more desirable." (If you "feel sportive at night," sit at night; if your wife feels sportive in the morning, let her sit at sunrise; but if you "compromise" and conclude to sit at the same time, you need only repeat the word "will," leaving out "still" altogether).

## BE CAREFUL HOW YOU REPEAT THE NAME OF GOD.

"We wish that in these sittings you harmonize in your mind the former ideas I have given you on the necessity of 'taking the name of God—and not in vain,' but for divine uses, that is the name YAHVEH, signifying,

## I WILL BE WHAT I WILL TO BE,

which expresses positiveness in the extreme, but a positiveness of the mind over the senses of the body; and at the same time you *must* maintain extreme negative passivity, or a loving, desiring submission to the will and mind of God. \* \* Truly, this is the road Jesus spoke of when he said, 'Straight is the gate (The disciple who is taking a sitting on a Christian metaphysical stool should fail to remember that Christ never said any such thing, but said "strait"—difficult to enter—instead of "straight"—not crooked—as the esoteric teacher has it) and narrow is the way that leadeth to life, and few there be that find it.'

## WAIT MANY YEARS, IF NECESSARY, FOR YOUR CURE.

"Don't let any one think that these things can be reached and realized at once; to many it will take years (two or three thousand, perhaps), whilst there are others who are already prepared; but all who have the will to begin the work of regeneration and persistently follow the directions herein given, can find the path, for all the attributes of our Creator are in us, and we can create in ourselves any conditions we may desire."

Impelled by a desire, always present with us, to see that the world has cheap cures for diseases, and that all should have a remedy suited to the shapes of their heads, we have kindly unlocked the door of esoteric mind-cure, so that all who wish to avail themselves of the benefits of this great "science" can do so free of cost.

Those who wish to practice this system of medicine will find the outfit required to set up shop will not be expensive. A good supply of faith, a vial of linseed oil, a tin washbowl for a sitz bath, a stool covered with a sheep-skin, and a few bricks to accommodate the height of the stool to the length of your patients' legs, is all that is required.



## Chapter XV.

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### THOMSON'S PRACTICE—FOLLOWED BY A MORE RATIONAL SYSTEM CALLED BOTANIC—WHAT AN ECLECTIC IS.

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MANY years ago one Samuel Thomson started a new system of medical practice, which in a few years had an immense run. It swept the western and southern states like a prairie fire. He introduced his system at an auspicious time. People had become doubtful as to the efficacy of the "regular" practice—had got rather tired of the lance, calomel and warm water in fevers. They wanted something new, even if it was only "out of the frying pan into the fire." Toothless young women and middle-aged men, who had lost all their teeth by salivation, wondered why there could n't be a better system discovered. Boys and girls wanted something in the way of a change. We shall never forget how, when a mere child, we lay for six weeks suffering with a fever that should have been broken in from ten to twenty hours.

We shall never forget how we dreaded to see the "eminent physician" bobbing up on his pony to the front gate and dismounting, walk into the house with his spectacles on his nose and pill bags on his arm. We can not forget that, after being bled and dosed with calomel, we begged in vain for cold water to quench our thirst, and allay our burning fever. Our pious nurse, who never had a doubt but what a preacher knew how to save a soul, and a doctor knew how to save a body, refused cold water and read us the catechism.

We wanted cold water right out of the well. She gave us water she said was right out of the well. She failed to say that, though she had drawn it right out of the well, she had put it on coals (we had no stoves then) and warmed it, as the doctor had directed, before she allowed it to touch our parched and blistered lips. Although a mere child we knew our pious nurse lied, and as we turned in our bed and prayed for strength to go to the well ourself, we concluded there must be something rotten in a practice that required a pious Presbyterian to lie. Thomson's advent had been hailed with delight by a suffering world. He was an illiterate farmer living in York State, not far from the place where Jo Smith dug up the "Book of Mormon." He held that the gall duct, which carries off bile from the liver, empties into the stomach, instead of into a small intestine several inches below the stomach, which is really the fact. He held this "bile is discharged into the stomach to digest the food." He knew nothing of the gastric secretions, which perform this office. When a man's stomach was "out of whack," as he called it, it was of course loaded with too much bile, which required an emetic. He found the Indians using lobelia, and he set the squaws to gathering it for his practice in case of excessive bile in the stomach. He held that this excess of bile in the stomach must be brought upward by an emetic, and that it was dangerous to carry it down with cathartics. Hence, he condemned the use of cathartics under all circumstances. He locked horns with Brandreth, who contended that all the ill's flesh is heir to can be only reached by a free use of Brandreth's pills. Both had hosts of followers; both found their systems were adapted to the shape of some heads, and all along the roadside could be seen some fellow opening his mouth for pills, or gesticulating for a lobelia emetic. Further along down the roadside were squatting the sick, maimed, halt and blind. One called for a remedy from him who said all diseases could be cured by changing the blood. Another waved his hand for help to the fellow who shouted, "all diseases originate in a bad liver, I have the best liver remedies known;" while further along sat a bleary-eyed fellow, who bawled for a "revealed remedy," and at the tail of these squatting mourners sat an idiot, calling for a little "mind-cure," or esoteric "Christian meta-

physics." All received some benefit from their medicines, when there happened to be something in the medicine suited to their complaint, or when they had the necessary amount of faith. All the medicine venders had certificates by the thousand (most of them paid for) of remarkable cures. All the "cure-all" venders got rich, while their patients were being hauled away to the cemetery to give room for more dupes begging for a seat, yet warm, from which some dead man had just been packed off to the undertaker.

Thomson, like the founders of all new systems, had his grand central idea, which was,

**"HEAT IS LIFE, COLD IS DEATH."**

You will always find a live man is warm, a dead man is cold. As long as you keep a man warm you may know he is n't dead—that is, he has n't been dead long. To keep a man warm pour hot medicines down him. Thomson's remedies consisted of six numbers—Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, all compounded of a few simple ingredients, the main part of which was lobelia and red pepper. If a man was shaking with an ague chill, pour in red pepper; if he was burning up with fever, pour in more red pepper tea. Remember that "heat is life, and cold is death." If he is too hot now he may be dead and cold by and by. Keep him hot with red pepper and he can never die. Use emetics early and often. If the whole alimentary canal is torpid and lined with mucus, and there is no peristaltic action of the bowels, give no cathartics to remove this, but draw it up through the stomach by using an emetic. Is this common-sense treatment? Is it an effort to assist nature, or an effort to resist it? What more sense in it than in the treatment of the regular school?

One of the followers of Thomson in New York city had a patient with bilious colic. He vomited him till there was nothing in his stomach. He used injections, but all to no purpose. He then used a cathartic, and relief was obtained. Thomson himself had a patient, Mr. W. A. Parker, a respectable citizen, who had an ulcer on his breast, which had baffled the skill of "eminent physicians." He sent for Thomson, who gave him several "courses of medicine" (a "course of medicine" with Thomson consisted of lobelia emetics, sweating and warming up with pepper tea). Parker got no better. Thomson then applied to the ulcer a poultice made of lobelia and cayenne pepper, which of course caused the patient to suffer terribly. When asked what he intended by that, Thomson said "he intended to drive the ulcer into the stomach so a lobelia emetic would bring it up and out." His followers were astonished at his wonderful medical sagacity. They believed all Thomson said, and wondered why no man before had ever made such a discovery. Neither Paracelsus, Hahnemann or Jenner had ever thought of it. But Parker got no better. The cayenne and lobelia poultice did n't "drive the ulcer in." Dr. Thomson became discouraged, and having none of "Moore's Revealed Remedy" on hand, gave up the case. Parker's friends sent for an old woman in the neighborhood, and she cured Parker with injections and hot poultices. Thomson's idea was, that to cure all diseases we must vomit, steam, pepperize and injectionize until the bile was vomited out of the stomach and the body was kept warm by pepper and steaming, till every one knew he was not cold, or dead. His ideas were adopted by thousands who could not tell why. They knew the "regular system" had not cured them. They believed it had killed more than it had cured. They knew very well that many a child who had died under the "regular" treatment would have been alive and well if they had not consulted a doctor, but had employed a good nurse. They suspicioned, though they dare not express it, that the doctor had killed their darling child, and that their beloved pastor was mistaken when he told them at the funeral that the Lord had got away with it. There was then and there a seed of skepticism planted deep down in their poor bleeding hearts. They doubted whether doctors, who by an irrational system of treatment were really entitled to unload their burden of blunders on the Deity, and doubted whether the person who shifted the load from the "regular" and strapped it on the back of the Lord, had really ever been "called and sent" to perform such work. Unwittingly, the regular system of practice, in conjunction with orthodoxy, planted a seed which has grown into a mighty tree, which now overshadows every spot where resides a man or woman who has brains enough to reject everything that is preposterously absurd.

Thomson often took his patients out of a shower bath, and dashed cold water over them. This system of treatment has been adopted by our Indians, who, when sick with measles, small

pox or fever, crawl naked into a sweat-house till the hole is full. This sweat-house consists of an excavation, scraped out of the ground and covered with grass and dirt, with a small aperture on one side large enough to admit the largest buck and fattest squaw in the tribe. Into this opening they crawl till the sweat-house is full. The door is then closed to keep in the steam made by pouring water on a few hot stones sunk in a hole in the middle of the sweat-house. When covered with a slimy perspiration and nearly suffocated with steam, they crawl out and leap into the river to cool off. This treatment they learned from Lewis and Clark in 1803. Lewis and Clark had adopted the Thomsonian system of practice, but having no red pepper to give the Indians, of course most of the Indians died under this treatment. The Indian "Lamachin" doctors lost almost as many patients as "regular physicians" east did then and are now losing among the whites. The Indians who died were quietly buried without "benefit of clergy" and without the poor consolation offered to weeping mourners by some missionary—that the Lord had killed the dead Indian. But, the Indians are progressing, keeping pace in fact with many of our medical colleges. We were told by an Indian doctor in 1848 that the sweat-house cured some Indians and killed others. He thought while it might work well on a Cayuse it would not be safe to use it on a Snake Indian. This shows that Indian doctors, like our own physicians, are men of observation. They sometimes think a little; use what little brain they have and learn from experience. Of course there are few regular physicians who even think. They could n't do it if they tried to. If they are able to copy a prescription from some book, after guessing at what is the matter of the patient, they flatter themselves that they are eminent in their profession. But, now and then one thinks, is a close observer, and learns that what may be good for one may not be for another. He is called to see a sick Dutchman, and pronounces it a case of typhoid fever. He leaves pills, powders and a blister plaster. Comes back in the morning and finds the patient nearly well. Congratulates himself on his wonderful skill as a physician, but is a little set back when told by the Dutchman's "frau" that instead of using any of his medicines she had boiled a whole cabbage head and set it before her husband, who called for cabbage, and he ate the whole of it and immediately began to mend. The doctor takes out his note-book and writes: "To cure a fever boil a cabbage and make the patient eat the whole of it."

He is soon called to see a sick Irishman. He says: "You have got typhoid fever and got it bad. Now do you have your wife boil a cabbage and you eat the whole of it, and it is sure to break your fever by to-morrow morning." In the morning the doctor calls around and sees a piece of crape on the door-knob—wonders what it means. He knocks at the door which is opened by the sorrowing wife, who tells him the "poor man is dead. I cooked the cabbage as you told me and gave it to him. He ate a bit and said he could n't ate no more. I told him he *must* ate it all, for the doctor said he must and I knew the doctor understood his business; and what with worryin' and coaxin' and beggin' I got it all down him, but, hless his sowle, he died in less nor three hours."

The doctor takes out his note-book and writes: "A hoiled cabbage-head will *cure* a Dutchman but *kill* an Irishman." There was a regular who was willing to learn by experience and observation.

The Thomsonian system met with violent opposition from the calomel doctors. They sought for weapons with which to assail it in every direction. When argument failed, they resorted to ridicule. They laughed over the story told by a nervous old maid who, in giving her experience after taking a "course of medicine" from Thomson, said: "After I had taken the lobelia two or three times I thought I would die, certain. It seemed to me that my stomach was twisting around as if there was a big screw auger being turned around in it." The regulars seized this as a happy conception. They ridiculed Thomson's practice as the "screw auger system." It was a terrible boulder placed under the wheels of the "reformed practice" that threatened to overrun the whole country, especially the west, and the "solid south." Confirmed bachelors, nervous old maids, grandfathers and grandmothers, and even children became frightened at the "screw auger" practice and refused lobelia and red pepper. They suddenly concluded they would not submit to "screw auger" treatment. Even many who were practicing under the Thomsonian system were induced to leave out the lobelia and pepper and substitute boneset, but none of them



ever lost sight of their leader's great central idea, that "heat is life and cold is death." Prominent among the reformed Thomsonians was a woman. She lived in Whitesboro, N. Y., not far from Thomson. She was a veritable widow, and did n't owe her success in practice to the fact that she was a young "grass widow," as some female doctors have done in our day. She was too old and honest for that. She was toothless and gray, yet not so old but what she recognized the footsteps of the ancient flame as plainly as Dido did when she saw "Pius Æneas." Widow Bedott was a believer in the doctrine that "heat is life and cold is death." She was a rigid Presbyterian and had carefully read her Bible, but was most interested in the passage in Eccl. 4:11: "If two lie together they have heat, but how can one be warm alone?" Deacon Bedott had been in his grave some time. His widow was beginning to despair of keeping her feet warm in bed with a hot flat-iron. She sought something better. She saw Elder Sniffles, an old unmarried Baptist preacher. She set her cap for the elder. She concluded that after all the Presbyterian religion might be all wrong, and the Baptist religion was the only religion that had ever been "revealed." She beset Elder Sniffles every day. She met him on the street and smiled on him. She went to his wood-shed and cautioned him about letting the sharp edge of the ax strike his boot. She sought him in his garden and, hiding behind a tree, sang plaintive love songs. She reminded him that he must be very lonesome without a "pardner." The elder finally got sick. He employed an "eminent physician" who pronounced the case incurable, as it was a clear case of "typhoid meningitis reflected to the tendo Achilles." The elder said, "This eminent physician of course knows; he has a diploma, is a regular graduate, and I am satisfied that there is something the matter of the 'tendo Achilles,' as I notice my heels get cold when I stick my feet beyond the cover and rest them on the foot-board. Widow Bedott hears the elder is sick, and hastens to his bedside. She is disgusted with the diagnosis, pathology and prognosis of the "eminent physician." She says, "He haint got no disease in the heel, and if he only had a 'pardner' to sleep with, his feet would be warm as toast." She pronounces his disease merely a "serious attack of influenza," and promises to write a few lines when her mind becomes composed and tell him how to cure it. The remarkable cure she effected in Elder Sniffles' case, the manner of the cure, and the elder's certificate ought to be preserved. We shall give it in full, as we have no doubt it will be accepted as almost equal to "Moore's Revealed Remedy," or mind-cure, by many whose heads are shaped that way. The treatment is plainly laid down in

#### WIDOW BEDOTT'S DIRECTIONS TO ELDER SNIFFLES:

"O, reverend elder, I intreat you to take care o' yer preshus helth. I send you herewith a paper o' boneset; you must make some good stiff tea out and drink about a quart to-night afore you retire. Molasses and vinegar's a good thing for a cold or coff; jest take about a pint o' molasses and bile it down with a teacup of vinegar and a hunk o' butter as big as a hen's egg, and stir in about a half a teacup full of pepper sass; and eat it down hot jest afore bed-time—and take a strip o' flannel and rub some hog's lard on it, though goose grease ile's about as good, and pin it round yer throte rite off; and I send likewise a bag o' hops. You must dip it in bilin' vinegar and lay it on yer chest when you go to bed, and keep a dippin' on't as fast as it begins to git cool; and jest afore you git into bed soke yer feet in bilin' hot water with some red pepper in it; now do n't forget nothin' I've proscribed.

O reverend sir, I do declare,  
It drives me a 'most to frenzy,  
To think o' you a lyin' there  
Down sick with influenzy.

"Now do be keertful o' yourself, dear elder. Excuse me for callin' you dear, it came out afore I was aware on't. Don't fail to follow my directions, especially about the boneset; it's the soverEinst cure in nater for influenzy—and be sure to soke your feet in hot water and peppers—there aint nothing like it to fetch down infermation; and bind up yer throte in the iled flannel; it prevents swellin'—and I wouldent have you forget to use the hop-bag for nothin'—jest keep a pan o' hot vinegar on top o' yer stove, and dip the bag in it about once in ten minutes all night—it'll give you such a good night's rest. Hops is sleepifyfin'.

"P. P. BEDOTT."



This might be regarded as rather heroic treatment for even a Thomsonian, but it seemed to work well in the elder's case, and we do not see why it may not be beneficial in similar cases now; at all events it might be well to give it a trial after reading

#### THE ELDER'S CERTIFICATE OF CURE.

MOST WORTHY MRS. BEDOTT:—Your remedies, most excellent madam, I have applied in accordance with your directions, and it affords me no inconsiderable satisfaction to be able to say that I think I can safely affirm that their effects upon my system have been salubrious, and I can but indulge the hope that they will tend to my ultimate restoration. I must not, however, omit to mention that I did not realize, to the full extent, the efficacy of the hop bag; for, after having arisen, agreeably to your directions, some five or six times (it may be seven; I will not venture to speak positively as to the number) and immersed the hop-bag in the boiling vinegar, I regret to say that I unintentionally fell into a state of unconsciousness, from which I unhappily did not awake until morning. Owing to this unfortunate occurrence, I probably did not enjoy the refreshing repose which a constant application of the hot hop-bag would have afforded.

However, notwithstanding the unintentional neglect, I am happy to state that the virulence of my attack is decidedly abated.

With sentiments of unmitigated regard, I am,

Your obliged friend,

“ELDER O. SHADRACK SNIFFLES.”

This certificate of a remarkable cure was published in the *Scrabble Hill Luminary*, the leading paper of the town, and brought the widow a good many patients. It set the waning improved Thomsonian practice up again in that community, especially among the hard-shell Baptists. In other churches where the members were disgusted with the regular practice, but rejected the regular Thomsonian “screw auger” system, as well as the “bilin’ hot” applications of Widow Bedott, they took kindly to a new school of Thomsonianism which sprang up about that time; the doctors calling themselves “Independent Thomsonians.” These had commenced practice under pure Thomsonianism, using only the six preparations which Thomson thought would meet all indications, and cure everything curable. Finding their mistake, and rapidly losing practice in consequence of the “screw auger” howl among the regulars, they started out into a more extensive field. They sought for remedies in the whole vegetable kingdom, rejecting mineral medicines as unnecessary and generally highly injurious.

Their system was soon known as the “Botanical System.” They denounced all “poisons” as unfit for medicines. They carried on their flag a skull and cross-bones, as typical of the effects of the regular practice, where “poisons” were used as medicines. The system became immensely popular in many parts of the country. Thousands of people were ready to denounce “poisons” as medicines who knew no more of what a “poison” meant than did the doctors who denounced them. The people thought that a poison meant a mineral medicine, especially calomel. The people did n’t know, and the doctors did n’t know, that the best remedies we use are deadly poisons, in large doses, while in medicinal doses they are as harmless as water. They had not yet grasped the idea that digitalis, veratrum, colchicum, aconite, belladonna, strychnine, calabar bean, and many other “poisons” are vegetables, and can no more be dispensed with in practice than alcohol and opium, also vegetable “poisons.” They had not yet climbed to a position where they could see thousands of sufferers finding relief by drinking and bathing in the waters where God had mixed the minerals deep down in the bowels of the earth with water from the snows of the mountains, and pumped it up to the surface, so his children could drink, bathe and be benefited. They did n’t know they were fighting against God, as all monomaniacs are. But this cry against the use of “poisons” had a great influence among illiterate people, and it has not lost its power in the back-woods yet.

The botanic system had to be changed. Something new had to be spliced on to it to meet the demands of an advancing civilization. Homœopathy had been received by many as less dangerous than the regular system, as its attenuated doses were thought to be comparatively harmless, and if they did no good they would not kill. But, about this time homœopathy got a terrible set-

back in New York City. Dr. Burdell, a noted dentist, became slightly indisposed. Having a horror of minerals, he employed a homœopathic doctor, who promised to use no minerals, but did administer mercury and arsenic in attenuated doses till the dentist became badly fondered. He said the poison had settled in all his joints, which, under homœopathic treatment, had become swollen, stiff and contracted so he was unable to walk. He proposed to caricature the system by exhibiting two rats—one in a healthy state, and the other lame and bloated, with the hair all off, after having taken several small doses of arsenic.

The picture of the rat with his hair off had a wonderful effect upon those who gazed at it. It was a terrible bomb thrown into the homœopathic camp and was fearful in its results—nearly as much so as the “screw-auger” bomb that had made such havoc with the original Thomsonian system.

In all the western and southern states the vegetable, or what was termed the “Reform Practice,” had already obtained an immense foothold. It was, however, almost in a chaotic state. It seemed to be about as badly mixed and to need more “reform,” as is the confusion and needs of our present “civil service reform,” which has so much engaged the attention of a few mushroom politicians. The nest-egg of botanical reform was finally hatched out in New Jersey, then and now considered the Nazareth of the United States—that is, a state from which nothing very great or good can be looked for.

One Dr. Jacob Tidd, a botanical doctor in New Jersey, who had studied under a “German physician of high standing,” as history has it, had a relative who had been a prisoner among the Indians, and had learned the use of several vegetable remedies used by the squaw doctors. Dr. Tidd added to his information obtained from his German teacher all that his relative had brought in from the Indian camp, and soon became famous as a doctor. Dr. Wooster Beach, of New York city, a man of learning, of superior judgment, an ardent believer in the vegetable practice and a natural-born doctor, visited Dr. Tidd in New Jersey and remained with him long enough to learn his whole system of practice. Returning to New York he attended a course of lectures in the Medical College of Mineral Physicians in New York, where he graduated and received his diploma. He had little faith in the teachings of his *Alma Mater*, and soon cut loose from the old school fraternity and adopted a system of botanic treatment which he called the “American system of practice.” He failed to see any sense in the old howl against the use of “poisons.” He used all the vegetable poisons, such as digitalis, aconite and colchicum, and also used lobelia, a deadly poison, which the disciples of Thomson depended upon as their sheet-anchor while they were bitterly decrying the use of all poisons. Beach was educated, honest, earnest, and in full sympathy with a suffering humanity, and could not deceive people and try to make money by appealing to their prejudices founded on ignorance. The bitterness with which he attacked the “mineral system,” as he called it, though not fully sympathized in by many eclectics now, is not to be wondered at in a man who struggled with the best lights he had to found a rational system of practice and found his bitterest opponents among the regular physicians. In 1827 Dr. Beach erected an infirmary in New York city for the reception of patients. The first year he treated twenty-one hundred patients. He soon became so successful he was sent for far and wide, and was often consulted by eminent doctors of the regular school. He soon published three large volumes, beautifully illustrated, which he called the “American Practice of Medicine.” These books showed such profound learning, such familiarity with the whole range of medical science, and such a knowledge of surgery that it induced many intelligent men to say: “Beach is the brightest medical luminary that ever shot athwart the heavens.” No doubt in his day this was true. He never claimed infallibility, and if he had, the experience and observations of mankind since his death would prove he was no more infallible than the papal insect at Rome.

In introducing his work he said: “This work is the result of my observations, reflections, inquiries, investigations, researches and experiences from youth to the present period, most of which time has been exclusively devoted to it, with an assiduity which has almost wholly sacrificed my social enjoyments of life, and taxed my mind and body to a degree which has greatly impaired my health and that, too, amid slander and persecution. I have suffered greatly in *mind, body and estate*; yet I feel amply rewarded for all this in the consciousness that my labors will result in alleviating the sufferings of my fellow men.” Scribner, in New York city, published these

books many years ago, but they are no longer to be had. Scribner said to us twelve years ago : "Beach's works are out of print. Those who have them will not sell them. You could n't buy a copy to-day for one hundred dollars." The works of Dr. Beach soon found their way to Europe. Many crowned heads became enamored of them, and after submitting them to their physicians, sent complimentary letters and gold medals to the doctor as testimonials of their esteem for the new system developed in his "American Practice." In 1834 he received a massive gold medal from the king and queen of Prussia, with a diploma as corresponding member of the Medical and Surgical Society of Berlin. In 1833 he received honorary gold medals from the king of Wurtemberg and the king of Saxony. In 1837 he received a gold medal from the "holy father," the pope of Rome. In 1838 he received gold medals for his books from the king of the Netherlands and king of Tuscany. In 1842 he received gold medals, awarded by the French king and the king of England. The letters accompanying the medals were all similar in tone to that written him by Baron Alibert, professor of the medical faculty of Paris, who said : "It is a model of analysis, and a masterpiece of method and medical experience."

While Beach was a prophet almost without honor in his own country, everywhere ridiculed by the regular doctors and stigmatized as an "empiric" and "quack" by the small-fry who strutted around with the old-fashioned pill-bags, "seeking whom they might kill," it was some consolation to him to receive these testimonials from distinguished men across the water. Yet Beach, with all his greatness, like everything great in this world, had his weakness. The persecutions he underwent from others, the storm that was rained down on his head by medical men who sought to destroy him at home, and perhaps other troubles, so preyed upon his mind that he sought to drown his sorrows by drinking. He is said to have died a drunkard. This brilliant star that for a time adorned the American horizon was destined to go down in a gutter. Yet his great intellect seemed only to be partially clouded when intoxicated. Some of his friends claimed that he, like Edgar Poe, was superior to himself when under the "control" of spiritual influence. One old lady, who had employed him when she was young, said to us : "I would rather have Beach, drunk, than all the doctors in New York city who never drank anything but water." This might have been true of Beach, but from what we have seen in Portland practice, especially among some surgeons here, it is a dangerous rule to adopt in Portland. We should not like to risk the life of our child in the hands of a doctor we could n't find without going to a saloon. We would never go to a saloon to hunt a doctor—"well, hardly ever."

The "American system of practice," embracing in its *materia medica* only roots and herbs, has been largely supplanted by what many think a more rational system, called

#### THE ECLECTIC SYSTEM.

Eclectic comes from the Greek, *eklegoo*—to select, to choose out. In medicine it means in plain English a system of practice in which what is supposed to be good in all systems of practice is reserved, and the rest rejected, just as an old class of philosophers who, while they held Plato in the highest respect, chose to believe that Plato did n't know it all, and proceeded to amalgamate with the teachings of Plato that which they thought to be consistent with reason in the teaching of all other schools, and just as in the second century the Ammonians or new (reformed) Platonists engrafted their doctrines upon original Christianity, and made an amalgamation of the teachings of Christ with the teachings of Plato, Pythagoras and other heathen philosophers, "to make Christianity popular—an amalgamation adhered to by nearly all "Christians" yet. An eclectic physician is one who selects and employs what he thinks is best adapted to the case in hand. The fact that he is a graduate of an eclectic medical college, so-called, does n't prove that he is an eclectic in fact—only in name.

Neither does it prove a man is not eclectic in practice, though he may have graduated in a regular homœopath or any other school. We meet now and then a true eclectic in all of these schools. It takes a man of brains to make an eclectic ; while any simpleton can practice under any one system, and who follows his books, guessing at the disease and copying their prescriptions supposed to be good for something the doctor guesses the patient has. An eclectic must be a man of broad views. He must have no prejudices that would prevent him from thoroughly investigating

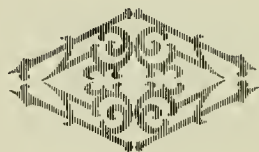


the claims of all the schools. He must be willing and anxious to learn. He must not think he knows it all. He must be imbued with the idea that he may have suggested to him by a nurse, by an illiterate fisherman, by an Indian, or even by a Chinaman, valuable information he can not find in any book in his library. He must be a man great in the consciousness of his own ignorance and littleness; great in the fact that he is willing and anxious to learn more, and better fit himself to alleviate the sufferings of his fellows; great in being willing to sit at the feet of a regular, a homœopath, a water-cure, mind-cure, faith-cure, mesmeric-cure, prayer-cure, and all other cures, and learn as fast as he can get around to examine their claims; great in the fact that he knows there is no system which is all wrong and none all right—something to be learned in all, and something perhaps in a system which at first sight seemed preposterously foolish which may just fit a case which the teaching of no other system has thrown any light on. The successful eclectic must be a scholar; he must be a chemist, a pharmacist. Must know how to make his own medicines, and know the difference there is between the effect of medicines extracted by boiling, percolation and filtering, and those resins sold in drug stores tortured by a chemical process and falsely said to contain all the medicinal properties of the drug. He must be scholar enough to know that the teachings of the books about “incompatibles” is mere guess work, the ratiocinations of educated idiots; that “incompatibles,” or medicines which are thought to destroy one another, sometimes produce a new compound in the stomach, and this new compound may be more efficacious than would have been doctor’s “compatibles.” He must often doubt whether the undertaker would drive as successful a business as he now does if a large majority of the doctors would confine themselves in practice to “incompatibles” only. In addition to this, the true eclectic doctor must be a Christian, or perhaps what would better express it, a religious man. Not the religion taught in temples called “houses of God,” but the religion taught by Christ—a broad *humanitarianism*. He must be imbued with a desire to help his fellows, to relieve the poor and needy at the smallest possible cost to the patient. He must love to practice medicine more than he loves to eat when he is hungry. He must be as anxious to cure every person who entrusts his case to him as he would be if that patient was his own darling wife or child. He must spend hours in studying every case he has on hand; he must think of them as he wakes in the night and he must pray for light where all seems dark to him, and he is sure to get it if he is in communication with an influence above and beyond all human comprehension, and while he prays for light he will never prey upon the poor. He must be just as anxious and work just as hard to cure a poor blind beggar, who has nothing to offer as a fee but a small remnant of a suit of rags, as he would be to cure a banker who offered him thousands.

While the true eclectic doctor must be a natural born doctor, an educated man, a man of broad views, a man who has a great soul, a man who loves his fellowmen and is willing to wear himself out in their service, he must also be a man who has climbed up to a position where he can see the world as it is—groveling in the mire, away down in the valley of humiliation and shadow of death—and he must start out to practice knowing how “the land lays.” If he does n’t understand this he will be apt to become discouraged in a short time and tear down his shingle. He will soon find that all of his patients will come from the ranks of intelligence. Only men and women who are intelligent will patronize him. He will find that while he expected to find ignorance of medicine only among hod-carriers, draymen, and common laborers, he has been mistaken. He will often find the same ignorance of medicine among lawyers, judges and preachers as he finds in the son of Erin, who goes up the ladder groaning under a load of bricks or mortar. It takes but a slight tip of the scales to throw a criminal from the prisoner’s box up into the judge’s seat and land the judge down where the prisoner sat. There is n’t as much difference after all between the high and the low in this world as people generally think there is. The lawyer and judge know more of statute law than the Irish excavator. The priest knows more of theology, because he has studied the grand science of soul saving. The doctor knows more about medicine than the milkman, because each in his own sphere has devoted his whole time to studying his profession. The judge has no time to read anything outside of court decisions. He leaves the body cure to his doctor. The priest overhauls the musty records of antiquity to see what was the opinion of St. Athanasius, St. Xavier or St. Patrick, and is then able to tell us what God’s ideas are on any given subject.



Every little fellow who carries a bladder of wind on his back imagines he is an Atlas, struggling under no less a load than the planet earth, with the Deity riding astride of it. He is sure to have followers, and although he may only have a handful of cranks at his heels, he looks upon them as an immense army and wants them to "*stand up and be counted.*" The eclectic doctor, as we said before, must be a man of broad views, a man on an eminence that commands an extended horizon. He must see a struggling, surging, honest but ignorant humanity, marshaled under many leaders, and he must be aware that all these variances have a powerful influence on the brain, and these influences are not to be ignored. He must know that he can not work monomania out of a man with a cathartic, or give him common sense by dosing him with quinine. He must know that in order to cure he must humor in some measure the ideas of his patient. He must not tread heavily on any theological or political corn his patient may be suffering with. He must never say the doctors are humbugging the lawyers and judges; the lawyers, judges and preachers are humbugging the common people by supporting quackery, and that all are tumbling into the cemetery, the "last ditch" of ignorance, together, and all lie down contented, believing that Gabriel's horn will by and by arouse them to a condition in which they will be able to carry a bigger load of quackery and humbuggery than they can carry now. Now, one who has all these qualifications, will make a fair start as an eclectic doctor.



## Chapter XVI.

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### SURGERY—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

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**S**URGERY, as already stated in a previous chapter, is that branch of the healing art which requires manual, or hand, operations. In modern times we associate in our minds the use of instruments in surgical operations, while in some surgical operations no instruments are used. The field of surgery is of necessity a limited one, while that of medicine embraces all that has been discovered of imaginary or real remedies on the globe, and has also in every age, as in this, made large draughts on influences real or imaginary, on supposed spirit worlds and a numberless host of gods.

The operations of a surgeon are limited to a human body, of which he must necessarily know something; while the operations of a doctor are only limited by a profound ignorance, whose outer wall stretches out as far as the gullibility of his patient will permit it to expand.

To be a doctor in this, as in every other age of the world, the only qualification he needs to ensure success in making money is that of Voltaire's family physician—"A man who thrusts drugs of which he knows little, into a body of which he knows nothing," provided always that he is able to hide from the patient the true name of the drug he thrusts down his throat. There is less quackery in surgery than in medical practice. A man who handles the knife must necessarily know something about the human body, while the average doctor needs to know nothing but what he reads in his books. Of course this only applies to about nine-tenths, or perhaps ninety-nine hundredths of what are called "regular physicians," who depend on their books. Doctors, like orators, poets, soldiers and mathematicians, are born, not made in medical colleges. While a surgeon must be born with a mechanical genius, sound judgment, a steady nerve, and large benevolence, he must learn anatomy in college, or from books and dissections.

To be a successful surgeon he must be a first-class physician as well. He must never use the knife as long as there is hope of cure without it. There is no doubt but that fully one-half of the surgical operations which have been performed were unnecessary, as cures could have been made without the use of the knife, by the use of proper remedies. This was the opinion of Beach, and it is ours. Fifteen years ago no one could have made us believe that fistula in ano, enormously large pile tumors, ascites, or dropsy in the belly, could be cured without surgery. But we have learned better. For these troubles we have not for many years used our bistoury trochar or ligatures. Hundreds of men are now using wooden limbs whose fractures could have been healed, and tens of thousands are now sleeping in graveyards who were unnecessarily butchered by some reckless surgeon, who knew nothing of the healing art and whose ambition and avarice prompted him to try to win fame in the only field he had ever explored—a slaughter yard. It would take many pages of this book to record the mistakes made by surgeons in hospitals and almshouses which have resulted in death. Even an eminent surgeon is liable sometimes to make a mistake. One in Blockley Hospital, Philadelphia, where there are two thousand beds, admitted to us in a certain case, "I made a mistake and killed that man." In this hospital are surgeons of world-wide reputation—as good as are to be found in Europe or America; yet, after seeing a crowd of them operate for hours every day for many months we concluded that not one of them knew much of the healing art, and that only one in the crowd that wore bloody aprons and handled instruments could be trusted to operate on us or any of our friends. A good surgeon ought to be a good doctor. There may be men with such qualifications, but we have never been fortunate enough to find one

yet. Even in the large hospitals the old surgeons do the cutting and send the patient out to be bandaged, bound up and treated by young doctors, who get good pay for experimenting on the poor fellows who are unfortunate enough to be sent there. The young doctors who assist by wiping up the blood, handing up the instruments, administering the ether and emptying the spittoons, soon take Greeley's advice and "go west," where they hang out a shingle as surgeons and soon have a large practice. Their great skill has been endorsed in a hundred newspaper paragraphs, but the truth can only be learned by studying a hundred marble slabs in the cemetery. A few years ago one of these young surgeons, who had nearly all the practice for miles around Portland, was endorsed by a pretty fair surgeon here who said to us: "That fellow never stuck his knife into a man he did not kill." We merely understood by this that he regarded the young surgeon as a butcher. He has now folded his tent and stolen away, but his mantle, saw and butcherknife were left behind to be worn and used by others.

We have surgical operations now not known to the ancients, mostly practiced by WOMEN DOCTORS, WHO PRODUCE ABORTIONS. There is a large amount of this work done in all our large cities by unskilled and unprincipled women. The world knows nothing of it except now and then if a poor girl happens to die in the operator's office, or is ruined for life and chooses to divulge to some one the cause of her woes. Of course there are cases in which it is the duty of a physician to produce abortions. This every intelligent physician knows, and he knows, or ought to know, that they can be safely performed without medicine, and without the use of metal instruments, and without danger of injury to the patient; but not by the means used by these women doctors, who care nothing for human life, but are only interested in pocketing a heavy fee. The moral status of these female butchers is generally in keeping with one who operated in Boston when we were there, and who, when the child was born alive, drowned the crying babe in a bucket of water. There have probably been several hundred of these murders committed in Portland, but no woman can be punished for such crimes by juries composed of men one or two of whom has, or expects to have, need of a woman butcher to cover up his own infamy.

Notwithstanding all the butcheries and all the mistakes made in surgery by unqualified operators, there are surgeons of deservedly high renown. These men, when found, are wonderful benefactors of the human race. They often save life and suffering by using the knife where nothing else will cure. If we only had a perfect surgeon and a perfect doctor combined in one, very few who patronize him would suffer much, or die till they were fully ripe for the sickle—say from eighty to one hundred and fifty years.

While surgeons, with all their ignorance and incapacity, kill thousands, the doctors, take them as they run, may count their victims by the ten thousand. Surgery, on the whole, has made more progress in the last ten thousand years than has the auxiliary branch of *materia medica*. Surgery has a limited field in which to operate, and it is hard to hide its mistakes from the observant eye of intelligence. *Materia medica* has a field which takes in the circumference of the globe, and then draws on the influences of the outside worlds. It deals in the ozone, oxygen, odic force and hydrogen found in the atmosphere, the electricity flashing in thunder-clouds, and then reaches out with imploring hands for aid from something it calls spirit, the form, character, power and office of which it knows nothing, or even of its existence. But all these forces have been successfully employed in healing diseases. They are forces which can be utilized by such as Franklin, who drew lightning from the clouds. The average doctor needs few of them. He needs only about half a dozen drugs. Calomel, quinine and opium constitute the three heads of the Esculapian trinity he packs around in his saddle-bags. His other remedies are merely adjuncts—gaudy feathers with which he decks off the naked form of the Esculapian goddess he places to roost on the bedstead of his dying patient, to amuse him as he stiffens in death. He needs little knowledge in medicine, little in diagnosis, less in pathology, and none in prognosis. He has only to look wise and say nothing. The less he says the more his patient thinks he knows. If the patient happens to be a little above the average in intelligence and is suffering with a brain-softening, or "dropsy of the heart," Bright's kidney, or any other deadly disease, it is not necessary for the doctor to examine his pulse, look at his tongue, analyze the urine, or inquire into the history of the case; but if the patient has sense enough to ask the doctor to tell what is the matter of him, the learned dis-

ciple of Esculapius always has a door wide open through which he can dodge—"I think you are bilious," or, "I think you have got malaria," or, perhaps, "I think you are suffering from dyspepsia." But if the patient has sense enough to ask his doctor to tell him what medicines are embraced in his prescription and how he expects these medicines to cure, there is no door open by which the doctor can flee but the one by which he came in, and he must shoulder his saddle-bags and go in quest of a more gullible dupe.

As before stated, the Jews knew something of surgery in the time of Moses. Their instruments were rude and few in number—a razor for shaving off the hair of lepers, a butcher's knife for cutting up carcasses for the altar and for dissecting concubines. "And when he was come into his house, he took a knife, and laid hold on his concubine and divided her, together with her bones, into twelve pieces, and sent her into all the coasts of Israel."—Judges, 19:29. The interesting surgical operation known as circumcision was generally performed by using a sharp flint instead of a knife, and women sometimes operated as surgeons. "Then Zipporah (wife of Moses) took a sharp stone and cut off the foreskin of her son and cast it at his (Moses) feet."—Ex., 4:25. At that time the Lord said unto Joshua: "Make thee sharp knives of flints (marginal reading) and circumcise again the children of Israel the second time."—Joshua, 5:2. These surgical instruments were sharpened just as their iron instruments were—by whetting. When a surgeon had to use a dull one in circumcising, he had to do just as he would if using a dull knife. "If the iron be blunt and he do not whet the edge, *then must he put to more strength.*"—Eccl., 10:10. These are about all the surgical instruments "holy writ" gives any account of, but we are led to infer that when the pious Levite divided the bones of his concubine, he must, in addition to a knife, have had a meat-block and butcher's cleaver.

These interesting facts in regard to ancient surgery, as well as others of equally transcendent importance, are little known by the young and rising generation, owing to the deplorable fact that free-thinkers have nearly dispensed with the reading of the Bible in our public schools.

Of the knowledge the ancient Greeks had of surgery, as exhibited by Machaon Podilirius and others, on the ensanguined plains before the walls of Troy, we have already treated in Chapter Two. While they were able to pull out a dart that stood quivering in the flesh, they shone conspicuously only in applying the styptic balsam and sovereign balm to painful and bleeding wounds. Fractures of bones they could not handle. Fortunately, few bones were fractured when armies fought with spears, halberds and bows and arrows. When a warrior had his leg crushed by a rock flung by some physical giant, the surgeons were not called on, but Apollo was invoked to make the cure. Hippocrates, about 480 B. C., the "father of medicine," was the first surgeon we have any account of who undertook to heal broken bones without calling on the gods for help. He was called the father of medicine because he was the first to raise the healing art above the swamp of ignorance and superstition, where a degraded humanity lay floundering in the mire of ignorance, and where priests, as the representatives of the gods, had for ages posed as lightning-rods to carry from the skies down to a perishing humanity a heavenly influence, always in demand, and which could only be conveyed to the world through a theological lightning-rod. These theological arrangements, which formerly brought down only influences to cure bodily infirmities, are now used mainly for soul troubles—a great improvement over those used in ancient times before the discovery of souls; for it is an astonishing fact that not a single "inspired writer" among the Jews ever pretended to know anything of a future state. Not one of them, from Moses to Malachi, ever wrote a line which has been preserved that shows they believed in immortality. Hippocrates dissected apes and performed surgical operations which would now be regarded as butchery. He had no anesthetics to deaden pain as we have now, neither for ages did any other surgeons know anything of their use. He clumsily adjusted broken bones with horrible pains to his patients. He used a trephine for removing broken bones of the skull, he used forceps in accouchments, cut into the kidney to remove calculi, cut off legs and arms, ran his instruments in between the ribs to let out pus in empyema, or water in hydrothorax, or dropsy in the chest. To produce counter irritations, he used the moxa, burnt them with red-hot irons, soaked pieces of wood in oil and set them on fire to burn the flesh, using them much the same as our Indians do pitch-wood, as already



described in Chapter One. He also operated for *fistula in ano*, and resorted to a heroic use of the knife generally.

The earliest surgeons we have any account of were found in Egypt, unless we call the operations performed by Jewish priests—such as we have already described—surgery. The Egyptian priests, besides possessing the art of embalming the dead, performed surgery. They must have known how to perform amputation, for Herodotus tells us they made and adjusted artificial limbs. Their instruments are generally now considered as having been very rude, probably a slight improvement over the sharp flint knives with which the Jews performed circumcision. On some of the walls found in the ruins of Thebes there are found, however, surgical instruments displayed similar to those we use now. Their instruments, for anything we know, might have been far superior to ours. No man now can make an instrument that will not rust unless gilded, yet the Damascus blades of the crusades were not gilded, and never rusted, even in the humid climate of India. The point of one of these blades could be bent to touch the hilt, and though thrust in a corkscrew scabbard, it assumed its original shape when withdrawn. The ancients possessed some skill which no man now possesses. The Syrian purple colors, painted on the walls of Pompeii more than seventeen hundred years ago, are as bright and beautiful to-day as they were then. No artist to-day can give us colors that will not soon fade. There are cabinets of gems in Italy on which there are engravings made more than two thousand years ago. The engraving is so fine that it can hardly be seen with the naked eye; but by the aid of powerful glasses, the perfect forms of men and women can be seen, and the figure of the god Hercules stands out so boldly that you can see the interlacing muscles and count every hair on his eyebrows. About two hundred years ago there were published in France, letters from Catholic priests saying that they had seen in China a transparent and colorless glass into which was poured a liquid, colorless like water. Then, on looking through this glass, it appeared to be filled with fishes. The Chinese admitted they did not make them, but stole them among other plunder of a foreign conquest. The Romans, who got their chemistry from the Arabians, claimed in their books, written nearly one thousand years ago, that they were able to make malleable glass. It is said that in the age of Tiberius and time of St. Paul, a Roman who had been banished, returned, bringing a glass cup, which he dashed upon the marble pavement without breaking it. It was dented some, but with a hammer he soon brought it back to its original shape. There is a vase in the Genoa cathedral which was long considered a solid emerald. The Roman Catholic legend is, that it was a present to Solomon from the Queen of Sheba, and that it was the cup out of which the Savior drank at the Last Supper. Scholars say of it: "It is not a stone; we hardly know what it is."

These facts of history are merely revived to show that the ancients knew a good many things that we do not know—that is, if history is correct. These being admitted as facts, we are prepared to believe that, after all, the Egyptian surgeons might have had as good, or even better, instruments than we now have. In looking back through the dim vista of ages through the telescope of uncertain history, we, of course, see but little of the real character of the surgeons, their instruments and their operations. If in 1888, much, if not most, of what we read in newspapers is not true; if since the days of Homer few men who write books can tell the truth—can deliver a message just as they get it, or can report a conversation they hear correctly; and if ten men who witness a dog fight or a case of assault and battery, all swear differently in court as to what transpired, we are not warranted in taking all we read in history as infallibly correct, and as we are not "inspired," it is not unlikely that mistakes will be found in this book—either made by us or by the printer.

Damocedes, a Grecian captain in Persia, was called an eminent surgeon about 480 B. C. because he reduced a dislocated ankle for Darius and removed or otherwise cured the cancerous breast of Queen Atossa, wife of Darius, after all the Egyptian doctors had failed. Whether the queen really had any more cancer on her breast than Grant had in his throat, or whether the ignorance of Damocedes was equal to that of the "eminent surgeons" who treated Garfield about twenty-eight hundred years afterward, when it was demonstrated that "ignorance was Bliss," of course we have no means of knowing. We incline, however, to the opinion that the practice on Atossa was fully up to much of the surgery of our day. From the time of Hippocrates, the Greek

surgeon who died about 370 B. C., down to Ambrose Pare, the celebrated French surgeon, A. D. 1636, the world produced many surgeons of more or less notoriety. Praxagorus cut into the throat for quinsy, and performed similar operations to those lately resorted to by those who treated the late German prince. Eristratus, one of the great leaders of the Alexandrian school, founded 300 B. C., and who, with Herophilus, first began the dissection of human bodies, invented and used the catheter, and treated scirrhusities and tumors of the spleen and liver, and one of his pupils, Ammoneus, invented a lithotripter for crushing stone in the bladder.

Celsus, who lived in Rome during the reign of Tiberius, was the most eminent surgeon of his time. Celsus must have been a cotemporary of Christ, but history fails to give us the exact year of his birth. His books treat nearly as fully as our books do now on cataracts of the eye, injuries of the skull, ruptures of the peritoneum, cutting into the bladder to remove a stone (lithotomy) fractures, dislocations, carbuncles, amputations, etc. He is, so far as we have been able to find in history, the first surgeon who was ever able to ligate a wounded artery. For many hundred years operations in surgery were confined mostly to priests and barbers. Their operations, of course, were confined to simple cases. If a man's finger was cut off, or bruised off, the priest was hurriedly sought, the finger was bound up in some emollient salve, and the gods or the Virgin Mary were loudly called on to finish the case. When surgeons of the colleges took hold of important cases which no priest or barber dare undertake, they did so at an immense disadvantage. They had the opposition of the priests and the prejudices of the religious multitude to contend with. They had no anæsthetics to destroy pain, and render the poor sufferers unconscious. Their subjects were either firmly bound to the surgeon's table or kept from struggling by the strong arms of half a dozen assistants. Their wails of agony that went up as the surgeon's knife cut the quivering nerves and the cruel saw, often as heartless as the operator, went crashing through the bones and marrow, could be heard all over the city. Many of them expired during the operation, or died soon after. It is no wonder that Archogathus was driven from the city by an enraged populace after having failed to cure so many he had injudiciously operated upon—the populace said "murdered." It is no wonder that Asclepiades, of Bithynia, had to give up surgery at the demands of an enraged populace 96 B. C., and that many other surgeons of that day were compelled to flee for their lives. If all the butchers in our hospitals to-day were thus treated, how many would be left? If a man is *unnecessarily* operated on in our day and is killed, he ought to be murdered without pain; yet we have seen torture inflicted *unnecessarily* in hospitals on poor sufferers who were not etherized, or who took anæsthetics from the hands of surgeons who either did not know how to administer chloroform, or who were men as dead to all moral susceptibility as the Chinese executioner, who coolly disembowels his screaming victim with no more pity than has the hawk that feasts on the live flesh of the suffering chicken. If we had not witnessed with our own eyes cases of diabolical butchery in eastern hospitals, and by doctors here in Portland, and had not experienced their skill as "surgeons" here many years ago, we could not thus positively speak. This is the reason why we have already said that a surgeon ought, in addition to other qualifications, to be a good man—a man of large benevolence. And this is the reason why we said we never saw but one surgeon in Philadelphia into whose hands we would trust ourself or any of our friends. This (F. F. Maury) was a man who, in addition to great skill, was a perfect gentleman, a man of great refinement, and one who would never inflict unnecessary pain on a human being. He was our beau-ideal of a surgeon, though he had no greater reputation among the populace, or even among surgical savants generally, than had William H. Pancoast.

The black clouds that hung over the world for nearly six thousand years and covered the horrors of surgery and religious fanaticism, are slowly passing away. The tortures inflicted by surgeons who knew nothing of anæsthetics, but who honestly tried to save bodies; and the agonies suffered at the stake or the rack, and in dungeons, inflicted by the church, moved by an ardent desire to save souls, have measurably passed away. Civilization has given the church many a coat of whitewash, and the discoveries of science have done more for surgery than for any other one thing. Compare, for instance, the ancient and modern practice in what is called the Cæsarean operation—so-called, because Julius Cæsar was born by a cutting into the womb through the parietes (inside lining) of the abdomen when natural delivery is impracticable. Pliny says that

people in his day so born were called *Cæsones*, which induces us to believe that the name was merely derived from the Latin word *Cædo*—"to cut, to kill or butcher," or *Cæsune*—"entrained." Cæsar, whom Shakespeare calls "the foremost man of all the world," was born one hundred years B. C. and said to have been born this way. In those early times this operation was only performed to save the child after the mother had died in childbirth.

Eucharius wrote a book at Worms in 1513, entitled, "The Rose Garden for Midwives and Pregnant Women." Eucharius made a step in advance, but he failed to discover a "rose garden" for pregnant women where there were no thorns in it. This can not be done, and it is blasphemy to undertake it till the "divine law" is repealed which makes women suffer for the mistakes made by Eve.

In 1543, Vesalius of Padua, in Austrian Italy, grappled with the subject of midwifery, and made more discoveries. After this the law required all surgeons to perform this operation on all mothers immediately after they died in childbed.

In 1581, Francis Rousset, a surgeon in Paris, announced to the world that he could perform this operation on a living mother with a chance of saving the life of both mother and child. He was the first man who gave it the name of "The Cæsarean Operation." Since then it has been practiced with varied success—sometimes saving the mother and child, but often killing both.

With the use of anæsthetics, we believe that a first-class surgeon, who is also a first-class doctor, can save a large majority of his patients. The necessity of this operation can only be determined by measuring the passage through the pelvic bones. "When the antero-posterior diameter of the superior strait of the pelvis or the transverse diameter of the lower strait is not more than one and a half inch, the head of the child can not pass, and there is no possibility of a delivery *per vias naturales*"—or natural forces, and the Cæsarean operation must be performed, or both mother and child must die; but all this is a useless suffering, and a useless butchery, through ignorance. If the woman had sense enough to have had a competent surgeon measure the strait of the pelvis as soon as she found she was pregnant, and in case of malformation, had procured an abortion, the difficulty would have been obviated, and she could be instructed how to prevent the recurrence of such a trouble. In such cases, and in others we might mention, it is the duty of the practitioner to cause abortion, the howl of the church, the wail of the press, and the ignorance of the public, notwithstanding.

It is fashionable among irreverent people now to deny the existence of the Devil, a Pagan divinity, as ubiquitous as the field of human existence, as voracious as the crocodile who longs to swallow a baby, and as omnipotent in thwarting the efforts of natural law, as is his supposed creator in trying to make his complicated machinery run smoothly. He has been the fruitful source of all, or nearly all, the woes the human family has suffered since man emerged from his primitive cave gnawing at a chunk of raw meat, and smelling the kitchen of a modern restaurant from afar. "No man hath seen him at any time." No man hath seen "any one" who has seen him.

All we know of him we only know from his works. His works are evil, and only evil, continually. "He goeth forth as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." His pleasure garden is a golgotha. The music that flows through his glittering halls consists of the shrieks of a suffering world. He is supposed to have had his birth in a lake of liquid fire before the earth cooled off enough to make a crust thick enough to support the coming fauna and flora. Hence, he is supposed to have been born in hell. When man made his appearance on the earth, this arch enemy of the human race crawled up through the "cleft of a rock" left open as a vent hole for internal fires, and has been prowling around ever since. Though a monster, he has been of great service to priests and kings. The former he has crowned with diadems, and the latter he has clothed with purple and fine linen at the expense of the blood and tears of robbed and slaughtered millions. In spite of all that Ingersoll and other infidels may say, he is a reality. As the able African doctor of divinity says—"It am a fac, he do exist." His name in Greek is *DIABOLAS*; his name in theology is *DEVIL*; while his name among scholars is *IGNORANCE*. The world was butchered by surgeons for ages through ignorance, yet, in the whole field of research to benefit



people, there have been found none more honest, none more ardent and none more anxious to benefit the race than surgeons. The murders they have committed, the unnecessary torture they have inflicted on mankind, have not been intended—they were mere instigations of the devil—or what is the same thing, the results of ignorance.

The ancient surgeons did the best they knew, when to stop the flow of blood they seared the bleeding stump with a red hot iron or plunged it into boiling oil. Thinking that a gun shot wound was poisonous, they had no idea that a soldier wounded by a bullet on the battle field, could be saved without pouring boiling oil through the track where went the poisonous lead. This idea was entertained by such an eminent French surgeon as Ambrose Pare, who acted as surgeon in the French army in 1536. Pare learned better by a mere accident and not by any use of common sense. After a battle, in which many soldiers were wounded, the oil ran out. The kettles all ran dry of boiling oil. Pare being anxious to save his soldiers, was as much distressed as was ever a priest who ran out of faggots when his god wanted him to burn a heretic. He lay awake all night thinking of the poor soldiers that must be dying for the want of boiling oil. In the morning he was surprised to find that those who had not been “scientifically” treated with boiling oil, were doing much better than those who had. Pare at once abandoned the use of oil and made a long advance in surgery, while the priest simply advertised for more kindling wood. The surgeon’s field of operations were within his reach, where he could learn something, while the field of the priest lay beyond the clouds, a field of which he knew nothing, of which, he could learn nothing, except what he got on the telegraph wire of heathen tradition; so while Pare stopped scalding, the priest kept on burning, and is still delighted to think that the fires of damnation have n’t yet gone out for the want of fuel. Pare’s benevolence induced him to change his course when he saw he was wrong, while the bread and butter of the priest depends on still keeping the fires of hell up to a white heat.

Another specimen of tortures inflicted on patients by ancient and modern surgeons is found in the treatment of aneurism—especially of aortic aneurism. Aneurism comes from the Greek word *anurresos*, to dilate, or *aneurismos*, an extension. It consists in an unnatural enlargement of an artery at some particular point so as to form a sac, more or less large, owing to the extent of its duration and other causes. This sac is called a vascular tumor, because it is a vessel filled with blood. Aneurisms are more common among men than women. The annual deaths from aneurisms in England from 1857 to 1866 were 402. In 1866 there were 450—males, 325, females, 125. Now the question suggests itself—why do more men than women have aneurisms? Statistics say it is a fact that they do. Most people are like the student in college who, when asked by the professor why a dish filled to the brim with water would not run over if a live fish, weighing two or three pounds was dropped into the water? The young gentlemen proceeded to give several scientific reasons. The old professor taught them a good lesson when he said—“Gentlemen, before you attempt to explain a thing, always find out first if it is a fact—it is not a fact that the water would not run over.” It seems to be a fact that men are much more liable to aneurisms than women; and the reason is, that men do more heavy lifting, ride more bucking Cayuses, and are exposed in a thousand other ways to ruptures of arterial coats, where women are not. Any artery in the body is liable to it, but we have found more aneurisms in the aorta than in any other artery. As this is more dangerous and more difficult to treat than any other, we shall only call attention to this form of aneurism.

The distention of the artery is said to be often caused by a weakened condition of the walls, but from our experience, we think it is much oftener caused by a strain which ruptures one or two of its inside walls. An artery has three firm and elastic coats or membranes to give it strength. one or two of the inside walls being weakened by disease, or ruptured by a strain, are not able to resist the force of rapidly rushing blood, and soon begins to yield to the force of its action, slowly enlarging till it forms a sac of an enormous size, when the distended and consequently weakened walls give way and death is instantaneous. We have examined cases of this kind where, after death, the aneurismal sac was as large as a man’s double fist.

There is no doubt with us that more than three-fourths of the men who drop dead, and are



reported as having died "from heart disease," never had any heart disease, but died from apoplexy, or the rupture of an aneurism. We have had a hundred patients from San Francisco, Oregon and Washington Territory, who told us that their doctors all said they had "heart disease" that was incurable. We have never found any symptoms of heart disease in one of them, and have cured every one. Atrophy, hypertrophy, or fatty degeneration of the heart, which is not found in one person in a million, no doctor ever cured or ever will with medicine. Aortic aneurism is easily diagnosed. An aneurism pulsates synchronous with the beating of the heart. This pulsation is often caused by some tumor or abnormal condition of some organ that presses upon an artery, and is liable to deceive the superficial examiner. We have often found this condition when the stomach pressed upon the aorta and simulated the action of an aneurism.

The cure of aneurism consists in clotting the blood in the sack, leaving the natural channel open for the blood to pass. Surgeons have been trying this for hundreds of years, and are just about as near a cure as they were a thousand years ago. The reason of their failure is a lack of common sense. We heard an eminent Scotch surgeon say the use of galvanism had been abandoned to clot the blood in the sack, as every such attempt had been a failure. He said that in twenty-five cases where gold needles had been introduced into the sac and the galvanic battery applied, the electrical current not only clotted the blood in the sac but clotted it up in the artery and killed every patient on whom electricity had been used. This, any boy fifteen years old might have known. We find no account of these experiments recorded in the books, as surgeons do not like to publish their experiments which result fatally. If all the killing that has been done by surgeons and doctors was published to the world, people would lose too much confidence in them.

Another method of treatment for aneurism is by pressure on the artery on some place between the aneurism and the heart. Now, if the pressure ever clotted the blood in the aneurismal sac, the thinking man wants to know *how* it does it. In some cases it may have been done, as reported by the books, for this reason: "*Nature*" *always struggles to mend every lesion in the human body*. "*Nature*" tries to fill the aneurismal sac with coagulated lymph, but perhaps can not do it, and why? One reason is, the blood is deficient in fibrin. Another is, the heart works too rapidly—it sends the blood so rapidly through the arteries that what little lymph attaches to the walls of the aneurismal sac is washed away, and the constant jerking of the sac by the flow of blood continually enlarges it. Now, if by pressure on the artery, a large part of the blood is cut off from the aneurismal sac, we easily see why the force of a full volume of blood ceases to act in disturbing it, and why "*nature*" has a better chance to attach fibrin to its walls which will stick there instead of being washed away. But if pressure on an artery will cure an aneurism (which we doubt), how are we to bring the necessary pressure on the aorta? The books tell us it has been done and some believe it. Dr. William Murray, of Newcastle, claims that he cured an aneurism of the aorta by pressure. He says he tried once and failed, when he tried again and succeeded the next time by keeping his patient under the influence of chloroform for five hours when a properly constructed tourniquet was brought to bear on the aorta. Imagine a man, if you will, with the sternum pressed down upon the aorta for five hours, to cut off a part of the flow of blood to cure an aneurism. If he had not been under the influence of chloroform his tortures would have been indescribable, and he could not have endured it. The doctor says he clotted the blood in the sac by this treatment, but no man of common sense will believe it. This great surgeon tells us that "to prevent any mishap or failure the patient must be thoroughly under the influence of some anæsthetic, so as to permit the application of a powerful pressing instrument on sensitive parts, as well as to restrain all muscular action; for success depends upon the complete arrest of all movement of the blood in the aneurismal sac with retention of this fluid in a motionless state, just as happens from the application of a ligature to the artery above the seat of disease."

It would take one hundred pages of this book to describe the theories and treatment of aneurisms for the last three hundred years, all at variance with one another, and all contradictory to common sense—all a violation of natural law. All the efforts of surgeons and doctors for the last two thousand years are aptly illustrated by the blind Polyphemus of Virgil, who bruised his head on the adamantine walls of his cave in search of Trojans he might devour.

But among the great medical luminaries we will only instance one or two more who made wonderful discoveries in the treatment of aneurisms. We quote from Thomas Hawkes Tanner, M. D., T. L. S., member of the Royal College of Physicians, Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, etc. etc. Tanner is the highest authority we find in the old or regular school. He was an educated man, and his works are worth more to us than all the other books that adorn the libraries of the average doctor. Tanner says: "The method of cure proposed by Valsalva and Albertini, and which has been since often adopted up to the present time, involves the bleeding of the patient frequently and the keeping him upon the lowest possible diet compatible with the sustenance of life. By those means it was thought that the force and velocity of the blood would be diminished, and that coagulation would take place in the aneurism." Now, this treatment is not a whit more ridiculous than would be an effort to assist a team unable to haul a load of hay up a hill by hitching another team to the hind axletree to pull the other way. Nothing could better illustrate the mistakes that have been made by "educated idiots"—men who had diplomas, but who were never lucky enough to have common sense. This treatment was in violation of natural law, an attempt to undo what "nature" was trying to accomplish. We propose to make this so plain that the hod-carrier who has sense enough to carry a batch of mortar up a ladder without falling off, can see it—the average doctor will probably not see it. We will first see what "nature" is trying to do, and then see what the surgeon is doing. Nature tries to fill the aneurismal sac with fibrin, or, as some doctors claim, to clot the blood, and thus fill the sac with clotted blood. Nature sometimes fails to do this. Why? The blood is too thin, has not enough red corpuscles, not enough fibrin. Then again, the heart sends the blood so rapidly through the artery that it washes away the fibrin that attaches to the walls of the aneurism and the sac can not fill up. If clotting is the object (which we deny) blood deficient in red corpuscles can not clot. Nature calls for help from the physician. What does it call for? It wants thicker blood with more red corpuscles, more fibrin. It then asks that the heart shall be so controlled in its action by arterial sedatives that it will send the blood slowly through the arteries and not wash off the fibrin as it attaches to the walls of the aneurismal sac.

How are we to thicken the blood? By the richest diet the stomach will bear—eggs, milk, beef steak, clams, oysters, mince pie, wedding cake, cream, mutton chops, and anything else the stomach can easily convert into chyme. The man who gets well of aneurism, or many other troubles, has got to feed. Brain, tissue, bone, blood and even the soul have to have something to feed on. Bran bread, turnip greens and catechisms often prove a failure. Now, what is our eminent surgeon doing? He first resorts to frequent bleeding. Well, what does that do? It takes away a large amount of blood, and with the blood go the red corpuscles and fibrin which nature wanted to use in filling the aneurismal sac, or with which to "clot the blood." The result is as we heard Professor Wood, of Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, say, in a lecture decrying bleeding in fevers: "The volume of blood is only diminished for a time, and instead of red corpuscles the original amount is soon made up in serum or white blood, which is almost worthless." Now, we have Valsalva and Albertini depriving the blood of red corpuscles and fibrin by bleeding, and to still further rob the blood of all its power to heal an aneurism, recommend a diet that is calculated to destroy what little fibrin there is left in the blood after they have done all they can to murder the patient by bleeding. The average drayman who thinks, can see what the average lawyer, editor, parson and judge, who do not think, fail to see—that such treatment as that recommended by Albertini and Valsalva, and followed still by "Skookum" doctors, has murdered ten thousand people. Can not any man see that an aneurismal sac can not be filled by fibrin where there is little or no fibrin in the blood, and can not be clotted where there is nothing in the blood out of which to make a clot? Hunt the world over and you will find no man simple enough to believe this but some "eminent physician," who knows nothing but what he has learned in his books, written, perhaps, one hundred years ago by some man as ignorant as he is.

Tanner, himself, admits the folly of such treatment: "By those means it was thought that the force and velocity of blood would be diminished, and that coagulation would take place in the aneurism. Since, however, the coagulation fibrin seems to be impeded by diminishing its quan-

tity, and as the rapidity of the circulation and the throbbing of the arteries are increased by depletion, Valsalva's method would seem to produce effects the very opposite to those wished for, and such is the fact."

Dr. Copland, a noted English physician, who had sense enough to keep his eyes open, confirms this view when he says: "I have seen cases in which aneurismal tumors had existed for some time without any increase, so long as the patient avoided any marked vascular excitement and continued his accustomed diet; but when repeated depletions (bleeding) and vegetable or low diet were adopted, great augmentation of the tumor and fatal results followed." (We will "stop the press" right here to say, that this vegetable or low diet system recommended by cranks, works with the average man who has a good stomach just as it does in aneurisms; where it is resorted to to prolong life or cure most bodily infirmities—if it does n't kill it never fails to give a man the simples.)

Tanner says, in his work published in 1874 (we quote Tanner because he is the highest authority in the regular school): "Since the fourth edition of this work was published in 1861, three special methods of treating aneurismal tumors have been proposed.

"(1) The first plan consists in the introduction of a quantity of fine iron wire into the aneurism with the object of affording an extensive surface upon which the fibrin may coagulate. This practice was adopted by Dr. Murchison and Mr. Charles H. Moore in a case of saccular aneurism of the ascending aorta, projecting through the anterior wall of the left side of the chest; upwards of twenty-six yards of wire being passed through a small pointed canula inserted into the tumor. Although the treatment was unsuccessful—it was not adopted until it was clear that the patient could not live many days."

Here were seventy-eight feet of iron wire pushed down through a canula into an aneurismal sac, thinking it would work when coiled up upon the principle of Sir Humphrey Davy's lamp, clot the blood and prevent an explosion or bursting of the aneurism. Of course the man was sent over to the cemetery, but "science" pushed the wire in, while common sense had been invited to take his hat and leave. When a surgeon tells us that he has clotted the blood by pressure on the artery above the aneurism, we may believe it, because there is a little sense in it; but when he tells us he has cured an aneurism in the aorta by pressure for five hours with the use of chloroform, we do not believe it, for reasons too numerous to be given now. We have never found one well authenticated case where it has been done, and we know that every case which has come under our observation which has been treated by surgeons, has died. If they can cure them by pressure, why do n't they do it? Ligating a small artery above the sac may do it, but how do you propose to ligate the aorta without killing the patient? The treatment of aneurisms is in good keeping with three-fourths of the treatment recommended in the books and adopted by the average doctor who is peopling the cemetery with victims as ignorant as himself, suffering with a variety of diseases.

But is there no cure for an aneurism in the aorta? If there is, common sense must suggest the cure and not scientific quackery. It looks as though it ought to be cured, does n't it? It looks as though every diseased organ in the body which has not lost its function might be restored to its normal condition if a doctor had sense enough to diagnose the case and then apply a remedy in harmony with natural law—work with nature and not against it. An old physician, who had practiced in the "regular school" for fifty years, came into our office and had a long talk with us on the healing art. The subject of aneurisms finally came up. He said, "An aneurism in the aorta can not be cured." We replied, "I happen to know it can be." "Did you ever know of one being cured?" "Yes, I have cured myself of one." "I would like to know how you did it." "By just as simple a process as that by which Columbus made the egg stand on its end." "Did you ever have an aneurism in the aorta?" "I did. In 1861, while lifting at a handspike in Astoria, trying to help an Irishman who was working for me to roll over a log, I felt something break, tear loose, and give away. I turned blind and fell to the ground. I then ruptured one or two coats of the aorta, but did n't know it. The result was, that an aneurismal sac began to form. For thirteen years the sac continued to enlarge. The pulsation was finally alarming. I could not walk up one flight of stairs without stopping to rest before I could go any farther. In examining



the patients in Blockley hospital, Philadelphia, I soon discovered I had an aneurism in the aorta, and a very large one too. The pulsations were so violent they could be seen by a person standing twenty feet away. The throbbing was so fearful, it shook the bed on which I lay. I often thought the aneurismal sac would burst before morning, and the medical solons would report that I had died from 'heart disease.' I told an eminent surgeon that I had an aneurism in the aorta. He said, 'Is that so? Would you have any objections to let me examine you?' 'No.' He laid me on my back, and after a thorough examination, said, 'You have, sure enough. I never saw one more plainly marked.' The books gave no encouragement of a cure. The doctors did n't see that anything could be done. After spending many days and nights in anxious thought, I said to a surgeon, 'I am going to clot the blood in my aneurism.' 'How are you going to do it?' 'By using a little common sense. If I fail to clot it in six weeks, walking around, and avoiding haste and all excitement, I will lie on my bed flat on my back for several weeks, when I am positive the cure will be made. Four weeks I spent in thickening the blood, and increasing the fibrin I then reduced my pulse from eighty-five to forty-five beats a minute and held it there for six weeks. This was working in harmony with natural law—was assisting 'Nature.' How? Nature wanted a larger amount of fibrin in the blood than it contained. This nature could not make as long as I might be simple enough to expect to make fibrin by a brown bread and turnip greens diet. Nature has pretty much quit curing such cases. The next thing nature wanted was a diminution of the heart's action so that the blood would flow slowly through the aneurismal sac and not wash off the fibrin that nature was attaching to its walls, in order to fill the sac. Nature had provided all the remedies necessary to bring about this condition, supposing man would have sense enough to hunt them up. Nature never cured an aneurism where a man who did n't believe in medicin sits down and contemplates its increasing throbblings with the same 'reverential calm' that Gladstone advises, when studying the attributes of the Devil, or gazing into the vent hole of the 'bottomless pit.' The next thing nature wanted me to do, was to examine the blood from day to day under a microscope which magnifies four hundred and ninety thousand times to see when there was enough fibrin in it to begin operations with an arterial sedative. Nature makes and can make no cure without proper environments. These environments man must make himself. The environments required, are a thickening of the blood, and a decreased action of the heart. The environments recommended by doctors we have referred to, are all such as nature abhors as she 'abhors a vacuum.' The great secret of the success (in peopling the cemetery) of such men is found in working *against* nature, instead of working *with* and trying to help it."

Just here we drew a cut on paper of an artery, and an aneurism and showed how the sac was filled in harmony with natural law. So that no doctor can tell by examining us now, that we ever had an aneurism. The old doctor raised his hands and exclaimed—"I never saw a simpler thing in my life, it is a wonder no man ever thought of that before." Aneurisms are easily diagnosed, when a little care and patience are used. Yet it not unfrequently happens that surgeons kill their patients on account of an inability to diagnose. An eminent surgeon, in writing on this subject, says:—"It sometimes happens, however, that an artery pulsating beneath an abscess or an ordinary tumor, causes the latter to simulate, to some extent, the pulsating character, and hence arise at times errors of diagnosis of a serious character; real aneurisms have been mistaken for abscesses lying upon a pulsating artery, and when opened, under this impression, to let out pus, the blood has gushed out from an aneurismal tumor, and the error has proved fatal. Ruysch relates that a friend of his opened a tumor near the heel, not supposing it to be an aneurism, and the hemorrhage, though stopped at last (because the artery was small), placed the life of the patient in great danger. Boerhaave was consulted by a patient on a swelling on the knee, and suspecting it to be an aneurism, cautioned him against having it opened; but it was opened by another person, and the man died on the spot. It is said that Ferrard, the head surgeon of the Hotel Dieu in Paris, mistook an axillary aneurism for an abscess, plunged his bistoury into the swelling, and killed the patient."

Here are a few cases where men were hutchered by eminent surgeons who ought to have had as much sense as a sharp boy fifteen years old. We could give any amount more of such cases



recorded in the books, and which have come under our own observation. Now if surgeons in Europe make such mistakes, is it any wonder that some of our western surgeons, who, after mopping up the blood and emptying spittoons a few months for such surgeons as Maury, Pancoast, Brittain and Gross, conclude they are qualified to "go west" and plunge their knives into the average Webfoot? The mistakes of doctors are not intentional ones. They are mostly made through ignorance. What they need is education and good sense. The medical books and journals are full of contradictions, silly suggestions, and suicidal theories. They disgust an intelligent person who reads them, but are largely swallowed by the young man who comes out of the back door of a medical college, flourishing his diploma, and thinking he is now qualified to cure "All the world and the rest of mankind."

To give a few samples of the intelligence of these medical writers, we make a short quotation from a medical journal printed in July, 1888, which the publishers have kindly sent us under the impression probably that they can teach us something.

We quote from an article on "*Cerebral Surgery*:" "Half a century ago, the man who voluntarily cut into the peritoneum to operate on any of the abdominal viscera was looked upon as little better than a murderer. As recently as five years ago, he who dared to trephine the skull incise the meninges, and cut into or remove portions of the brain itself, was ranked as a homicide." The average young doctor reads this and says, "It is astonishing how we apples swim, in the nineteenth century." The average drayman reads it, and is overwhelmed with the magnitude of the successful efforts of Darwin's "Evolution" in trying to make a man out of a monkey—efforts which have only been partially successful in operating on medical students. The drayman says: "If I ever have to be cut open, I want the job done by some such eminent scholar as that, and not by a quack."

The old grey-headed veteran in the ranks of surgery reads it, and says: "The young fellow who wrote that is an ass." We know that Hippocrates used the trephine on the skull, and even cut into the kidney to remove calculus 2,348 years ago, and also cut into the cavity of the chest to let out water in cases of hydrothorax. We also know that Damocedes cut away the breast of Queen Atossa to cure a cancer, 2,388 years ago, and that Praxegorus of Cos, cut into the belly to remove obstructions in the bowels, more than 2,000 years ago, that Eristratus extirpated the spleen, and cut tumors out of the liver 1,900 years ago. He knows that most of the surgical operations performed to-day were performed by the ancients. He knows that Dupuytren, Larrey, Lisfrance, and Roux, were surgeons who operated in France about 100 years ago of whom it is said by an eminent writer on surgery in 1871, "*they had no superior in the past or present.*" He believes that if the ghosts of Hippocrates and other eminent surgeons should revisit earth, they would teach some of these modern surgeons, who think they know so much, more than they ever knew before. Larrey was born in 1766, Dupuytren in 1777, yet there are few surgeons born as late as 1848 who can equal them; yet some little fellow who comes on the stage in 1888, tells the world that no man dared to cut into the peritoneum to operate on any of the abdominal viscera *fifty years ago*, and that only in the *last five years* has a man been found wise enough to trephine the skull.

But has the world made no advancement in surgery since Hippocrates, Galen, Larrey, and Dupuytren? In some respects it has made *great* progress, in others *very little*. Since "Infidels" broke loose from church influence, and began to dissect human bodies instead of apes, surgeons have become better acquainted with anatomy. From the day that the light of civilization began to dawn on the world, and science began to disperse the clouds of ignorance and superstition with which priests have wrapped themselves, the world has begun to advance, and has necessarily carried the doctors along with the crowd. Science, as a blazing torch, is shedding its light (though dim at present) down on the pathway crowded with a hoodwinked, ignorant and suffering humanity.

The modern use of anæsthetics in surgery has stripped it of nearly all its horrors, when judiciously used. When we run over the pages of history back to Hippocrates, who lived more than 2,000 years ago, and read of the difficult and daring operations that have been performed in almost every age, we are led to ask—"In what do our modern surgeons excel the ancients?" But they do excel in many respects. Their claims to superiority are thus stated by a writer on surgery,

though it will be noticed he forgets the use of boiling oil and red hot searing irons, used by Pare and others to stop hemorrhage after amputations, and to destroy blood poison along the track of bullet wounds :

“ The following may with propriety be particularized as among the improvements of the age in surgery: resection of the bones at the joints; the preservation of the periosteum and consequent development of new bone; partial amputation of the foot; amputation at the thigh and shoulder joint; the ligature of arteries within the trunk and immediately at their departure from it; the resection and removal of portions or even the whole of the upper or lower jaw; the operation for cleft or deficient *velum palati* or palatine vault; the opening by longitudinal section of the air passage at different points to avoid asphyxia; the resection and extirpation of the uterus, of the ovaries and of the lower portions of the rectum; the adoption of water dressing in the treatment of wounds; the introduction of silver sutures; the adoption of the gum and *papier mache* splints in fractures; the process for remedying disunited fractures; the substituting milder means for the trephine in all but the most serious cases; the improved treatment of ulcers and abscesses; the cure of the most formidable aneurisms, by the ligature of the carotid, subclavian, axillary, humeral, and external and internal iliacs; the treatment of varicose veins; the successful reduction of hernia; the successful treatment of calculus both by lithotomy and lithotrity, in consequence of the great improvement in the processes and instruments of the latter operations; the treatment of strictures, of injuries and diseases of the trachea and larynx, and of rectal diseases; the diagnosis and treatment of tumors, whether encysted, fatty, vascular or malignant; the treatment of hydrocele; the cure of strabismus; the restoration process, by which the nose, lip, etc., are reformed from adjacent tissues; and the treatment of hairlips and club-feet.”

It must be remembered, however, that many of these operations can only be successfully performed by natural-born surgeons of great experience, and that even then they kill a large part of their patients in the hospitals. It is not safe to risk one's life in the hands of every one who calls himself a surgeon.



## Chapter XVII.

THIS is our last chapter of a book that treats of a subject of more importance to the world than any other subject ever written on. To say all we wish to say would take ten thousand pages, and then the half would not be told. To save the human race from suffering and disease, constitutes the highest aspiration of him who follows in the footsteps of the "Nazarene." If the body is all right, the soul will be all right also. No man ever had a healthy body and a well-shaped head, who had n't a healthy soul, and no such man was ever known to be "unprepared for death" if he had his business settled and his family provided for. Our field of operation is confined to a world we know something about, instead of one we know nothing about, and no man ever did. Hence the science of medicine which teaches a man how to avoid disease and be happy here, is the grandest of all sciences. The art of winning a heaven after death by suffering the tortures of hell here, medicine has nothing to do with. It is one of the esoteric sciences that only doctors of divinity have any knowledge of. Scientific men will not break up their business for a thousand or more years yet, so that the theologians of this age need not fear that civilization will require them to doff their priestly robes and go to work, during their natural lifetime. The quack doctors can also lay the same flattering unction to their own souls.

Both can go along and make hay until the sun shines, knowing that *the public is a goose and he is a fool who does n't pluck her*. When the hindmost "tackey" in the ranks of a struggling humanity, reaches the position now occupied by the purest and most exalted man, policemen, lawyers, judges, priests and doctors will be mustered out of service, at a saving of untold millions now extorted from the sweat and suffering of a tax-ridden world, who now groan under burdens imposed on ignorance. Then jails, court houses, churches and legislative halls will be turned into hospitals, theaters, or places of amusement. Then every man will be honest enough to do to others as he would have others do to him. All disputes will be settled by arbitration, and all men will have sense enough to do their own doctoring and to know that they can save their own souls as well as can Nero, the Pope of Rome, St. Peter or any salaried diploma-adorned humbug. To see the full blaze of this millennial glory we have only to look through the eye of faith through the darkness of intervening ages till we see the lowest of the human race occupying as exalted a position as Christ or Abe Lincoln once occupied.

New geographies mark such little spots as the United States and England as "Christianized," when they are not even civilized. Is a country like England civilized when she taxes her subjects, Catholics, Methodists, Presbyterians and all, to support an established church, the doors of which are seldom darkened, except by a few lords and nobles and such as believe in Gladstone theology, civilized? Is a country civilized that makes its subjects bow down to and support a religion begotten by Henry VIII in his unnatural *liaison* with Anne Boleyn? Is a country civilized which "stirs a fever in the blood of age" in every part of the globe, by trampling on the rights of poor, defenceless Ireland and murders such as John Mandeville by prison discipline, because he dared to exercise the right of free speech? Are we in the United States civilized when we allow a horde of hungry office holders to eat up the people's substance by imposing ten times more taxes on hard-working men than is really necessary to carry on the government? Are we civilized when we spend millions to build "houses of God" while we are deaf to the wail of starving millions? Are we civilized when we permit a saloon to entice our boys into a gateway of hell on every corner, and a house of ill-fame to send out its agents to pick up young girls and lure them to their dens of infamy? Are we civilized when we spend more money to save the soul of an African wearing a

breech-clout than we spend on suffering humanity at our own door? Are we civilized when we permit priests to fill up the needs of celibacy by enticing young girls into the gloomy walls of a nunnery, and then locking the brazen doors against all communication with the outside world, depriving the young girls of the pleasures of life, of society and motherhood, and not allowing them to escape after taking the veil to tell the world what the unmarried priests put them in there for? But, all of this is done at the command of a "god" the priests have made. Does not civilization cry out, "the noblest work of man is an honest god"? And does not civilization demand that houses of prostitution should be closed to unwilling victims, and the walls of nunneries should be battered down, though the priests rush out on the street with their unmentionables disarranged, and the poor girls come out *en dishabille*?

If the priests deny what we have hinted at, are they willing to unlock the doors of their brazen gates and let a committee of investigators go in and examine the sisters under oath? Are they willing that these deluded women should be examined and tell what the priests put them in there for, and tell all they know without the fear of priests before their eyes? Will the world become civilized till the walls of ignorance, superstition, brick and mortar are razed to the ground by the battering ram of an advanced civilization; the fat, lazy, lecherous priests are mustered out of service, and the poor, deluded, priest-ridden girls are let out to bask in the sunshine of "the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free"? Till then, our maps will represent every priest-ridden country as "enlightened." Till then, we shall have a good many sick people, who will have to be doctored; and till then, divinity "will also be sick occasionally and need the services of a 'Doctor of Divinity.'"

The scale of an advancing civilization, from the time our ancestors ate raw meat in a cave down to the millenium, will be marked on the pages of history as barbarous, *civilized*, CHRISTIANIZED, ENLIGHTENED. Christ was enlightened, so was Abe Lincoln, and so was Howard, and so have been others—perhaps one man in five hundred million, but none were ever found in Rome, and in other parts of the world they have been very scarce. This partially accounts for the poor health of the world generally. Before we finish this chapter we will try to show what an enlightened man is. We have said that Christ was enlightened, and even Bob Ingersoll or any other infidel dare not deny it. There are few church members or doctors of divinity that dare deny it in words—only by example. A few years ago we visited Portland and stayed over Sunday. A pious lady friend of ours said, "Why do n't you go to church?" We replied, "because we are a follower of Christ." She wanted us to explain that. We said: "Suppose Christ put up at the same hotel with us. Sunday morning you come in and tell him you think the best thing he can do is to put on a clean shirt and go to church. He walks out on the sidewalk, and takes in the situation. He sees three or more score of the "houses of God," with tall spires and clanging bells, all built at the cost of millions, and at the expense of the sweat and blood and struggles and tears of ignorance. He scratches his head and wonders which "house of God" he had better visit. Now, my good sister, tell me which church you think he would go to?" She replied, "*I do n't think he would go to any of them.*" Well, as we have followed Christ for many years we will try to follow him another day—till the setting of another "Sabbath" sun. Imagine, if you please, my dear sister, the lowly Nazarene walking into a "house of God" for a little instruction and spiritual comfort. He has a soul in him bigger than all the "houses of God" in Portland, but he has on the same worn sandals he wore when treading the streets of Jerusalem in search of the poor and needy. His blistered feet are still covered with the dust of the highway. His knit, seamless shirt he wore one thousand eight hundred and seventy years ago has n't been washed for months, because he had n't a nickel to pay for his washing. The scars made by the cruel crown of thorns still shows on many a cicatrix that disfigures his noble forehead. His feet and hands still bear the marks where was driven the Roman nail. His side shows marks that tell just where the Roman spear went to the center of his poor, palpitating heart. In this condition he enters the door of the "house of God." He pauses a moment to take in the situation. He sees a long row of pews, cushioned and carpeted, on which bankers and gilded butterflies can lounge and drink in "salvation." He notices that bankers, who have made their money by robbing the poor, and railroad magnates, who



have ground the people until the blood has spouted from under their iron heels, occupy the costliest and best furnished pews. He notices they all have their mouths wide open, singing

"I want to be an Angel,  
And with the Angels dwell."

Just here Christ takes a squint at the pulpit. He sees a little fellow up there dressed in broadcloth. He looks sanctimonious. He poses as a lightning-rod to bring salvation from the skies and save souls, and is preaching on "eternal torment," the "exceeding sinfulness of sin," "election," or showing how a heathen, who never heard of a catechism, must be roasted in hell to all eternity for his ignorance. The bankers, the doctors, and the crowd generally swallow it all down, lick their chops and call for more of the same sort, because they believe the little fellow who pounds the pulpit is "called and sent of God," as he says he is. Christ takes in the situation and waits to be invited to a seat. The usher comes around and takes a look at him. He surveys him from head to foot. He notices his care-worn expression, and says that fellow has just come out of a debauch and is half drunk now. He is some worthless tramp, but as the soul of a rag-picking Chinaman is worth "ten thousand worlds," I think I will put this poor outcast where he can get some "droppings of the sanctuary," and he proceeds to show him into a corner pew reserved for "niggers and Chinamen." The "Savior" sits there awhile enduring the smell of the "niggers," who forgot to wash, and listening to the whang-doodle of the fellow who pounds the pulpit, and gets on a big disgust. He has got all he can stand. He gets up and walks out. As he gets out where he can get a little fresh air, he draws a piece of chalk from his pocket and writes on the door, "*It is written, my house shall be called a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves.*" An ostrich is said to be able to digest glass, nails, sole leather, and almost anything else. The nearer a man comes to being an ostrich the more theology he can digest, and the more aches and pains he will have in his body. We wish the world was walking in the light we are walking in to-day. But they can not, because their heads are not shaped so they can take in but little truth. Ignorance, heathenism, and fanaticism will be torturing the world and sending it to the cemetery for a long time yet. The time has not yet come when a Chinaman will quit feeding the spirit of a dead Mongolian with roast hog and chicken, or a priest quit praying a soul out of purgatory, or praying on the scaffold to induce the deity to change his mind, and instead of sending the blood-stained wretch to hell, to keep company with his butchered wife, who died "without the benefit of clergy," but send him straight to glory, to sing songs of praise alongside of such "blood-washed saints" as John Calvin. Look on this picture and then on that, and say who has the longest road to travel to reach enlightenment—the Chinaman, with his roast hog and chicken, or the insect who thinks to turn the deity out of his path by shaking a crucifix, just as the angel of the Lord turned Balaam's ass out of the highway by brandishing a flaming sword, invisible to Balaam but *seen plainly by his ASS* (Numbers 22). All these mighty questions ought to be examined in no spirit of levity, but with a "reverential calm," which Gladstone has learned in the church of England—a church which gets apostolic succession from the "old mother of abominations," whose garments, even to her chemise, are dripping with the blood of saints and slaughtered innocence. The reader, we know, even if he happens to be a little shaky on his theological pins (a sign generally that his brain, stomach and liver are in pretty good working order), will excuse us for taking so much interest in defending the clergy when he knows that we were educated for a Presbyterian preacher and "preached the gospel" for twelve or fifteen years ourself, though we always dealt out the devil and the lake of fire and brimstone in homœopathic doses, as we noticed that allopathic doses generally frightened the women and made them sick.

In medicine we are an eclectic, in theology we are a homœopath of the original school. We believe with Hahnemann that all that is necessary in using this kind of medicine, "*is to smell of it.*" (See page 31). We met a doctor of divinity the other day, and had a talk with him, for like Christ, we never feel above associating with the ignorant and lowly. The doctor said, "I believe that there would be less sickness" fewer deaths, and people would be better off, if there was n't a doctor or drug store in Oregon." We replied, "That is exactly our opinion, but we regard a good doctor as the most useful man in the world." He said, "Yes, I think so myself." Now, if we had

said there would be just as many saved, and the people would be better off if there was n't a preacher in Oregon, does any one think he would have been candid enough to reciprocate acknowledging the truth of our sentiment? The fact is, a good doctor and a good preacher are really very useful members of society. If Christ, or even one of that kind of preachers would hold forth on the Common, we would go to meeting every Sunday, and so would the crowds embracing about nine-tenths of the people who seek health on picnic excursions in preference to being tortured by "Sabbath" performances. Christ never shoved a contribution box under the noses of his hearers, neither did any one of his followers. In addition to his being a good preacher He was a "great physician"—a good healer. We introduce his religion and system of practice right on this line, because it has much to do with the curative art we are writing this book about.

We have in former chapters given a candid and truthful account of all the systems of medical practice from Moses down, with all the grand central ideas around which the different schools have revolved. If it has made any of our readers skeptical as to the good most doctors have done the world, it is not our fault—our business is to write history. The reader's business is to draw his own conclusions—to use his own brain in summing up the facts and reaching a rational conclusion. In recording the conflicting and suicidal theories of all schools of all ages we have often felt like inadvertently perhaps too sharply for the present age on what we were compelled to record. When our pen has fairly snorted and wanted to tell a little more truth, we have said, hush; the world is not ready for it. Let us in this book view the subject in a state of "reverential calm." Perhaps in the next edition we can shed a little more light." The world may then be ready for more. Perhaps they will then be ready to be told that the science of medicine to-day is little better, as generally practiced, than it was one hundred years ago; and that religious fanaticism, now called Christianity by some, is a "crazy guilt," patched up mostly out of heathen mythology by the ancient "fathers" in the church like St. Athanasius, St. Ambrose, Pope Boniface and John Calvin, until it has lost most of its ancient characteristics.

Primitive Christianity is healthy. It is one of the best preventives against disease and promoters of longevity in the world. The honest world wants it, stretches out its hands for it, and thinks it is getting it. The Alabama nabob some forty years ago owned a hundred slaves and wore silk socks. Abe Lincoln freed his "niggers" and made him poor. His silk socks needed darning. His wife had no silk and had to darn up the holes with cotton. More holes came in and were darned up with cotton. The silk kept wearing out and the good housewife kept darning with cotton till not a silk thread was left—all cotton; but the old man, palsied and blinded with age, persisted in calling on his wife to bring out his "silk socks." Religion began to be patched and darned in less than fifty years after the crucifixion. The early "saints and fathers" who mixed with the worshipers of Roman and Grecian mythology put on a patch here and there to make it acceptable to the priests, who officiated at heathen temples. They have kept on patching and darning till the old original garment contains but little of the ancient warp and filling, though, as individuals, we find thousands in the different churches who practice pure and "undefiled religion." So do we find some preachers. Of course we except the little "soul savers," who think our legislators can lift men up to a higher plane by statute law, instead of moral influence, and fail to see that the plane they occupy is as much below that occupied by a decent infidel as the bottom of a well at Astoria is lower than the top of Mt. Hood. These little doctors of divinity are all the time calling for "Sunday laws," "prohibitory laws," and all other laws that narrow the bounds of human liberty. They have been driven by an advanced civilization, and not by anything in their religious creeds, to abandon the stake, the thumb screw, the rack of torture, and the deep, dark dungeon, where innocent women were chained for years, from which went the wail of agony, which was music to their gods, and now seek to accommodate their religion to an advanced free thought, which they hope has not advanced enough to hinder them from preventing a man to taste of such wine as Christ made and drank; to sow up the mouth of an honest German who wants a drink of beer; to imprison a man in Maine for giving his neighbor a drink of sweet cider, or to arrest a poor laboring man going on an excursion on the Jewish "Sabbath," and thrust, by a policeman, into some "house of God" to listen to a sermon on "eternal torment," with a nickel in his pocket to throw into the contribution box to meet the expenses of the church or to send some missionary over to China to peddle

catechisms and tracts among the heathen, and tell them their ancestors are now roasting in eternal torment, because they had never heard of "orthodoxy." The fact is, a heathen, to be saved, has got to know what orthodoxy and heterodoxy mean. Lord Sandwich himself did n't know this. He asked Bishop Warburton to tell him the difference. The Bishop replied, "Orthodoxy, my Lord, is *my* doxy; heterodoxy is another man's doxy." Orthodoxy, with a Chinaman, must be a belief in the creed of Confucius; heterodoxy must be a belief in the doctrines of the Andover theologians. The problem for us to solve is this: which will be more apt to save a Chinaman from hell—orthodoxy or heterodoxy? These are grave subjects, and the reader must excuse us for approaching them in a spirit of "reverential calm."

We would refer these grave questions to the clergy for an answer, if we did n't remember that the priests refused to look through the telescope of Galileo because they said it revealed things that upset the account given by Moses of the creation. Looking through a telescope was unfavorable to a contemplation of Mosaic astronomy with "reverential calm."

The science of theology has much to do with producing in men a comfortable state of mind, which is important to good health. So it is important to select out of several hundred kinds on the market, that which least depresses the brain and produces disease. So with patent medicine, take that which you think best suited to your case or that which you hanker after most. But it is probably safest to take these medicines in homœopathic doses, just as the man took his crow after if had been boiled in the pot with a plug of tobacco. A little may be good for you, who knows? But be careful not to overload your stomach. No man need suffer now for want of a remedy, for all diseases, whether of body or soul—that is if half we hear or read is true. Our drug stores are filled with patent medicines warranted to cure you and your horses too. Our sidewalks are covered with circulars, and newspapers full of advertisements of traveling doctors from California or London, who will cure you all for just such a fee in advance as they can get out of you, after sizing your pile. Do n't ask them to perform the cure before you pay, for they will never do it. Don't go and interview those who certify in the papers that the doctor has cured them, for fear you will find as we have, that not one in ten who certified to cures, were really cured, or even helped. Do n't hunt up the ninety-nine out of a hundred who have paid their money, and say they got no benefit. This might deter you from being robbed. Of their cunning devices for making money, we are well informed. We have hunted many of their patients, and heard the stories of "assistants" who worked for these doctors in their offices. If you do not wish to pay from \$45 to \$60 or \$100 to these traveling doctors, you can get cheaper remedies on the street. Go out at eight o'clock P. M. and on most any street you will find a cure for any trouble you have of either body or soul. The Salvation Army will save your soul for nothing. If you have catarrh, stone in the bladder, or gonorrhœa, or are afraid you will have it, just look out for a cure. Do you see that open barouche coming down the street with a torch on each side of the conveyance and two California sharpers sitting just back of the driver? They wear stove-pipe hats and are neatly dressed in broadcloth with high standing collars, and wear massive watch chains washed with oroide and glistening in the light of their torches. Their eyes have the squint and expression of an escaped penitentiary convict. Their foreheads are low, and a correspondingly low moral brain, which enables phrenologists to read their characters at a glance. They stop on the corner of First and Alder Streets. By this time, attracted by the torches, and the music of a fiddle, there has gathered around them a crowd. The first orator stands up in the barouche. He takes in the character of the crowd and begins his oration. He has a medicine for sale that will cure catarrh, asthma, epizoot and every other disease that "Moore's Revealed Remedy" can not cure. He is a ventriloquist. Just here he lifts up his "Punch and Judy," a paste-board image of an old woman with long nose and a mouth as wide as that of a crocodile. He has a string attached, which he can pull and make her open her mouth and say anything the ventriloquist makes her say. He makes her sing a song about Henry Ward Beecher that amuses the crowd. He then makes "Punch and Judy" say something about the value of his medicine in curing all diseases. This makes the crowd open their jaws as wide as "Punch and Judy" has opened hers. The orator takes in the situation. He sees the crowd has its jaws spread ready to swallow something. He is equal to the occasion. He makes an eloquent speech with loud intonation and violent gestures.



He says, "This medicine is a sure cure for asthma, consumption, catarrh, or anything else you happen to have, never failed, is far ahead of 'Moore's Revealed Remedy.' Any one who buys it and is not satisfied will have his money refunded. We sold five thousand packages here in Portland last year at a dollar a package, and if there is a man here who is not satisfied, let him walk up and return it and we will refund the money." Of course nobody is there who bought it last year, and nobody walks up. This satisfies the crowd that the medicine is a good thing, and one poor, laboring man walks up and hands over a dollar and receives an ounce bottle of magnesia, table salt, and red pepper nicely mixed. "Now take a pinch of that," shouts the "doctor," "and see if it does n't clean out your nose." The victim obeys, and snuffs, sneezes and snorts, until the tears run down his cheeks, and then laughs. He proudly shoves the package into his breeches pocket, with an expression on his face which shines out through dirt and tobacco juice, which the crowd reads as saying—"By golly, I think that medicine aint no humbug." Now the sharper notices the effect the sneezing has had on his audience; mouths all open and eyes rolled up with astonishment, and he rises equal to the occasion. He sees a "tide which taken at the flood" will rake in more dollars. He roars out, "Now gentlemen, if you are sceptical about this medicine, I don't blame you. You have been humbugged and robbed by your doctors till you have no faith in medicines. The world is dying with diseases medical quacks can not cure; but is there no 'balm in Gilead, and no physician there?'" Did God leave us to suffer aches and pains without leaving us a remedy? Every intelligent student of the Bible in this vast crowd knows better. Every intelligent Christian prays for remedies. If God has n't made any remedies, why do you pray for them?" Here he snatches up a package of his snuff and kindly extending it to the crowd, proceeds—"Now gentlemen, we humbug nobody. We believe in dealing on the square. Perhaps you think the medicine has no medical properties, that it is some inert preparation, such as you have been getting from your doctors. Now, gentlemen, if you think so, please walk up, take a pinch and try it for yourselves. Don't be humbugged, don't take a medicine till you give it a trial." Here ten or fifteen rush up and take a pinch. They gyrate around, sneezing, snorting, laughing and bumping their heads together till the crowd believes the medicine has power sure enough.

The "doctor" proceeds. "Now, gentlemen, you have witnessed some of its effects, you all know it is no humbug. If you try it, and it does n't do what we tell you it will, we will refund you your money when we come back next year. Now, could anything be fairer? Now you see we are not trying to humbug you. We deal on the square."

Here many in the crowd begin to show evidences of becoming hypnotized. His religious interjections have done most of the work, as all men are naturally superstitious. A good many can be noticed feeling nervously in their breeches pockets for their "bottom dollar," half inclined to pull it out. The doctor carefully runs his eye over the crowd and takes in the size of the cattle he has to deal with and proceeds—

"Now, gentlemen, this may be your last chance to get a medicine for a dollar that will do you more good than a thousand dollars spent on a doctor. You may not be diseased now, but you are liable to be within a week after we are gone back to California, and when we come back next year you may be in your graves or down in your beds past cure. You know that millions of souls have been eternally lost because they failed to 'get religion' when the preacher invited them to get it. Now, gentlemen, don't make this fearful mistake. Get medicine when you have a chance. Do n't wait till it is too late."

Just here another in the crowd rushes up with a dollar. Doctor No. One sees he has exhausted his magnetic force on the crowd and dollars come slowly. So he sinks to rest on a cushion beside his "pard." His "pard" slowly rises, as does some trained exhorter at a camp meeting, to put on the finishing touches, and set the sisters' knees to shaking, as the "big preacher" who preceded him could n't do. This "pard" doctor was once a camp meeting exhorter and has quit saving souls for a calling which will bring more ready cash. He has "got religion" at last, as he says, and concludes that bodies are worth more than the souls of such as he comes in contact with. In this, he is probably correct. He slowly rises from his seat and takes in the crowd as a set of ignorant asses. He hears the jingle of money in their pockets and be-



comes inspired. He strikes a higher key than the ventriloquist could reach. His shining stove-pipe hat and his enormous watch chain and fob studded with quartz, flash translucent light into the dazed eyes of the crowd. His long arms swing like saplings twisted by a whirlwind. His belly sinks and swells till off goes a breeches button. His mouth opens till you can look down and see what he had for supper. He puts in more religious sentiment than did the ventriloquist, and his audience are so full already that they feel like handing out another dollar. A passer by took him for Irish, descanting on the advantages of "free wool," and was distributing a little of it gratis, as many in the crowd had wool enough over their eyes to make a pair of socks. At this point the rattle of dollars dropping into the "contribution box" reminds one of a gambler's table. It is now ten o'clock, and the "intelligent fellow citizens" are tired. The doctors bid them an affectionate good night, promising to be back to-morrow night, and in the meantime they can be found at their room at the hotel where they will be pleased to relieve as many sufferers as choose to call. On reaching their rooms their street piety evaporates. They do n't even say their prayers and go to bed, but proceed to empty their bag and count out fifty-seven Webfoot dollars, as the result of their night's work. At four other "doctors" stands the receipts ranged from twenty to eighty dollars. The doctors crawl into their beds happy, and instead of saying

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,"

the ventriloquist says: "Jim, they told us the truth in California, did n't they?" "What?" "That there are more dog-on-fools in Portland than anywhere else?" Jim replied, "You bet! it 's a good place to gather goose feathers up in Webfoot."

Now, you ask me why do n't the newspapers warn the people against these traveling frauds? They do sometimes, when the reporter is anxious for an item. Then why has the warning no effect? There are many reasons. The Irishman, when asked by the judge why his father was n't in court as a witness, replied: "Plase yer honor, there is jist seventeen good reasons why he is n't here, which I will prosade to give—the first reason is he is dead and can 't come." "That 's reason enough," said the judge, "never mind the other sixteen." Our first reason is that not one in ten, even in Portland, ever read the papers, and not one in twenty ever read the editorials. Newspaper men read them first, while the great mass of readers only glance over the sensational items and market reports to learn the price of eggs, butter and sugar, and merchandise in general. Why does n't a woman who pours coal oil into a stove and burns up herself, house and children every few days, take warning from published accounts of such horrible mistakes on the part of others? She never reads a newspaper, except she happen to see a novel about some love sick, moon struck idiot. These are the women who read yellow-covered literature till they fall to sleep, upset the lamp, set the bed on fire; and these are the women who pour coal oil into stoves, never having read in any novel that it was dangerous. Our second reason is that these newspaper denunciations serve as advertisements—they draw crowds to see what these "doctors" and their medicines really are. The boys have n't read the newspapers, but some one who has tells just where the doctors hold forth. The sharper from California has read it all. He never lets a line slip his attention. He came here to make money, and carries a two-edged sword—one edge is whetted up to disembowel the average Webfoot, and the other is ground up to scalp editors. He slowly rises in his barouche, surveys the ass(embly), and with a long face fairly beaming with "reverential calm," begins: "Fellow citizens, all bound to an eternal world, you are all honest, we *know* you are; you do n't want to spend money for nothing, do you? You want the worth of your money everytime, do n't you? That is just what we knew or we should n't have left the sunshine of California to come up here in your damp and foggy climate with no selfish motive, merely to benefit you. Now, see what your papers are saying about us. Who edit these papers? "self-sold, soul-hired and scorned Iscariots." Look at one of these lantern-jawed and white washed hypocrites as you pass him on the street. You will notice that most of his head is behind his ears. When God made him he got out of brains, and made a "man of function" of him, by giving him something that he would be better pleased with. You notice he has a pencil over his ear. What does he carry that for? Read his paper. Every man who buys him gets a puff; every man who does n't gets a kick.

Look over his paper, will you? See those long columns of advertisements of cures made by some traveling quack. They are all paid for. Who pays the hundred dollars a month for their insertion? The changing, shifting, chameleon quack. Where does he get his money? From his ignorant dupes. Now, gentlemen, just a word with you: Do you believe that if we paid these fellows money for long flaming advertisements of our medicine and certificates of remarkable cures, which we could buy for fifty cents when one was under the influence of an opiate, that the papers would have said what they have?" The crowd shouts, "No! we do n't believe it worth a cent." "Now, fellow citizens, we have only a few packages of our medicine left—first come first served. Come right along and get a package—'while the lamp holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return.' That, gentlemen, was written by an inspired man. We tell you to-night that while our torches are burning you may know we have a little more medicine left. Do n't be humbugged, do n't be fooled by your newspapers. You know Darwin said that you all sprung from monkeys, and have finally shed off your tails. I think Darwin was mistaken as to you, but was not as to your editors. If you will bring one of them to my office I will examine him, and show you that he still has a stub of the original tail left—that is, if he has n't worn it all off twisting around on his editorial tripod." Here goes up a shout, and twenty men who will not be humbugged rush up for a package of medicine, exclaiming, "d——m the newspapers." Dr. No. Two now comes to the front.

"My intelligent fellow citizens, you may think it a mystery how our medicines are made to cure so many people. For six thousand years the world has been hunting for mysteries. Scientists call it the 'occult, mind cure' doctors call it 'esoteric science.' Its fields of exploration are in the clouds, or down deeper in the earth than any well-digger ever got. Only priests pretend to know any thing of this vast realm of exploration. Darwin, Beecher, Tyndall, Spencer and others tried to explore it, but came back as Noah's dove did to the ark with little better than an olive branch in the beak, and a water soaked branch at that. This science of esoterics or mysteries is a grand one, which you will all admit when you understand it. By it we discover medicines and anything of any value to man. The reason it is so little understood, is, writers like Darwin, Beecher and others use such high sounding phrases, and jaw splitting words, that the common people can not catch their meaning. It is simple as a b c, when properly explained. You all know, gentlemen, that man is an offshoot of Jehovah Jah, under the pressure of an ethereal effusion of a happy conjunction of a diluted nonentity. You also know that man could never have been produced unless there had been an effusional emission of semilunar sementius on some impressive receptacle. You know also, that the conjunction of the moon with the parallaxes of Jupiter, Mars, Saturn have had wonderful influences on the character of men born in these conjunctions—especially on women. You know that when the sun gets out of its orbit and takes the track of our planet, our almanacs all say 'look out for sickness about this time.' You have observed that the complex periphery of an insulated impressible diaphragm always causes an abnormal rush of the functional phlegmatics to the seat of a comatose dysphagie. You have noticed also that when the peripheries of the occident are at right angles with the peripheries of the orient, you are a little out of whack, and need medicine. (A voice—'You bet, I've noticed that a hundred times.') You have noticed, no doubt as you live in Portland and are all intelligent, that when an infinitesimal spore of excremental nonentity floats through the atmosphere, the *ossa innominata* is highly sensitive, and you are liable to have hemorrhoids. Have you ever noticed that when there was an afferent inflection of the hyperdermic gangloid of afferent nerves you had a pain in the knec.—(A voice, 'Yes be jabers and I've got it now. I thought it was them rheumatiz, but I see now what it is. Here's a dollar Doc., for your medicine, and I've got another dollar if you want it.') Fellow citizens, there's one man who cannot be humbugged. I heard in California that you were all fools up here but I see it was all a lie. I do n't wish to flatter you, gentlemen, but I never really addressed as intelligent and responsive a crowd in San Francisco. The aerolitic globules of conglomerated cures for bodies and souls, are all emanations from esoteric worlds. They shoot through the air as lightning flashes through the clouds, and as abundantly as was the hail that fell on the Egyptians at the suggestion of Moses. \*The sanctified globules of theological and medical salvation are all coated with esotericism and are easily swallowed. The "natural man" is seldom able to take advantage of this heavenly rain and catch one of the supernatural hail-stones.

He can not see them because they are 'spiritually discerned,' the doctors and preachers can catch a hat full by thrusting a stove pipe out of the window as often as the pious 'intelligent' masses rush from their hovels and jerk the door bell of a fine stone front, for a few esoteric pills. We are offering you a medicine almost for nothing. Like the waters of salvation, you can have it really without money and without price, for we have actually 'marked it down' at twenty per cent. below what it costs us. Now is your time, gentlemen. We are about to close for to-night." (Just here the "intelligent citizens" rush up, take all he has on hand, and several are sorry there was n't more, as they might be dead before they saw the doctor again.)

Now you call that an ignorant crowd, robbed by an arrant humbug; but is n't it really a fair sample of an average humanity? While our California doctor is humbugging the crowd, look down the street and see another crowd coming. They walk two abreast, wear shining stove-pipes and glossy broadcloth. When they see the medical humbug snorting in his barouche, they get on a big disgust, turn the corner and walk by on the other side, just as the priest and Levite did. (Luke 10: 31-32.) They scorn to mix with the crowd to study a poor fallen and degraded humanity, as we did, and as Christ would have done if he had been here. As these gentlemen file along under gas light, you will notice that their countenances, though somewhat elongated, show that they are looking at terrestrial and celestial matters in a spirit of "reverential calm." They are men who think they are intelligent and can not be humbugged. They really pity the crowd that is being robbed. Who compose this shining cohort of intelligence, topped off with glistening stove-pipes and wrapped in glossy broadcloth? There goes a doctor of divinity, walking arm in arm with an "eminent physician." Then comes a banker, trudging along with a rail road magnate. Now comes a judge with a lawyer hanging to his coat tail. Next comes an editor arm in arm with a "business man." Behind them comes a man who knows better than to "ate mate on a Friday," arm in arm with a fish woman, whose apron smells of salmon. Next comes an "intelligent citizen," groaning under a load of brick and mortar, and a crucifix dangling at his neck, locked arm in arm with a Mongolian, sweating under a load of roast hog, with which to feed the soul of a dead Chinaman. You may say that the order of parade ought to be reversed, that the hindmost ones ought to be first, but let us look at the crowd as Christ, or any other man of common sense would. Let us take them as the "upper crust" of society, good representatives of the advanced civilization of 1888. What they don't know is n't worth knowing. Each is eminent in his sphere, for each has gobbled up, as he thinks, about all that is digestible in his little circle of speciality, and now searches through his goose quill telescope for more worlds to conquer and swallow. Of course this crowd only represents the average of each represented profession as it stands to-day. The men of *advanced thought* are not seen in the procession. But these are so few that it is hardly worth while to have them "stand up and be counted." This cohort, brandishing gleaming cimeters of science, despise "humbuggery." They pity the poor dupes who are wasting their money on the poor fellow, who is stamping the bottom out of the barouche and selling magnesia, salt and pepper, as a "secret remedy" for all diseases. They wonder why a man can be ignorant enough and gullible enough to pay for such nostrums.

In course of time one of these men who "cannot be humbugged" gets sick. He, like the rest of them, thinks that the theory and practice of medicine is an exact science, and that an M. D. knows all about it. He thinks that a doctor understands the nerves, tendons, arteries, and thousands of other organs in the human body, as well as a "sailor knows the ropes," or a watch maker understands the springs, wheels and cogs of a chronometer, and the doctor can as easily mend up his bodily machinery, and oil up the little pivots that are rusty, as the jeweler can repair his watch. Yea, more; he ascribes to the doctor a power the watchmaker never possessed; for, while he would not trust a jeweler to repair his watch without examining it, and who, if he did, could n't tell what was wrong in it, he will trust a man to doctor him *who never examines him and could n't tell what is the matter if he did.* We will follow this man with several others out of hundreds we could mention, in their rounds among the doctors. He has been suffering for years, has tried seven doctors and gets worse all the time. His last doctor was regarded as a "very eminent physician" in Portland. Every dose of his medicine the sufferer took tortured him so that his wife hid the bottle and would let him have no more. He gave up to die. Said no doctor could help



him; he had tried enough of them. A good Samaritan induced him, after much persuasion, to try one more and brought him to our office. He began to tell us about his experience with doctors. We said—never mind about the doctors, we do not want to hear anything about them. We probably have n't got as much faith in doctors as you have. To find out what is the matter of you is *our* business. After a thorough examination of him, we said—you have chronic catarrh of the bladder, enlarged prostate gland, and Bright's kidney in the second stage. "Well, one doctor in Vancouver, told me he *suspected* I had a slight touch of Bright's kidney." Did he examine your urine? "No." Well what did the other six doctors say? "None of them expressed any opinion, except the last one I employed in Portland." What did he say? "He said I had a trouble that old men often had, which never killed, but could n't be cured." Did he tell what your trouble was that "old men" 45 years old like you had which did n't kill but could n't be cured? "No." Are you fool enough to let such a man as that doctor you? "He was regarded by people generally as an eminent physician, and I did n't know what better I could do than to go to him." Yes, we know he was regarded as eminent by just such men as you, who "can't be humbugged." Do you know what was in the bottle he gave you that tortured you so? "He said it was the tincture of Spanish flies and aloes." Do you know that if he had known what was the matter of you, and wanted to torture you to death, he could n't have found in *materia medica*, two better things than Spanish flies and aloes? "I do n't know much about medicines. I have to leave it all to the doctor." In six weeks that man was cured and went to work in the harvest fields.

Now, who got humbugged the worst—the fellow who paid his dollar to a traveling fraud for a medicine that did him neither good or harm, or the man who ran the gauntlet of seven doctors at a cost of four hundred dollars, for which he received pains and tortures only? Another case. A man of superior intelligence who is now a banker in Washington Territory, was taken down in California with a chronic difficulty that had been gathering strength for years. He told us he sent for what was considered the three best doctors in San Francisco—one an allopath, one an eclectic and the other a homœopath. The homœopath was the only honest man in the lot, for he told me he could do nothing for me, and would n't humbug me by undertaking my case. The other two got three hundred dollars out of me for three weeks treatment, I getting worse all the time. When I came to Portland, several friends urged me to go to you. I employed other doctors. I suffered untold agony. I said to my doctor one day, 'My God! can't yot do anything for me? He said, 'Oh! you will get better when the weather gets better.' But I noticed when the weather got better, I got worse. When I came to you I came just because I promised several ladies to come and talk with you. They said, 'You need n't doctor with him, just go and talk to him.' When I came I had no idea of doctoring with you. I thought you must be one of these humbugs who have a shingle out on every corner, and have advertisements in the newspapers. I am no fool. I have traveled some, and I think a man must be pretty smart when he can humbug me. When I walked into your office I thought it was another dead-fall to catch money. *I had n't talked with you ten minutes till I knew you could cure me just as well as I knew the sun would rise to-morrow morning. There are a hundred people within fifty miles of Portland dying, who could be cured if they only had sense enough to come to you. But I need n't say anything, for I suffered tortures under the doctors' medical humbuggery on the coast for months, when there was a cure within three blocks of me and I had n't sense enough to know it.*" This he said to us when he bid us good bye, a sound and well man. We can give any person his name and present address. Was the treatment the doctors gave this man scientific, or mere humbuggery?

Take another case. A man who kept a cigar store in Portland, who had a large family to support, and spent twelve hundred dollars in San Francisco and Portland on "eminent physicians" and got no better, but finally came to us badly frightened, saying, "Doctor, I have got beyond all the doctors, and am a dead man in a week if you can not save me." He had gone to "regular physicians" just as the woman who had an "issue of blood for twelve years," because he did n't want to be humbugged." Now, for the benefit of some young doctor who has sense enough to want to learn something, we will give a history of this case, not supposing it will be of any benefit to him unless he was born with an ability to diagnose. This man for many years had defecated with great difficulty. The doctors located the difficulty in the rectum. They introduced bougies



and various other instruments, using a strong solution of sulphate of zinc, making it ten times too strong even if the difficulty had been in the rectum. This treatment has been a source of amusement to us, for many times since we heard his story, we have waked up in the night laughing so violently that we shook the bed. The doctor finally concluded that the trouble must be examined by the hand, and told him some day they would have to dilate the anus, and introduce the hand to find out the character of the difficulty. In course of time they found out the difficulty was up in the colon, where there was a fearful "stricture," and concluded to send to San Francisco for a "scientific machine" just invented by an "eminent M. D." With this they proposed to throw up several gallons of water to wash out the fæces. When he got his machine he asked us if we did n't think the thing would work well? We told him it would wash off all the lubricating principle secreted by the glands of Brunner and Peyer, destroy the force of nerves which produce the peristaltic wave, set up inflammation, and kill him sooner or later. He did n't believe what we said. Why should he? He was ignorant, knew nothing of medicine or theology, and had committed his soul to the priest, and his body to the doctors because his mother had told him it was the only safe way to avoid being "humbugged." The doctors had brought him to death's door, and his only remaining hope was, that his priest would get him out of purgatory, and furnish him with a "pass," that St. Peter would punch, and pass him through the gates, into the jasper flashing walls of the "New Jerusalem." He was a man who despised "humbugery." He wanted to be cured "scientifically," and saved "theologically." When the poor fellow said, "I have got beyond the reach of all the doctors and am a dead man in a week if you can not cure me." We said, what is the matter of you now? "That water I have used for several months, and it has done just what you said it would. It has set up an irritation in the bowels that I know will kill me in a week if I keep on using it. We said, well you *ought* to die. A man who is fool enough to let educated idiots doctor him, ought to die. Of course you are not supposed to know much about medicine, but you ought to have common sense, and when we told you what that water would do for you, if you had had as much sense as a sharp boy fifteen years old, you would have never let these humbugs treat you. What do your doctors say is the matter of you now? "They say I have a stricture in the colon which prevents the fæces from passing." We replied, that is pretty good; you have no stricture in as large an intestine as that; *and no man ever had*, your doctors to the contrary notwithstanding. If there was a stricture there, no doctor ever lived that could cure it. We soon got in communication with him, and saw that the ileocecal valve, the inferior semicircular fold of mucous membrane, which secures against any matter re-entering the ileum from the cæcum, was red with inflammation which caused a spasm or closing of the valve when the fæces struck it, and caused it to close, and prevent the passage of the fæces. The feverish condition of the valve dried up and hardened the fæces as they struck it, and there was a ball of hardened matter that lay there and could not pass. Now what caused the trouble? Every abnormal condition in the body has a cause; it does not spring up spontaneously. Every doctor worthy of the name, begins to hunt for the cause of this abnormal condition, for he knows he cannot make a permanent cure without removing the cause. He has to have a "history of the case." We learned from this man that he had been a glutton—had overloaded his stomach for years. The gastric juice had not been able to digest the food, which soured on the stomach, and produced an acid strong enough to eat into iron. This acid, passing along down, finally struck the ileocecal valve, and owing to some cause, the nerves which run this valve were weak, and unable to resist the pressure of the fæces on the valve, hence a spasm and obstruction. The "big doctors" first located the trouble in the rectum, and then in the colon. If they had doctored him a while longer, they would probably have guessed it was up in the duodenum, or in the man's throat. Here is a man about to die. What shall we do for him? Does *contraria contrariis curantur, similia similibus curantur*, or any other "ranter" suggest a cure? If not, or if we have no faith in remedial agents, and choose to squat on a stool of "reverential calm," having "an abiding faith in the restorative powers of nature"—is the man going to live or die? Shall we be led in treating this case by the ratiocinations of a blinded ignorance, prejudice, and fanaticism, which, in escaping from Babylon, has run clear past

Jerusalem, found a hole, crawled into it, and pulled the hole in after it; or shall we treat it on common sense principles?

Two eminent "regular physicians," were in our office one night in Portland. They came in as they often did to have a talk. The proposition we laid down for their consideration was, that without good sense, no man can be a doctor, though he knows by heart all that is contained in medical books. A sheep skin is no evidence of ability on the part of him who flaunts it before the eyes of ignorance. A good mechanic never made a whistle out of a pig's tail. West Point never made a Grant, a Sheridan or a Napoleon of such men as George B. McClellan, or Fremont. No college can make a Homer or a Byron of the moon-struck idiot who thinks that fourth-rate doggerel is "poetry."

We stated the case of the cigar man when he came to us, and asked them what they thought was the matter of him? Both answered, "Have n't the least idea." We then told them what was the trouble and where the obstruction lay, and said, if the man had come to you and we had told you what was the matter of him, what would you have done for him? Both replied, "I have n't the least idea what *could* have been done. Did you cure him?" Yes, removed the obstruction in six hours and made him a well man in two weeks. "Is that really so, Doctor?" If it is not so, walk down to his cigar store, only five blocks down, and see my patient. One of the doctors put on his plug hat and walked out. In a few minutes he returned and said, "I have seen him and he tells the same story you did, but I can't see how you could have done it." Just by a little common sense treatment. First, we were satisfied the obstruction was correctly located. We said to the patient, you may have to use the water once or twice more before we get a passage, but we hope not. The first question that suggested itself to us was, what shall be done to relieve the man? The first thought was, his bowels must be lubricated, as they are all washed dry with water. Now if we can send oil down to the impacted feces, medicated with a powerful antispasmodic, the oil will soften the feces and lubricate the bowels, while the antispasmodic will relax the valve, and the blocked up passage will be open. Then the difficulty suggested itself—the hepatic and pancreatic juices meeting in the duodenum or second stomach which only digests fat, will cut the oil into chyle and destroy my medication. The next suggestion was to keep it flowing so fast that the liver and pancreatic secretion *could n't* cut it. We said to the patient, your doctors have all been working on the wrong end of you. We will begin on the other end and see how a little common sense will work. We gave him the medicated oil, ordering him to take a teaspoonful every five minutes till he took a pint. In six hours he had a free passage without the use of water. In the mean time we operated on his spinal marrow, and powerfully stimulated the *Cauda Equina*. To destroy the uric acid, the original cause of all his trouble, we put him on a diet for ten days, of soup made from boiled duck, and thickened with Bermuda arrow root. In two weeks he was well, and has now been well for ten years. Was this poor man humbugged while he was paying out twelve hundred dollars to his doctors, or was he humbugged when he paid us fourteen dollars for the cure, which was all we charged him, because he was a poor man, with a large family to support? We can give the man's name to any one who wishes to interview him.

Take another case. A very intelligent German, who now lives in Sprague, W. T., but who then lived at White Salmon, sent his wife to Portland to be doctored for something he did n't understand, any better than the doctors here did. After spending \$800 on "eminent physicians" here, she was worse than when she came and went home to die, saying no doctor could cure her. Her husband came to Hood River to consult us about the case, as he only lived three miles away. We asked him what was the matter of his wife? He said, "The doctors who treated her in Portland said she had a tumor in her side, and talked about cutting her open and removing the tumor. She objected to this and has come home to die." We asked him several questions and said, we can not tell what is the matter of her, but can not believe she has any tumor there. We might change our mind after an examination, and conclude your Portland doctors were right, but we don't believe it. He answered, "I do n't believe I can induce her to come to you. She thinks the best physicians in Portland having failed, no doctor can cure her." We

answered, all right, we force nobody to come and be examined. In a few days he brought his wife over to be examined. We found that what the doctors had diagnosed to be a "tumor," was simply an ague cake—a slight enlargement of the spleen, which did n't affect her general health a particle. After a careful examination we told her where her trouble lay. It was new to her and she concluded to try some new treatment. In two months we restored the women to perfect health, and she has had two babies since. Instead of mouldering in the cemetery where her Portland doctors would have sent her, she is now a healthy woman. Was this woman humbugged when she spent \$800 on scientific quackery, or not? If she had gone to a fakir on the street and paid a dollar for a medicine that would have done her just as much good the *literati* would have called her a fool, but when she spent \$800 to feather the nests of scientific quackery they say, "*There is an intelligent woman who can't be humbugged.*"

Take another case. A man at Little Falls, W. T., in hammering a piece of steel, threw off a scale which penetrated his eye. He came to Portland suffering great agony. He was a stranger here, and all strangers will find plenty who are glad "to take them in." He was directed by several to go to a certain "eminent physician." He presented himself before this doctor at about 10 o'clock A. M. An eminent oculist who "made a speciality of the eye," was called in for counsel. They told the sufferer that the steel could n't be taken out. He must lose that eye, and if it was not taken out he would lose the other eye, too. They looked wise and shouldered a great deal of dignity, examining the eye in a "spirit of reverential calm," as both were religious (at least we know one of them was a pillar in the Methodist Church). They proceeded to draw cuts of the optic nerve, and show the man that their practice was scientific—based on "philosophic exposition." They tried to make it clear to him, that if the eye was n't taken out, and a glass eye put in, the irritation from the diseased eye would run back on the nerve till it reached the bifurcation, and would then twist around, and send paralyzing shocks of sympathy down to the other eye, and destroy that also. They told him it would only cost about \$400 to take the eye out, and nicely adjust a glass eye in its place. But what was \$400 when put up against total blindness? This, they said, was a very interesting and complicated case, and must be approached slowly. If he would return the next day at one o'clock, they would think over the case and see what could be done. This man went to his hotel on Front Street, suffering terribly, and wondered why science could n't begin to operate on him in less than twenty-seven hours.

A man whom we had cured of an old chronic trouble, after spending ten thousand dollars in New York, San Francisco, and Portland, during a twelve years' tramp hunting up "eminent doctors," saw this man writhing in agony, and asked him what was the matter? After getting a history of the case, he said, "Look here my friend, I have found after twelve years' experience at a cost of ten thousand dollars, that most eminent doctors are '*eminent humbugs.*' Before you consent to be butchered, you had better get the opinion of some man who has common sense. If you call on him he will neither humbug you or swindle you." Ten minutes after that the sufferer walked into our office. He did n't tell us his name, and said nothing about having gone to any other doctor. After we examined his eye, he said, "Do you think it will be necessary to take the eye out?" We supposed he had met some drayman or fisherman on the street, who had suggested the operation; and replied—the person who suggested the use of a knife on that eye, is n't half witted. "Doctor do you think you can take the steel out of that eye, and save the eye?" We can try, it looks to us like an easy job, but it is possible we might fail. It was n't twenty minutes after we took him in hand till all pain was gone, and in two days the steel was removed and the man was well. On returning home he voluntarily sent us this statement:

"LITTLE FALLS, W. T.

"In hammering a piece of steel, a fragment of it penetrated my left eye. I went to Portland, suffering pain that I can not describe, for medical aid. After several doctors examined and counseled, they told me that my eye must be taken out, as it was impossible to save it, and that if I did n't have it taken out, I would lose the other eye, too. On my way to the hotel, a good Samaritan advised me, before consenting to be butchered, to see Dr. Adams. I did so, thank God—and he soon relieved me of pain, took the steel from my eye, and cured me—saving me



from great suffering, and saving my eye, and saving me several hundred dollars. I feel more grateful to him than language can express.

HENRY BOOTH."

This man was poor, a hard working man, with a large family, and we only charged him twelve dollars for the cure. He narrowly escaped putting his foot into a large trap of "scientific" humbuggery, torture and robbery, into which a few on the street corner tried to lead him, under the honest impression, no doubt, that they were sending him where he could get the most good. If these doctors had dug out his eye and put in a glass one, the editor would probably have said, "*this was an eminent doctor*," when the next day he records the fact, that a man who dug both of his wife's eyes out with his thumbs, in a drunken rage was "*a fiend incarnate*." The idea never enters the editor's head, that if Barnum had them both in a cage in his menagerie, no intelligent man could recognize the difference. Of course Barnum would have to placard them—a card dauling at the breast of one would read—"*This is an eminent oculist*"—on the other would be found—"*This is a fiend incarnate*." The fellow who "stirs up the monkeys," would of course explain to the crowd, that the only difference between this delectable pair, is, a "*fiend incarnate*" was n't "*scientific*" enough to supply his wife with glass eyes, while the "*eminent oculist*" was.

One of these butchers who proposed to dig this man's eye out had a great reputation here as a doctor and surgeon. He showed his books to convince us he was booking \$400 a month for Portland practice on ignoramuses, while we were taking in \$900 a month cash for curing people for half the price he charged for humbugging them. We could give a hundred samples of his "scientific" butchery. In writing this book we can not stop to give a long list of the humbogs and quacks who have robbed people, tortured ignorance, and sent their victims to the cemetery. This would take a book larger than most people would read. We will only pause to give one sample of this surgeon's scientific butchery, and "*ab uno disce omnes*"—"from one you can know all":

An old doctor of fifty years' practice lived down the Columbia. An irritation of the sphincter muscle of the bladder, caused by an acid diathesis, produced a spasm and he could not void urine. He tried to introduce a catheter, but failed. He called a young doctor who had "studied medicine" and read three or four patent medicine almanacs. The young doctor thought he could perform the job. He punched away with the catheter till the urethra was filled with clotted blood, and that was all he could do. He did n't claim to be "eminent in his profession," or to be overly well-stocked with common sense, but he could get along pretty well with common cases among the natives down in the brush around St. Helens. Of course when a case like this happened an "eminent surgeon" must be sought in Portland.

They came to Portland, the old doctor suffering intense agony. He stopped at the Occidental Hotel, and sent for us to come down, and come quickly. We were out at the time, and this young doctor rushed out and brought in this "eminent surgeon." On returning to our office an hour after, we rushed down to the hotel to see what was the matter. On the bed lay the patient, groaning with agony. By the bed stood the big Portland doctor. He had been trying for half an hour to draw off the urine. He had failed to get any water, though he had exceeded the eminent young doctor from the brush around St. Helens, in this: he had been able to introduce an instrument into the bladder. We said, doctor, why do n't you draw that man's water off and relieve him immediately? "*Can't do it*." Have you tried? "*Yes*." What have you done? He looked sour, but picked up a gutta percha bougie with an orifice in the lower end and a small wire running down through it, such as all doctors sometimes use. He said, "*I introduced this into the bladder but got no water, because his bladder is filled with blood*." What makes you think there is blood in his bladder? "*Because, you see, this orifice in the bougie is all choked up with clotted blood, and there is no way to get it out but by a pump, which I have already sent out for*." Doctor, there is n't a drop of blood in his bladder. "*Where does it come from, then?*" It comes from the urethra, which is full of clotted blood, which has been there eight or ten hours. The bleeding was set up by an unsuccessful attempt to pass the catheter into the bladder. When you pass your catheter through this clotted blood the orifice fills and no water can flow. "*That can not be so, for you see, after the bougie was in the bladder I worked this little wire up and down, and if the blood in the urethra had choked it up the wire would have removed it and the urine would have been discharged*." Doctor, that



wire is perfectly useless to clean that orifice of blood. It would take a strong pump to do it. I do n't like to interfere with your practice; you have the case, and of course it would n't be polite for me to interfere, but I do not like to see a man suffer for hours when I am morally certain he can be relieved in less than five minutes. "*I'd like to know how you would do it?*" Take a small piece of sponge, tie a thread to it and push it down through the bougie till it closes the orifice and prevents the clotted blood in the urethra from choking it up, pass it into the bladder, then withdraw it and the urine will flow freely. He gave us a look which seemed to say: "*When I want advice from a quack I will call for you.*" We walked out saying to ourself, if we had a boy fifteen years old who had no more common sense than that doctor we would try to have him appointed as pound master, to kill suck-egg dogs instead of torturing men. Three hours afterward we walked down to see what success the doctor had had on his patient. It was ten o'clock at night. The "eminent doctor" had gone, had done his work, had just pumped the urine from the bladder; and the young newspaper reporter, who had been sent for to record the wonderful exhibition of surgical skill in Portland, had stuck his pencil behind his ear and gone away to tell the Webfoot where in Portland they could find a surgeon who was n't a "quack." We walked up to the old doctor's bedside. He was pale and exhausted. We said, how are you now? "*Oh, it has been all wrong, all wrong.*" Did n't he draw off the urine? "*Yes, after letting me suffer for more than three hours, when if he had only listened to you he could have relieved me in less than five minutes.*" Was there any blood in the urine? "*Not a particle; there it is in a vessel under the bed, look at it yourself.*" We found about two quarts of urine, but no blood. Is a fakir on the street the only "humbug" there is who practices medicine; and can a man be a doctor or surgeon who has n't common sense?

We read in the papers of the day about medical societies which meet in conventions, read profound dissertations on various subjects, all made up of the odds and ends of articles already published in books and journals, and so miserably dovetailed together that the literature is horrible. They tickle one another under the ribs, and broad smiles of satisfaction spread over their faces as they contemplate the wonderful advances they are making in the healing art. About ten years ago this society was able to have a "poet laureate," who delivered himself of a medical poem on "quacks and humbugs," which the society had published in a Portland paper. It did n't rise to the dignity of fourth-rate doggerel. He described those physicians not embraced in the "regular school" as quacks and humbugs, and in reading it one who saw his

"Humbug" in his glory,  
Would think the bard  
The hero of the story."

One of these "regulars" came and said, "I wish you would join our medical society." We said you would n't have me, I am Eclectic. He replied, "Yes we will take *you*; we want a man who can write up able and original articles for a medical journal." We said, doctor, if you want me to write up your articles I think you had better get me to do your practice.

We must not think, however, that such scientific physicians as we have described only belong to our day. They had equally brilliant luminaries in ancient times. Take, for instance, the fascinating description Harvey's old tutor gives of his treatment of tumors:

"If it (the tumor) be a movable one, I cut it away with a red-hot iron that seals as it cuts, but if it be adherent to the chest, I cut it without bleeding, with a wooden or horn knife, soaked in aquafortis, with which, having cut the skin, I dig out the rest with my fingers."

This is the great surgeon of the end of the sixteenth century. Now as to the great physician of about the same period. Dr. Caius, founder of the Cambridge college, which bears his name, wrote thus of the medical properties of a well-known lap dog, which he calls "Spaniel Gentle:"

"These little dogs are good to assuage the sickness of the stomach, being often times, thereunto applied as a plaster preservative, or borne in the bosom of a diseased or weak person which effect is performed by their moderate heat. Moreover, the sickness changeth his place, and entereth—though it be not precisely marked—into the dog, which, to be no untruth, experience can testify. For this kind of dogs sometimes fall sick, and some times die, without any harm outwardly

enforced. A conclusive argument that the disease of the gentleman or gentlewoman or owner whatsoever entereth into the dog by the operation of heat intermingled and affected."

Next comes the eighteenth century with "a well established system of copious and everlasting bleeding." "Impartiality" was the maxim regardless of the diet, the mode of living, the temperament, or the constitution of the patient. Stout and lean, long and short, sound and cripple—all fared alike; the universal cry was, "Come and be blooded." In connection with this mania, Mr. Everett quotes a capital story:

"A French physician named Bernard one day found an old abbe, a stranger to him, playing at cards with one of his patients. He had no sooner seen him than he exclaimed, with vehemence: 'What do you here? Go home; get bled immediately! You have not one minute to lose?' The abbe remained motionless, in great alarm. He was conveyed home. M. Bernard bled him in the usual unstinting fashion three or four times; drenched him, of course, with drastic drugs, but found him not one whit the better. On the third day, everything having been done that medical science could devise, and everything having failed, the sick man's brother was sent for from the country. He arrived in haste, and was informed that the abbe was dying. 'Of what disease?' he inquired. M. Bernard assured him that, without being at all aware of it, his brother had been seized with a violent fit of apoplexy; that he had fortunately discovered it by seeing his mouth awry, and had treated him accordingly. 'Why, sir,' quietly remarked the martyr's brother, 'his mouth has been awry these sixty years.'"

"As an 'excellent cure for gout' a great medical man of the seventeenth century gives the following advice:

"Take a young puppy—all one color if you can get such a one—and cut him in two pieces, through the back, alive, and lay one side hot to the grieved place—the inner side, I mean."

"And this is what the same learned authority prescribed for 'squincancy,' or quinsy:

"Take a silk thread dipped in the blood of a mouse, and let the party swallow it down that is troubled with the squincancy, pain or swelling the throat, and it will cure him."

For swellings he has this remedy:

"Mark where the swine rubs himself, then cut off a piece of the wood and rub any swollen place with it, and it will help it, with this proviso, that where the pig rubs his head, it helps the swellings in his head, and where the neck those of the neck, etc. If you can not apply a part of the thing the hog rubbed against, to the grieved place, you must apply the grieved place to that."

Now you laugh at the ignorance of that age, and view with reverence equally stupid ignorance among doctors now. If a fakir had a piece of gate post against which a hog had rubbed his middle and both ends to scratch off the lice, and after gathering fifteen hundred men and women about his barouche by attractive music, should exhibit his chip, explain its medical powers, and quote the eminent authority we have quoted above, does any one doubt, but what many of his "intelligent" hearers would be glad to pay a dollar for a "rub," and some of the women would ask their husbands to beg a loan of the chip to rub themselves with after they got to bed? If he would get a swine rubbing post out of some Chinese hog yard outside of Portland, and after rigging it up in "private rooms," would advertise extensively, he would soon be crowded with patients from all parts of Oregon, and would, like McLennan, have fifty to sixty patients a day, with crowds on the street begging to pay five dollars for the privilege of scratching their backs on the post, to cure some trouble that the Portland doctors could n't cure, the mind cure had failed on, and which a "revealed remedy" and patent medicines had all failed to reach. He would also have a few students from the Medical College coming in at ten o'clock P. M., "*just to try try the thing*;" while some of the Professors would come in at a back door at 11.30, to rub against the post, to see if they could n't get rid of a rheumatism they could n't cure themselves of. This is no exaggerated picture; it is a fair and truthful exhibit of society as we find it to-day. We see these disgusting exhibitions of ignorance, folly, and fanaticism on our streets every day—exhibitions which cost the people tens of thousands of dollars every year. Yet we are marked down on the map as

"*Christianized*," it will be a long time before we are civilized, and when the world is *enlightened* the Christianized fossils of to-day, will have been dead many thousand years.

But just here we will give our readers a few more specimens of

### MEDICAL HUMBUGGERY.

A man came from the Cascades to Portland for treatment. He went into the hospital, and after staying there several weeks the "eminent doctor" who had charge of the patient sent him away saying, "there is nothing the matter of you." He wandered around on the streets suffering great agony. He went to a drug store and asked the druggist to give him some medicine as he was very sick. The druggist told him he did n't know what to give him, but if he would get a prescription from a doctor he would put up the medicine. The druggist told him to go to "Skookum," M. D. He went, and Dr. Skookum told him he had *heart disease*, and gave him a prescription for which he only charged the modest sum of \$2.50. The prescription called for the "tincture of rhubarb," of which he was to take a teaspoonful three times a day. Just imagine "science" giving rhubarb for "heart disease"! The man of course got no relief from rhubarb. He came to us and said the hospital doctor said there was nothing the matter of him, but Dr. Skookum said he had "heart disease," and put him on rhubarb. We found the man had hydrothorax, the cavity of the chest was filled with about three gallons of water, and he was a dying man. We told him we could cure him in fifteen days. The poor, ignorant man concluded Dr. Skookum might be right, and thought he would go on with the rhubarb. In thirty-six hours he died at the "National Hotel." We will only give one more sample of Dr. Skookum's practice out of a hundred we could give.

### A SKOOKUM THROAT DISEASE.

A young man was sick at the National Hotel. The "Young Men's Christian Association" kindly took an interest in him and sent Dr. Skookum to treat him, as the doctor was pious, and they thought great medical skill must of course go with excessive piety. Dr. Skookum went over and told him he had a "slight throat trouble," and gave him a bottle of medicine (probably the tincture of rhubarb), which he thought would hit the case. Brother Chattin, a Methodist preacher, a man of large benevolence, a man who knows by experience what "pure religion and undefiled before God" (James 1:27) is, in his tours round the city hunting up, like Christ, the poor and needy, came across this young man. Brother Chattin took many of these unfortunates to his own home, where he and his noble wife wore themselves out in cooking for them and making them comfortable in every possible way. Whether he ever got anything for it or not he never told us, but we inferred from what we heard that the "Young Men's Christian Association" helped foot the bill of actual expenses. If this is so, here is a society which has got religion, "*pure and undefiled*"; and let him who visits their halls take off his shoes, for he stands on holy ground. Brother Chattin, like all intelligent men, had but little faith in doctors. But of course he was compelled by public sentiment to employ doctors for his sick patients. He took the young man to a doctor, had him examined, and got a prescription which he got filled at a drug store. On his way back he was exhibiting his bottle to a friend and giving a history of the case. His friend said, have you ever talked with Dr. A? "No; I never saw him." I will go right up and introduce you to him. When Brother Chattin was comfortably seated in our office, he told his story about the young man. He said: "I have taken him to an *eminent* physician, who says he has slight tubercle in the lung, *but by no means incurable*. He gave me a prescription and I went to the drug store and got it filled and paid \$2.50 for it out of my own pocket." And with a countenance that evinced great "reverential calm" he drew the bottle from his pocket and said, "Here it is." What the bottle contained we did not care to see. Judging from what we had seen of the prescriptions of "eminent doctors" for tubercle in the lung, we judged the prescription ran about this way:

R Oleum Morrhuæ,  
Aqua calcis ā ā fluiduncias quatuor,  
*Fiat mistura cujus detor cochleare,*  
*Magnum omni bihorio.*

DR. EMINENT.

Now, this looks to the average man as though the medicine ought to cure most any person, or kill most any rat. Brother Chattin could n't tell what was in his bottle, and it was not intended he should know. If prescriptions were written in plain English doctors would soon lose their hold on ignorance. When interpreted, the prescription reads: Take cod liver oil and lime water of each four fluid ounces. Let a mixture be made, of which a tablespoonful may be given every three hours (of course he meant to say three times a day).

### AN EPISODE.

Now there is little cod liver oil in the market. Nine-tenths of all the *cod liver oil* sold in drug stores is nothing but *whale oil*. The demand for cod liver oil has been so great that the supply has run out and the shrewd Yankee has gone to bottling up whale oil, knowing that the doctors would never know the difference. Now you call this a swindle. Perhaps so, and perhaps not. Whale oil is just as good as cod liver oil, and hog's lard is equally good, if not better. We never saw a person who was benefited by the use of cod liver oil, or whale oil, but every one of them has been injured. We never saw a man who had taken cod liver oil three months whose stomach was not so badly injured that his tongue was covered with a white coat, and presented a large, flabby appearance. Cod liver oil has done its share of work in filling the pockets of quacks and sending their dupes to the cemetery; and yet the doctors cry for more cod liver oil, and their patients lick their chops and call for more cod liver oil, because the doctor said it would do them good. An advanced (?) civilization calls for something new. The man who is shrewd enough to buy a cargo of whale oil at any whaling port in Massachusetts and bottle it up, with illustrated labels on the bottle showing how a whale once got away with a man who was pitched overboard, and warranting this to be oil taken from the whale that swallowed Jonah, would soon be rich. If he would buy one hundred cords of wood at some wood yard in Portland, and get a Chinaman to saw and split it into small pieces, and offer it as "pieces of the cross on which the Savior was crucified," he would soon be a richer man than Jay Gould. The fact that fifteen hundred cords of this same kind of wood are now on exhibition in "houses of God" all over the world, should not deter him from entering on this speculation. He must remember that "*the public is a goose and he is a fool who does n't pluck her.*" He must remember that while thousands would pay a dollar for a sliver, even some doctor of divinity, if he did n't buy a stick, would look at it in a spirit of "reverential calm" and wonder if after all it was n't really a fragment of the ancient cross and possessed some theological virtue.

### RENEWAL OF OUR SUBJECT.

When Brother Chattin exhibited his bottle and told us the eminent physician said it would probably cure the young man, we were filled with profound disgust, and only replied, that medicine will no doubt set the young man up all right. When the medicine was out the young man was no better. Brother Chattin came and wanted us to doctor him. We said, Brother Chattin, I would n't touch him with a forty-foot pole. "Why?" Because I know what is the matter of him. He has been to me often and I would not talk to him, as he was doctoring with an old school friend of mine, and I would not take any one of his patients. If I had undertaken the case six months ago there was only one chance in ten then to cure him; now there is n't one chance in a hundred. You have had two doctors examine him; one said he had a "*slight difficulty in the throat,*" the other one said he had "*tubercle in the lung.*" Neither one of these doctors have the least idea what is the matter of him. If he should die on my hands these eminent humbugs would say I killed a man who had a slight difficulty in the throat or lung which they could have easily cured. He is still running around the street, but he has wasted in flesh; his pulse is at 130; he can not speak above a whisper, and he has an anxious expression around the eyes that shows he is a dying man. "*Well, what is the matter of him?*" He has "*laryngeal phthisis,*" a trouble that no Allopath or Homœopath ever cured or ever will. The young man will be dead in less than six weeks, your "eminent" doctors to the contrary notwithstanding. In less than six weeks the thickening over the vocal chords will crack down to an artery and he will bleed to death. You will note that down and try to remember it. Three weeks from that day Brother Chattin came into our office and said, "You remember you told me that young man would be dead in less than six weeks. It is three



weeks to-day since you told me so. He died yesterday." How did he die? "Just as you said he would—he bled to death." Are these fakirs and traveling doctors the only "humbugs" who take people's money for nothing? Out of more than a thousand cases which have come under our observation we will only mention one more and pass on: A gentleman of wealth from the East brought his wife to us after a woman doctor in Portland had examined her and told her the *Os uteri* had grown up, and nothing could be done for her. We asked her if any doctor had ever treated her for ulceration of the womb. She said, "Yes." Did he cauterize it? "Yes." Did n't he use the caustic high up in the cervix? "I think he did." How often did he oil the passage and open it? "Once he let me go a week, and once two weeks, and then told me the '*womb was sealed up*' and he could do nothing more." It would have grown up solid in three days. What kind of a doctor was he? "He was an eminent physician and we paid him two thousand dollars for treating me." He was an eminent humbug, and you had better have paid him ten thousand dollars to keep away from your house. Her husband said, "Can anything be done for her?" Nothing but to open the womb and make a new passage to let out the catamenial flow. "Wont that kill her?" Not one chance in a hundred to kill her. "I have consulted many surgeons and all have told me it could n't be done, but if you think you can do it I will take the chances and let you perform the operation." We did it, and in two weeks the woman was well. There is a regular physician and surgeon here now who saw us perform this simple operation. Now, what are we to think of a doctor who will ruin a woman by sealing up her womb, and of eminent surgeons who told her she must die, as nothing could be done? Was there any quacking or humbugging in this case, where a woman paid two thousand dollars to an "eminent physician" to ruin her? Let the fakirs walk to the front and "be counted" along with the other "eminent humbugs."

If the doctors told all their patients what they thought was the matter of them, and then told them what medicines they gave as a general rule, there would soon be a great falling off in their practice. There is nothing like *secret* preparations; they seem to work better on ignorance than anything else.

Michael St. Patrick Finnegan's wife has a pain in the stomach. He goes to Dr. Skookum and tells him how his wife suffers, "and divil a bit did she slape last night." The doctor strokes his beard, looks wise, drops his head a moment as if in prayer, and then writes his prescription, which of course has to be in the best Latin the doctor can command:

R *Emplastrum Alcockeorum unum.*

Sig: *As directed.*

SKOOKUM, M. D.

"Now Pat, just put that on your wife's chest and she will be better soon." Pat pays \$2.50 for the prescription, rushes to the drug store, rejoicing in the fact that Portland has *one* physician who is not a "quack." He throws it on the counter with an anxious look at the clerk, which seems to say, "I wonder if you have got that medicine here, or shall I have to telegraph to New York, and have it sent over the wire?" The druggist glances it over and says, "Yes, we have it." Pat, trembling with excitement, cries out, "Will thin be after puttin it up in a hurry, befour me wife is did." The druggist wraps up an Allcock's porous plaster, and tells him to use it as Dr. Skookum had told him. The next morning Dr. Skookum met him on the street and said, "Well Pat, how is your wife this morning?" The "intelligent" son of Erin replies, "Well, Doctor, I'm happy to tell ye she's much better. I believe 'pon me soul, the woman would have died if I had n't had the viry bist docthor in the United States." "Did you put the plaster on her chest as I directed?" "Well, doctor, to be honest with you, we did n't,—we had no chist in the house; we had a bit of a trunk, and we put the plaster on that, and she felt better in less nor half an hour."

#### AN EMINENT PORTLAND DOCTOR EMIGRATES TO AFRICA.

Dr. Skookum emigrates—goes to some city in the heart of Africa. The city wants a "city physician." They have so many applicants for the position, the authorities do not know how to make a choice between so many "eminent" applicants. They conclude it would be a good idea to "cast lots," as 'was done in the case of Jonah. "So they cast lots, and the lot fell upon Jonah."

(Jonah 1:7.) They put the names of the "eminent" applicants in a hat, and the wise men of the African city, proceeded to draw, when the lot falls upon Skookum; which shows that "Divine Providence" intended that he should physic the city, and that, instead of being cast overboard to be swallowed by a whale, he should himself be swallowed by *ignorance*.

There are some doctors who can not sling very much Latin, and they are compelled to write their prescriptions in the very best English they can command. We stepped into the office of a physician in Philadelphia. He was a "regular" and had considerable practice among women. While there a young woman walked in, and after they had had a little private conversation, he sat down to write her a prescription. He wanted to put her on gallic acid, but did n't know how much to give her. He turned around and said, "Doctor, how much gallic acid is a dose?" We wondered that a "doctor" should ask such a question, and looked over his shoulder at his prescription to see what he thought was a dose. He had only got this far: "℞ Galle assit—ounce." We said, doctor, you had better give that medicine in homœopathic doses, for fear you ruin the girl's health. "Well, how much would *you* give her?" Would be afraid to give her *any*. He tore up his prescription, and told her to come in the afternoon, after he had examined his books. He did n't know how to spell gallic acid, and did n't know what was a dose, and he tore up his prescription for fear he would give her too much and kill her. He had aldermanic proportions, dressed like a dandy, wore an enormous pinchbeck watch chain and twisted his moustache into horns. He was just such a doctor as many women run after. Such doctors had a big practice eighteen hundred years ago, "For of this sort are they which creep into houses, and lead captive silly women laden with sins, led away with divers lusts."—(2 Timothy 3:6.)

#### THE POOR WIDOW HUMBUGGED.

But, here comes a poor, old woman to consult some "eminent physician" about her eyes. She has read her Bible and knit socks till a late hour every night. She is a widow. She read her Bible to save her soul, and knit socks to save her body from starvation, till the flickering light of that old lard lamp has weakened her eyes. She has no confidence in "quacks" or women doctors. She prefers to go to an eminent physician, as she knows he will not "humbug" her. She has just taken in \$2 for knitting ten pairs of socks for a merchant. The doctor tells her that as she is a poor widow he will give her a prescription for a dollar, a mere trifle. He draws his kid glove from a soft hand and writes—

℞ Chloride sodium.....grs. XL.  
Aqua fontana .....O. I.  
Use as a collyrium.

DR. HONESTY.

This prescription the poor woman can not interpret, but knows it is all right. It must be some costly medicine brought from Assyria, perhaps from Palestine, where the Savior was crucified. She takes it to a druggist, who reads it as follows:

Put a dessert spoonful of table salt in a pint of spring water and let her bathe her eyes with it. He proceeds to put the salt in the bottle and puts in a pint of Willamette river water he draws from the hydrant, and charges her fifty cents for it, "as she is a poor widow." Here is \$1.50 paid out by a poor woman for a spoonful of salt and a pint of Willamette river water. She bathes her eyes before she retires, and kneels down and thanks God that she was n't born in a "heathen country," away off in China, but lives among "Christians." The reader may not believe this, but we know it to be a fact, for we saw the prescription and know just what it cost the widow.

#### THE LEARNED JUDGE HUMBUGGED.

The widow has no sooner left the doctor's office than a judge walks in and tells the doctor his wife is considerably indisposed, does n't sleep well, has no appetite, has pains in the back, calves of the legs, and is n't regular. The "eminent physician" is able to swing more Latin than the judge can, and proceeds to write a prescription which he knows will fill the judge with admiration of "regular" medical science:

R Misturæ ammoniaci fluiduncias tres,  
 Tincturæ castorei fluidrachmam dimidiam,  
 Syrupi tolutani fluidunciam dimideam,  
 Tincturæ opii guttas quinque,  
 Aquæ cinnamomi fluidunciam,  
 Fiat mistura,  
 Hujus sumatur cochleare medium omni trihorio.

DR. SCIENCE.

The "learned judge" looks at his prescription, and is dumbfounded. He says to himself, what in the d——l does that mean? I have picked up scraps of Latin here and there, and I have always posed as a Latin scholar. I will not ask the doctor to translate it, for fear of exposing my ignorance of Latin. Fact is, I believe, come to think, I have forgotten a good deal of the Latin I have picked up in medical almanacs. But the druggist will know, and be able to read the prescription. He walks to a drug store and throws his prescription down on the counter and asks to have it filled. The druggist cocks his eye at it and says, "I do n't understand Chinook." The next druggist says, "I have n't been here long, and have n't mastered the China language." The next looks at it and says, "I have been devoting some attention to Volapuk but have n't got along far enough to read that. The "learned judge" walks seventeen blocks, visits fifteen drug stores and finally finds a druggist who, with smiling countenance, says, "Oh yes, I can fill that prescription." He reads the prescription correctly, this way:

Take of the mixture of ammoniac three fluid ounces,  
 Of the tincture of castor half a fluid ounce,  
 Of syrup of tolu half a fluid ounce,  
 Of tincture of opium five drops.  
 Of cinnamon water a fluid ounce.  
 Let a mixture be made.  
 Of this a dessert spoonful may be taken every three hours.

The "learned judge" pockets the medicine and walks home, pitying the poor dupes who crowd around the fakirs in the street, who pay a dollar for a worthless medicine; while he has paid four dollars for as worthless a medicine as that sold by the fakirs. It takes a slight tip of the scales to send the judge down into the box where the dupe of the fakir sits, and puts the poor dupe up into the judge's seat. There is n't as much difference after all between the "high" and the "low" in this world as some people think there is.

#### A PARSON HUMBUGGED.

A "doctor of divinity" has a wife who complains a good deal of a nervous headache. He says to her, "I think you must have a mighty weak head, or you would n't have so much headache." She says, "I think I have if the Bible is true, for that says the husband is the head of the wife." He walks down to consult a "big doctor," and gets this prescription, which he takes to the drug store:

R Nepeta cataria,  
 Verbascum thapsus ā ā manipulus,  
 Aqua bulliens, Oi,  
 Hora Somni Sumendus quantum libet.

"BIG DOCTOR."

The druggist fills the prescription—puts up a handful of catnip leaves and a handful of mullein, and tells the "divine" to pour a pint of boiling water over it and let his wife drink as much as she likes just as she retires to rest. The parson proudly shoves the package into his pocket and hastens to the bedside of his suffering wife. On his way home he passes a fakir stand, and sees an immense crowd buying the fakir's wares, and wonders how easily poor, ignorant people are humbugged. He hands the medicine to his wife, and rushes into the kitchen trembling with anxiety to see whether there is any boiling water in the teakettle. She says, "What have you got in that

package?" "My dear, I do n't know just what it is, but suppose it came from some far-away country, and was probably sent over here by some benevolent missionary. It must have come a long way by express for it cost me \$2.75, including the charge for the prescription." She opens the package, examines it, and then opens on him. "Well, I think I *have* got a 'weak head,' sure enough. Do you know that is nothing but mullein and catnip? Our yard is full of both. I do n't see why you would go and pay \$2.75 for it when you could have gathered it in the dooryard. It flashed across the mind of the parson that he had been badly "humbled," and he feels penitent. She draws in a long breath, and the "man of God" sees she has n't spent all her fury. He meekly raises his hands and says, "Let us look to the Lord and be dismissed." She only gets a glimpse of his boots as he crawls under the bed, and wishes his "big doctor" was crawling in after him. Moral: Look out for a prescription doctor.

#### CONCLUSION OF THIS CHAPTER.

We have now written a truthful description of all the systems of medical practice, with all the grand central ideas around which their contradictory systems revolve. We have written a book, the like of which was never before published, and which may be of great advantage to those who read it.

In it the reader will find some light shed down on the path of esoteric mysteries, and see the naked face of deception, that has for ages been grinning at an ignorant humanity, through the flimsy gossamer of clerical and medical fraud, and fattening on flesh picked from the bones of ignorance. He will also find that many things which he has long regarded as humbugs, are natural forces, that can be utilized for the benefit of the human race. He will find that while a large part of all systems of medicine is erroneous, there never was a system of medicine or religion, and there never was a society organized by man, but what had some grain of truth in its central idea, though hidden away like a grain of wheat in a wagon load of chaff. The man who reads this book, and has sense enough to understand it, will find he is improved in spite of all his prejudices. Because the book was written in Oregon is no reason why it should not be as good as one written in Andover. Oregon nominated Abe Lincoln for the Presidency. He stretched his magic wand and stayed the setting of the star of human liberty, that was about to go down behind the fog banks of a mediæval despotism forever. Oregon gave a Grant, a Sheridan and a Hooker, to brandish flaming swords before the black and bloody cohorts of treason, block the wheels and blow up the juggernaut of human slavery. Without Oregon the last hope of human liberty throughout the world would have been extinguished in the destruction of the only free government on earth. Oregon was never known to take a back seat in a dark corner, except at the St. Louis and Chicago Conventions in 1888. Oregon is the brightest and best spot for a home on the face of the globe. Portland has more wealth, more intelligence, more kind-hearted and benevolent people, than any city of its size in the world. Then why should n't Oregon give the world the most useful book ever published—and why should n't the book be published in Portland.

#### LET US REVIEW A LITTLE.

We have already shown that the grand central idea on which the "old school was founded was, "*contraria contrariis curantur*;" that is, in order to drive out one disease, make another. The central idea around which homœopathy revolves, is the very opposite—*similia similibus curantur*—what will cure a disease, will produce the same disease. One school of homœopaths, embrace their central idea in a Latin amalgamation of both schools, thus—*alterantia alterantiis curantur*, holding that this embraces both the law of *similia similibus curantur* and *contraria contrariis curantur*. This sect of homœopaths call themselves "rational homœopaths," as though the regular homœopaths were "irrational." Well, there may be a little truth in that; who knows? Then comes along the patent medicine man, the fakir, and the fraud who sells "revealed remedies." Their grand central idea is—"The public is a goose and he is a fool who does n't pluck her."

Then comes the esoteric mind-cure, with his central idea—"Every disease or ailment is an effect of discord in the spirit body, and takes shape according to the cause which implanted it." Next comes the Thomsonian with his idea—"Heat is life and cold is death..." Then the hydropath comes to the front with the idea that—"The use of drugs for medical purposes is injurious



*under all circumstances, and contrary to the laws of nature."* Here are the seven grand central ideas, around which the seven prominent systems of medical science hatched, out since Adam was tempted by Eve, have revolved. "There is a charin in No. 7," so Alexander Campbell used to say. Thompson's "No. 7," has been more sought after by his followers, than any of his other preparations. There are seven days in the week, and the seventh day is regarded as the most sacred by the disciples of Moses. Inspiration has its diadem studded with seven stars scattered all around it. Every seventh year was a Sabbatical year, or year of rest among the Jews, and every forty-ninth year, or seven times seven, was a year of jubilee. In Pharaoh's dream he saw seven fat oxen and seven lean ones, which meant seven years of plenty and seven years of famine. The golden candlestick had seven branches, seven trumpets and seven priests that sounded them. Seven priests blowing seven ramshorns, encompassed Jericho seven days before the walls tumbled down. In Revelation there are seven churches, seven candlesticks, seven spirits, seven stars, seven lamps, seven seals, seven angels, seven vials, and seven plagues, seven women are to lay hold of one man and ask him to marry them all. Hannah, the mother of Samuel said the barren woman should have seven children. God said he would smite the Jews seven times for their transgressions. David thought silver was n't perfect until it had been purified seven times, and he prayed that the wrath of God should be poured into the bosom of his neighbors seven-fold. Noah had to take into the ark of clean beasts by the seven. Seven good ears of corn came up and seven blasted ones. The priest of Midian had seven daughters. Balaam asked Balak to build seven altars, and prepare seven oxen and seven rams. The Lord made the enemies of the Jews flee before them seven ways. And there remained among the children of Israel seven tribes. Jacob served Laban seven years for Rachel, and seven for Leah. They bound Samson with seven green withes, and sheared off seven locks of his hair. The great dragon had seven heads and seven crowns. There were seven spirits of God sent forth into all the earth. The Lamb (of God) had seven horns and seven eyes. They cast seven devils out of Mary Magdalene. The old Oriental writers all seemed to think the world generally was run by sevens. We have unearthed the seven foundations on which the seven most important systems of medical practice have been built, and we think the intelligent reader will conclude with us that the seven central ideas which gave them birth do not contain enough truth to found a rational system of practice on. While they are all more or less good, they have been founded by monomaniacs, or men who have run off with one idea. They have all failed in not founding their systems upon some knowledge of the dynamic forces that run the human body, cure diseases and prolong human life. We have seen a professor in a medical college who could talk an hour every day for six weeks, explaining every bone, every nerve, every artery, every vein, and every muscle in the body, and who was almost as ignorant of the forces that run the body as the articulated skeleton the bones of which he rattled as he lectured.

### THE POWERS OF NATURE IN CURING DISEASE.

There is a force in the body that runs it, and tries to cure it when diseased. It is known by common people as "*Nature*." Doctors now call it "*vis medicatrix naturæ*." Von Helmont, two hundred and ninety years ago, called it the "*archæus*, sometimes a chemical ferment, and sometimes a spiritual intelligence." Paracelsus, three hundred and seventy years ago, taught that this power was a mysterious harmony between the body and the earth and salt, an equal harmony between the soul and water and mercury, and another between the intellect, air and sulphur. (See page 21.) These triune harmonies working in conjunction made his archæus or natural force. We shall not extend this chapter by giving all the different theories of the different schools in trying to reach this dynamic force. They have gone all around it, like a blind Samson grasping after the pillars, and sometimes they have touched it with the tips of their fingers, and pushed on, thinking they had really had both arms locked around the pillar. This force is as yet imperfectly understood. So are all the forces brought into action by natural laws. No medical book has yet shown what is its character, where generated and what is its mode of action; hence no man can cure difficult cases who gets his information from books. Such "eminent doctors" let all such men as Gen. Sheridan die. The person who has carefully read this book so far has a pretty good idea of our views of these forces.

## OUR CENTRAL IDEA

Is that *man is really little more than brain and spine*. All the rest is simply an offshoot from the head and spinal column. You place a speck of semen not as large as the point of a pin under a powerful microscope and you will see a thousand germs of humanity, all alive and swimming. We call them spermatozoa. They look like a polliwog, nothing of them but head and tail. This is the germ of man starting with nothing but brain and spine. They are all alive, and each seems to be endowed with the characteristics of its father, subject to subsequent influences from the mother while in the uterus, during the nine months of foetal development. They are all as crazy to go up as is a salmon to reach spawning ground high up the Columbia river. This is natural law. Their destination is the egg, or eggs, just sloughed off from the ovaries and on its way down through the fallopian tubes. The smartest one reaches the egg first, crawls into it, curls up, feels satisfied, and the egg is impregnated. It may be a male or female spermatozoa. All that has been written about the power of parents to determine the sex is sheer nonsense. You mix the spermatozoa from two different sources and they will fight till the last one is either killed or so exhausted that they can not reach the egg in time. This is the reason why women who have constant promiscuous cohabitation never become pregnant. No woman ever conceived, or ever will, who allows two embraces within a short time from different persons. In the head of this little spermatozoa is wrapped up all the characteristics it got from its father, and will be born with them more or less modified by uterine influence. The males are combative, and want to fight other males outside of the family, and the females are as belligerent as are several women who become jealous and pull hair when in the same house. The question is, have these little fellows "immortal souls"? That could of course be only decided by a doctor of divinity, and even he might be mistaken, though he is just as well qualified to decide this as any other problem within the range of "theological science." Here we see that **MAN STARTS WITH NOTHING BUT BRAIN AND SPINE**. Through the placenta attached to the uterus, the forces necessary to develop the foetus are sent by the mother to the brain and spine, for there is nothing else there. As a grain of wheat, buried in a warm, moist soil begins to enlarge and throw out a stalk and roots, so does the embryo brain and spine of man contained in the spermatozoa begin to grow and build on the appendages necessary to complete a body through forces conveyed to the brain and spine through the mother. The head and back comes from the father, all else from the mother. In nine months these maternal forces, acting on the brain and spine of the foetus, produce a fully developed human being. As in the foetal condition natural forces received from the mother only develop the body, by acting on the brain and spine, so from birth to death the forces of nature drawn from his environments, which perpetuate life and restore accidental lesions in the body, all act through the brain and spine. These forces few doctors ever had any conception of, or how they act. They call them "*nature*," "*vis medicatrix naturæ*," "*archæus*," or some other term which gives no more idea of their essence, or even resemblance to other forces we observe in nature, than does gravitation convey an idea of that incomprehensible power that draws all bodies toward the center of the earth and agglomerates worlds from floating nebula—merely a term to express a power we know nothing about, except from what we see of its effects. We call this force of "*nature*" *brain life*. The nearer complete the body the more of this force it manufactures, and the more it contains and controls. This force is akin to galvanism, but there is as wide and perhaps a much wider difference between them than there is between the latter and electricity. Like electricity, it is developed by motion, or friction. The motion of the heart, of the stomach, the lungs, the vascular system, and alimentary canal evolve it, and the blood carries it to the brain and empties it into this reservoir of vitality and returns for a new supply. The brain purifies it, intensifies it, and sends it to the *medulla oblongata*, the mainspring that runs the whole body. From thence it is dispatched along the nerves as telegraph wires which branch off from the spinal column to every part of the body. There is n't an artery, a vein, or an organ in the body but what is connected with nerves on which is carried this brain life, which goes to it and preserves for it all its functions. The heart is made to contract by its power and send the blood on its way through the arteries. The brain life, acting through the nerves, carries it along till it reaches the extremities, where we see its wonderful power, in passing the blood through minute capillaries into the veins and then lifting it up all along its way till it again reaches the heart. Borelli thought this

was all done by the force of heart contraction, and he figured out this force as equal to one hundred and eighty thousand pounds.

Now, this brain life, to be abundant, must have a good brain, a pure contented mind, a happy soul keeping house in it, and good working nerves especially along the back bone. We often find that serious troubles originate in a depressed brain or spinal injury. In this condition there is n't an organ in the body that works well. The stomach, liver, kidneys, and all other organs seem to be more or less out of tune. One doctor tells the patient, you have got the dyspepsia; another says your liver is out of fix; another thinks his main trouble is in the kidneys, while another "eminent" functionary says, you have heart disease, sure. Instead of going to work on the brain and spine, they dose them with worthless drugs till they die, when, with proper treatment, they could have been speedily restored. Charles Sumner's injury was in the brain and spine, caused by the assault of Brooks in the Senate Chamber, but no eminent doctor in the East seemed to know what to do for him. He went to Paris and found Brown-Sequard, who had sense enough to operate on his brain and spine, and cured him. Sequard's treatment, though better than he got over here, lacked a great deal of being what it should have been, hence, instead of being treated sixteen months, four months was ample time, if Sequard had n't been but just beginning to grope his way out of the darkness of the regular school. Take another case, that of Phil. Sheridan, who died August 5, 1888, only a few days ago. He was sick a long time, say from November, 1887. So his physicians said, after he was dead, "What was the matter of him?" His doctors said he had "heart failure," and kept reporting for weeks before he died that there was a good prospect for his recovery. Why should n't he? He had eminent physicians and thousands were assisting the doctors with their prayers. At 7:30 Dr. Matthews said he was doing so well that no bulletin would be issued for a week. Sheridan had just eaten a large slice of roast beef, and every body seemed to think the next bulletin would announce him out of danger, if not entirely well. At ten the heart failure set in, and he died in twenty minutes. After he was dead his physician said he had known that Sheridan had suffered from a disease of the mitral and aortic valves of the heart, since November, 1887. Now, if he knew this, he knew, or ought to have known, that he could n't cure him. Then, why hold out to his family and the public an illusive hope of a cure. We have a slight suspicion that valvular disease was an afterthought—that it flashed across the doctor's brain after the General's death. What the doctor's treatment was, was never revealed through the newspapers, but we are left to infer that it was some "Skookum" medicine, such as is sometimes used in Portland for "heart disease"—tincture of rhubarb, and syrup of wild cherry bark. The eminent doctors who treated Garfield would, no doubt, have called his trouble heart disease, if they were not aware that an assassin had fired a globule of lead into him. But their diagnosis in locating the bullet in different parts of his body was "eminent," and their prognosis equally so, for Swain announced thirty-five minutes before Garfield died—"His symptoms are better, his mind clearer, he rests more quietly and has a firmer grip on life." We have no idea that Garfield could have been cured if he had had a really good doctor. But we do not think so of Sheridan or Grant, though their ailments were very different. We have treated many such cases as that of Sheridan, where the doctors pronounced them cases of incurable heart disease, and have cured every one, for we never found one who had any heart disease. We will recite the history of one case much worse than that of Sheridan three months before he died. He, like Sheridan, had a "heart failure." His heart beat irregularly, and sometimes stopped beating for a minute. At one time, while sitting in his parlor, his heart stopped working. He was terribly frightened, ran through the house into the wood-shed and back again, before the heart resumed its action. He had n't more than sat down in our office till his heart stopped beating again. It took about twenty seconds to start it. On examining him, we found his heart was not diseased as his doctors had all told him. His whole trouble was in the brain and spinal column. Along the whole length of his back, the weak nerves had permitted the blood to congest—to dam up and press on the nerves, so as to shut off the brain life, and prevent his internal machinery from working. We began operating on his spinal column, and in ten minutes after lifting the black congested blood from the nerves, his eyesight, which was dim before, became clear, his heart worked well, and in two weeks' treatment of brain and spine he was well, and never had any more "heart disease." Med.

icine alone never cures such cases, and every one of them dies under the treatment of eminent prescription doctors. While many diseases are incurable by the common method of treatment, and curable by acting in harmony with natural law, *all* diseases, or nearly all, yield much more readily when drugs are employed in conjunction with brain and spine treatment. Keep a man's brain and spine right, and lightning will have to strike him pretty hard if it kills him.

The big doctors of to-day are mostly working on the wrong side of the body. Instead of operating on the brain and spine, they devote most of their attention to the belly, by filling it with drugs, often worthless. We do n't know what suggested their idea, unless it be that the fetus receives its spinal nourishment through the umbilical cord attached to the navel.





## Chapter XIX.

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### "WHAT SHALL I DO TO BE SAVED?"

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IN the last chapter we finished up our history of medicine and surgery. It only remains to offer a few suggestions to enable the reader to avoid many ills that "flesh is heir to." To escape these evils is "salvation" of the *body*. To escape the torments of an imaginary world is a *soul* salvation. It is important to escape both; that is, the world generally thinks so and feels so. You will notice that many thousand books have been written blazing out the path to present and future felicity, all different and all marking out a different road. Every one who has traveled the path indicated by the book he read, or the teacher who instructed him, has trudged along his chosen path-way full of aches and pains in this world, and gazing through theological spectacles at the next, has suffered under "a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation."—(Hebrews 10:27.) To be saved from a "lake of fire and brimstone" is really the most important, though few people now-a-days seem to think so, owing to the fact that man is "totally depraved" (see Presbyterian catechism). This being the most important salvation, as it reaches through "*all eternity*" in its effects, ought first to be sought for. The lowly Nazarene is admitted to be good authority, even among the doctors of divinity. They all admit he probably knew about as much about this matter as any man who lived in the past, or who lives now. He being acknowledged good authority, let us go to headquarters, let us interview him. Well, Christ, we are somewhat troubled about the future state. We want to "inherit the kingdom." We want to be saved. There are scores of creeds, as many catechisms, and thousands of preachers, all pointing out different roads. They seem to be pretty hard roads to travel, and we have doubts about their leading just where we are told they will. We are told that some day you are to sit on the throne of glory and judge the world. We expect to be there, and we want to know how we can pass the test of a rigid examination. We want to know whether we must join the Catholic church, the Episcopal church, the Presbyterian church, the Methodist church, the Seventh Day Adventists, the Swedenborgian church, the Greek church, the Hard Shell Baptists, the Mormon church, the Congregational church, the Pro-slavery Southdowns, or some other church. We want also to know whether we are to believe any of the catechisms, and if so, which one? We want also to know whether it is necessary to salvation to believe in *three* gods, as the orthodox do, or in *one*, as the Unitarians do. We want also to know whether it is necessary to salvation to read the Bible, and if so, are we bound to believe everything it contains as the "Word of God"? Can we harbor a doubt about Eve being made of Adam's rib, that the whale swallowed Jonah, or that Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego were cast into a fiery furnace so hot that it burnt to death the men who pitched them in, while Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego walked around in the flames, with another man who mysteriously appeared to bear them company, and not a hair was scorched on any of them? While we are speaking for ourselves, we would like to know whether a Chinaman who never heard of an Andover catechism, never heard of orthodoxy, and never heard, in fact, of anybody outside of China, will be judged as we shall be judged? You will please to tell us exactly what qualifications we need to pass into the "kingdom" when you are on the throne, as "doctors of divinity" are very much divided in opinion as to the line you will draw between the "sheep and the goats." "*And he shall set the sheep on his right hand and the goats on his left. Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you before the foundation of the world: for I was an hungered and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger*

*and ye took me in : naked, and ye clothed me : I was sick and ye visited me : I was in prison and ye came unto me : \* \* \* Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.* " *Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom.*"

—Mat. 25:33. That settles for all time the great question, "what shall I do to enter the kingdom?" It is a short creed, easily understood, and a solid foundation on which to build. Instead of making money, the priest who officiates at the altars of Christ's religion merely spends it. Only those who are making money out of esoteric theology will oppose it. No man need take a course of instruction in a theological seminary to understand it. It is in harmony with the feelings of the most refined intelligences of the age—nothing wanting in it. It is a platform on which all good men can stand. A large church has been recently started in New York City with no other creed but this. It is the only *enlightened* church we ever heard of. Ages from now it will swallow up all other churches. When it does so, we shall have men with cheerful countenances, few gray hairs at eighty, and calm, serene, loving and contented souls, which have not been dwarfed by a "fear which hath torment"—men whose bodies are healthy because their brain is undisturbed and their souls revel in constant felicity and induce an accumulation of a large amount of brain life, which will make the bodily machinery run smoothly. Every fear, every misfortune, every piece of bad news, every false conception of what is in this world or the next, if dwelt on for a minute depresses the brain, and destroys more or less of vitality. Every time you tell a falsehood, every time you defraud a man of ten cents you honestly owe him, it sears your conscience, cramps your soul, depresses your brain, and will start out gray hairs on your head before you are forty-five years old. At sixty your beard and hair will be white, your legs will be shaky, your back bent, and your soul become so dwarfed and callous that it will cease almost to respond to the pleasant influences of the world around you, and you will begin to sing—

"I would not live always, I ask not to stay  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way."

The foundation of a perfect character, of a perfect soul, and of a perfectly healthy body, is based upon a proper conception of a deity. The world generally believes in a God, though Ingersoll, Humboldt, and thousands more say they have no proof of his existence. True or false the conception, the world believes in a God. It feels the inadequacy of all worldly props to lean on when gather the darkness and tempests of misfortune, and come the whirlwinds of despair. Man wants a standard of perfection which he strives to attain to. That standard is always found in the character of the god he imagines is enthroned somewhere above him. A man can never be supposed to be much better than the god he sets up as his beau ideal of perfection. If he worships a devil, he will probably be about half devil himself. If he worships Joss, he will be apt to be cruel enough to take delight in disemboweling a screaming victim and in feeding roast hog to the soul of a dead Chinaman. If Jupiter be his beau ideal of a god, he will delight in war, bloodshed and carnage. If he worships a god who selected from all the nations of the earth the most cruel and avaricious as his "chosen people"—a people who at his command destroyed neighboring nations who had done them no harm, and after burning their cities and put to death all the males and all the married women, saving only the virgins for their own use, he will be apt to think he can go just as far as his god did, and be a pretty good saint (Numbers 31:17, 18). If he worships a god who ordered a man who picked up a few sticks on the Sabbath, probably to make a fire and cook a little soup for a poor, sick wife, to be pounded to death with sharp stones, will he not be filled with a "holy desire" to stone some "Sabbath breaker," or at least to want the legislature to enact a stringent "Sabbath law" (Numbers 15:32)? If he worships a god who authorized the buying and selling of men as property, will he not feel as though he was warranted in buying a nigger (Leviticus 25:44)?

No injury to body or soul can be cured so as to leave you as sound as you were before you received the injury. It can be patched up so you can get along pretty well if you are careful not to get too many more injuries. You cut your finger with a butcher knife. It is a pretty bad cut, or perhaps a slight one. It heals up, but leaves a cicatrix, or scar. That particular place will be weaker than the adjacent tissue till the day of your death. So with the soul. You witness a dog fight, a cock fight, a bull fight, or a slugger fight, and if you are half civilized it will disgust you, shock you

better nature and dwarf your soul. If you enjoy it, you are a coarse brute, and the sooner the world is rid of you the better. If you are enlightened, you will not be there, and you will not be anxious to read the horrible and sickening details as published in the papers. No man ever witnesses a case of brutality, of injustice, or dishonesty, without being more or less injured, unless he has a soul exalted enough to enable him to say, "Get thee behind me, Satan." No man ever worshipped a false god without being degraded. The worship of monsters, as gods, has done the world more injury, perhaps, than any other one cause. When man forms his ideal of a god he imagines him to represent the highest perfection he should strive to attain to. The world has been washed and drenched in the blood and tears of innocents by the pretended viceregents of a god who possessed all the characteristics of a wrathful, revengeful and cruel man. To please their god, dungeons were constructed, in which innocent men, women and children were loaded with chains and left to pine away in cold, damp cells. To please their god, heretics were stretched on the rack till their quivering joints were torn asunder. To delight their god, the faggots were lighted to roast the frying flesh of innocence; and the unfortunate maniac was chained in loathsome dungeons, under the idea that insanity was a judgment sent upon the victim by their god as a punishment (see page 23). We shall never forget the sermons we heard fifty years ago, where the preacher explained to the satisfaction of his church, that God could not possibly save a soul from eternal torment according to the principle of "retributive justice," unless some innocent person was murdered. We tried to imagine what this hungry, voracious "justice" could look like. We could only figure up the image of a huge crocodile, with jaws distended and waiting to grind up and swallow some innocent baby. Only a few years ago we heard one Hammond, a "revival preacher" here in Portland, trying to illustrate this to the children in the skating rink. Most of the clergy in Portland were there, and seemed pleased with the "happy illustration." A pedagogue had a law that a pupil who broke one of the rules must be flagellated. A poor, little, puny fellow inadvertently broke the rule by whispering. The boy was brought up for punishment. Just then a brother of the little fellow, knowing his brother was weak and puny, and fearing the whipping might kill him, stepped up and offered to take the whipping himself. His coat was removed and he was thrashed till the blood ran down his lacerated back. That teacher represented Hammond's god, that innocent child that was tortured represented his son. For that crime, so revolting to humanity, any decent father would have thrashed the teacher till he got down on his knees and begged forgiveness; while if he was an "orthodox" saint he would probably get down on his knees to Hammond's god. If a father, for a slight offence, shuts a child up in a dark cellar for twenty-four hours, we call him a *monster*; if he shuts him up during his natural life, we call him a *FIEND*; if he shuts him up to all eternity, we call him A *DEVIL INCARNATE*. Is a man expected to be much better than the god he worships? If he is, it is because he has some natural-born humanity in him, is good in *spite* of his religion—is in fact a "natural man." We heard in East Portland last winter a Presbyterian clergyman, rather weak in the upper story, lecturing in his church to young men. The burden of his theme was, "The fear of Gawd is the beginning of wisdom." He took pains to tell them he meant the "gawd" of Moses, and not Joss. A few days after we were telling another preacher about the sermon. He said, "Have you no fear of God before your eyes?" We can not say that we are particularly *afraid* of any god; but what god do you mean, the god of Moses?" "Yes I mean the God of the Bible." Do you mean the god of the old testament? "Yes." Well, if that is the god you refer to, I am free to tell you that *I neither fear him or love him*. Another preacher came into our office and we talked about religion. After we had expounded to him "the way of God more perfectly" (Acts 18:26), he said, "Well, if you destroy the god of the Bible what better ideal of perfection are you going to give us in his place?" We offer you Christ. You need not worship him as God, or as even the third part of the Deity; you need not even worship Mary as the "mother of God." He is the best representation of what a good man thinks the God-head ought to be. You take his sermon on the mount, and his final test of qualifications for entering the kingdom, and that is all the theology you want. He came to set the world a perfect example, to give them an ideal of perfect humanity. In that sense he is the "Savior of the world," *and in no other*. The man who imitates him will have a perfect soul, and a healthy body. The man who sets up the god of Moses as his beau ideal of perfection will have a blunted conscience, a



shriveled soul, and soon be a poor drivelling, sickly, gray-haired specimen of humanity. Our friend's countenance lit up with smiles as we pointed the path through theological darkness, and he replied: "That will do! that will do! that is good enough." (It must be noted right here that this preacher got no money for preaching. If he had been a salaried preacher he would probably have got in a towering rage at the thought of losing a fat salary when the world accepted the truth.)

These views have been accepted by many eminent preachers in the Church of England and in other churches. Henry Ward Beecher held them, but did n't preach them in full, as one of his church members told us, for fear he would lose his influence with the churches. He said, "Beecher believes just as you do, but he thinks the religious world is not ready to receive all the truth." Frothingham, a noted Unitarian divine, says, "I believe in a God, but I do not believe in the God that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob worshipped." Rev. Robert Collyer, one of the most talented preachers in America, writes an article for the July, 1888, number of the North American Review, which every man ought to read. Collyer lays down the rule, that everything in the Bible must be tested by reason. Whatever is shocking to reason and moral sensibility, must be rejected. Whatever agrees therewith, may be accepted. Whatever Christ is recorded as saying, that is good, may be accepted as his utterances. Whatever he is said to have uttered that conflicts with this, he never said, but it was written by the fathers of the Church, who wrote Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, long after these ignorant fishermen, who probably could n't have signed their own names to the "epistles," were dead. Collyer says he can not believe the walls of Jericho fell down "without a good deal of pounding." He says, "I can not believe this and be true to my soul." The little fellow who does believe it, of course, according to Collyer, has got no soul. He says he is sceptical enough to believe the story about the sun standing still for a whole day, is a falsehood, as planets and suns then must have been governed by the same laws they are now. He says "Sir Isaac Newton might have believed this story as a Christian, but doubted it as a philosopher. *I stand with the philosopher against the Christian.*" Collyer also says when the Bible "makes Deborah bless Jael, the wife of Heber, the Kenite, and tip with a divine approval, the nail she drives into the temple of her sleeping and trusting guest (Judges 5:25); now, if we found things like these wonders written a great while ago, in, let us say, Hindostan, we should say at once they were myths and legends; and of such treachery done in the name of their God, *what a Deity?* I have no option in saying just the same thing when I read these chapters in my Bible. They may be myths, legends, poems, whatever you will; but they are no word of God to me, or true word about him." Collyer says that when the missionaries read to the bloody New Zealand savages the "old fighting books" in the Bible, the natives were seized with a desire to shed more blood. He says, in talking to a missionary who had just come from Egypt—"I said to him, 'Tell me truly, who was the very best man you found there?' 'My Mohammedan teacher of Arabic,' he answered at once. 'He was the noblest and best man I found in the valley.' 'Then what will become of him,' I said again, 'if he dies in that faith?' His answer was—'He will go to hell, Sir, because he would not accept the terms of salvation laid down in the Bible.' So say those who sent him out. *'How mean and vile such dogmas are.'* When we blazon such things as our missionary said to me on our banners, and fall back on our Bible to maintain them, yes, and give them to our children, for the 'Sincere milk of the Word,' what wonder that a man so wholly human and tender as our friend (Ingersoll) should say, 'If that is your God, and your Bible, I will fight them both to the bitter end.' " These are the words of Rev. Collyer, a man of brains. How do they contrast with the blubbering of a little fellow who poses in Portland as a "Doctor of Divinity," and goes down to California to whine because these infamous doctrines are not taught in our public schools? Are we civilized when such teachers are received as the "called and sent of God?" And is it any wonder that the moral miasma, which they exhale from their theological hides, dwarfs the souls of their dupes, cuts off the supply of brain life, and causes a great deal of sickness? It is really a question, whether saloons, and houses of prostitution, have done as much to degrade and damn the world as has a false religion? There is no doubt in our mind, how the scales would stand, if the evils on both sides were weighed—yet no free-thinker ever asks the legislature to prohibit the preaching of fanaticism. They think error is not dangerous, where truth is left free to combat it. Truth has made fearful inroads upon bigotry and superstition in the last fifty years, hence our statis-



tics show a record of increased longevity. When the last vestige of it is driven from the face of the earth, men will live to a good old age, because they will be happier than they are now. We expect, of course, the priests will get sick worrying over an "occupation gone."

In addition to what we have already said, we will proceed to lay down a few common sense rules, by which you can be "saved" from many evils. We shall differ perhaps, from all other writers. We have read many books on hygiene, or the best way to preserve health. We never read one worth remembering. The writers all seem to think the world is just like themselves, what is good for them, is good for every body else. In laying down the rules, we shall not stop to explain the reason of every rule. It would take too much space. First, you must have a good organization, and a level head to begin with. That is, you must have common sense enough not to be twisted around by every humbug you hear or read. You must be married, you must have a home, that is a little heaven; a God-given retreat, into which you can flee and be happy, when the outside world has nothing for you but frowns. You will get plenty of them if you are in advance of the race, and have back bone enough to speak your honest sentiments. In fixing up that little home, do you fix it up to suit yourself? You will find that the wiseacres who tender you a great deal of advice, are better at fixing up other people's business than their own. In that little home, there must be perpetual sunshine. Never carry any load of sorrow inside its sacred precincts. If, during the day you have rolled in the dust of disappointment and misfortune, do not carry the dust into the house. Sit down on the door-steps a minute and learn a lesson from your horse. You see he has just rolled and is now shaking the dust from his sides. A man ought to have as much sense as a horse. Never let a disagreeable remembrance prey upon your mind. If such thoughts keep you awake in the night, and you can not banish them, get up and take medicine that will put you to sleep, or what often does as well, take a clothes brush, and give your body a thorough brushing from head to foot. Lie with your head to the north, and put glass under each bed post. Eat and drink whatever your appetite craves, sick or well, if it agrees with you, so you are temperate, and do not eat or drink to excess. When at the table, always quit with a good appetite. Bathe once or twice a week (never oftener) in warm or tepid water—never in too hot or cold. Never bathe without first wetting your head in cold water. Hundreds have been ruined by neglecting this. Cultivate your mind by reading and reflection. No brain can do its office work, in furnishing "brain life" for the body, that is not cultivated. The intellectual man is the only one whose soul revels in constant delight, if his moral sentiments are in rapport with his intellectual exaltations. Such an intellectual exaltation often, for the time being, destroys hunger, and places all animal desires in abeyance. "I have meat to eat that ye know not of," said one who understood this, to a lot of fishermen who did not understand it, but who delighted most in frying and eating fish. (John 4:32.) In reading, read everything. Examine all sides. See what each advocate has to say, and then draw the line of truth as best you can. Do not believe anything because some eminent man said so. Eminent men are liable to make mistakes. One once made the mistake of putting Jonah on the inside of the whale to be ferried ashore, instead of putting him astride of the whale's back. As eminent a lawyer as Blackstone, in explaining why the law gave the queen the tail of every whale caught, made the mistake of putting the whale bone in the wrong end of the fish. In reading, you need to examine a great variety of subjects. A good secular newspaper that publishes all sides of the questions which agitate the public mind, presents in embryo a good field from which an index to a general library can be made up. The man who reads on all subjects, never becomes a monomaniac, and we do not remember that we ever read of an insane editor of a good secular paper. Novels and sectarian journals are not healthy reading, neither is any paper which gives us one thing *ad nauseam*.

However, if you hanker after such reading you must have a little, but be sure to take it in small doses—do not bite off more than you can chew. All the five senses of your body were given you to drink in pleasures from the world around you. Gratify all your desires within bounds set up by temperance and an enlightened conscience. Get all the good out of this world you can, so long as you injure nobody else. Never imitate the gnostics of the dark ages, who subjected themselves to all manner of self-inflicted penances and bodily tortures to please a god they imagined delighted in seeing men striving to reach perfection by violating the natural laws he had made.

Do n't think that Martin Luther afforded a very good example for you, when to please his god he lay night after night on a cold stone floor, and pounded his head against the wall. Try to think, if you can, that the *true* God will be just as well pleased if you sleep on a good soft bed. Do n't ever fast when you are hungry because of an edict of the church, or proclamation from any governor. Do n't ever think that your future happiness will be the least augmented by self-imposed torment here. Do n't ever cherish anger, hate or resentment towards any human being. Do n't think anything less of a man because of his politics or religion. Just as good men as you are perhaps found in all parties and all churches. Do n't fall into the error of fanaticism by judging a man by his *opinions*. Judge him *only* by his *acts*. We found a good many Catholic priests in South America who were men of broad views. We used to dine with one in Santiago, Chili. He was a highly educated gentleman. When he said, "What do you think of the Catholic religion?" and was answered, it is probably good enough for you, but I regard it as a bundle of superstition, he laughed and said, "Well, really, I do n't think it makes a particle of difference what a man's religion is, or whether he believes in *any* religion, so he is a good man." That man had good health, because he had a level head. When all the little, narrow-minded insects that are pounding protestant pulpits reach his position they will not require so much money to send them abroad, or on a summer vacation. One sensible idea floating through a man's brain conduces more to health than a trip to the sea shore. You will always find that in doing acts of kindness to your fellows you are more benefited than the one who receives your alms. The poor unfortunate who receives your money may be only benefited in body, while you are benefited in an expansion of the soul which augments your brain life by making you happy. From this stand-point said one who seemed to know, "It is more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts 20:35). Do n't preach anything you do n't believe, and do n't preach anything you do n't practice. Bulwer, in describing the "coming race," that is, an *enlightened* race, far in the future, said that the most remarkable thing about them was, "they *believed* what they preached, and *practiced* what they taught." Do n't judge people by their clothes. You strip the little prohibition crank, St. John, naked, and march him along the street beside a big-bellied, naked saloon keeper and ten chances to one you will take the saloon keeper for the man you are to take off your hat to. Christ looked under the clothes of the doctors of divinity of his day, who gathered around him to quiz him, and seeing their moral status, said, "Verily I say unto you, that the publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before you" (Matt. 21:31). Always try to look at things in this world as Christ looked at them, that is, with their sacerdotal robes off. Perhaps about as good a health idea of a correct rule to live up to in trying to produce a perfect soul, tranquility and consequent health, may be found in the teachings of Epicurus, one of the most noted of Grecian philosophers, born three hundred and forty-two years before Christ: "The supreme bliss is the enjoyment and perfect freedom from pain. Enjoyment is passive when a perfect repose of mind is its principal condition. \* \* \* Virtue in itself, irrespective of its consequences, has no value. It is merely the result of wisdom and sagacity, which prove to man that happiness is only to be attained by charity, peacefulness, temperance, patience, self-command." He held that this "repose of mind which constitutes human happiness is continually disturbed by the uncertainty of the relations of man to the universe and divinity." He held that the aggregation of worlds was caused by forces inexplicable to man, and that higher ends and divine laws are mere inventions of the human mind. Compare Epicurus with Moses, and see which was the "heathen." Theologians who believe in Moses tremble at the sound of the geologist's hammer, while those who believe in Epicurus are not disturbed.

To attain this position of perfect mental repose you must have a good body and an unscarred soul. If you ever tried to get the best of a bargain in a horse trade you have dwarfed your soul, and a few such horse trades will hurry you off to hell (hades, the grave). Every time you cheat a printer or swindle a milk man who sells you pure milk, you damn your own soul, and God begins to write deep furrows down your cheeks and whiten your locks. Every time you snatch an orange from a groceryman's box as you pass his door, you dwarf your soul by committing a crime. We saw a lady(?) the other day rustling along in silk and tossing her head under a fifteen-dollar hat, snatch a large orange from a box in front of a grocery store, and with a proud shake of the head, passed on with an expression on her face that seemed to say, "*I've done something smart.*" We

loathe that woman every time we see her pass, though she is a wealthy church member. She seemed to think it was no crime in her; but if not, it is no crime in any one else to do the same thing; and so between a hundred church members, infidels, hoodlums and other thieves, it is no crime to rob a groceryman of a whole box of oranges, while if a single thief steals the box the policeman will soon put him behind iron bars. Is it any wonder that traders look upon nine-tenths of the people as thieves? And is n't it strange that while clergymen devote so much time to worthless abstractions, that tickle "itching ears," they have so little to say about slander, gossip, lying, and stealing? It is the duty of parents to teach these things to their children at home. They need not expect them to get the necessary instruction at church, or in Sunday schools, where superstition and heathen mythology is generally taught as the acme of all theological science, and petitions are signed, asking the legislature to correct the abuses of society by legislative enactments. We have raised a large family, and if any of them will steal a watermelon from a man's garden, or take an apple from a man's orchard without asking for it, or throw a stone through a window of some man's building, we will disown him as illegitimate, or attribute his depravity to the influences of some false religion he may have unfortunately embraced. Until the young and rising generation is taught these truths, and made to practice them, we shall not see the young people enjoying very good health, although they may be regarded by the parson as "decidedly pious." Another thing we will caution you against right here: whenever you see a man who claims to be filled with excessive piety you may look out for a sneak, and you will not miss it one time in a hundred. This we have learned from a sad experience with such preachers as B, a Baptist, and D, a Methodist preacher, and other wolves in sheep's clothing in Oregon—all excessively pious, and all so filled with "Jesus, the Holy Ghost" and other cant that it ran out of their mouths. All the time they were lying and trying to seduce young girls. Of such cattle is the "Salvation Army" composed, and such cattle you will see pounding many a church pulpit. Such fellows generally go free, with a nice coat of whitewash when arraigned and tried by a "church committee," as was a saint who once preached in Tremont Temple, Boston, and was afterwards elected mayor of San Francisco, and endorsed "Moore's Revealed Remedy," after having probably taken stock in the company. Such evidences of human weakness among men who set themselves up as "called and sent," have a demoralizing influence on those who look up to them, and lay the foundation for disease.

You can not look upon an execution on the gallows without damage to your soul. If you are satisfied the man is innocent it will so shock your better nature that it will depress your brain and make you sick, hence the law forbids the public from witnessing such executions. There is probably no one thing that has more degraded Christendom than the "cross of Christ" and its associations. Timothy Flint, who spent forty years as a missionary trying to convert the Indians, gave up in despair, as the more he held up the bloody cross with an innocent, writhing victim impaled on it, the more the Indians seemed to want to kill somebody themselves. In all Spanish countries we have visited, the cross is everywhere conspicuous. It stands on all the hilltops, on all the prominent streets, and the crucifix dangles at the girdle of every priest, and is suspended from the neck of every prostitute, and every ignorant, brutal and bloody lazaron. We have seen the ragged and half-starved peon, without shoes, and without a seat to his pants, kneeling before sunrise on a cold frosty morning, at the foot of it, and with glazed eyeballs drinking in "inspiration." *The "inspiration" he got from it was a desire to crucify some heretic.* No man ever contemplated an innocent, harmless, spotless man writhing in agony on the cross without being more or less damaged as to his brain, and doubly so if he thinks his god demanded that he should be so tortured before he could save one of his children from eternal torment—from the jaws of the huge baby-eating crocodile some doctors of divinity call "JUSTICE." We never dreamed of this horrible picture, even while a "preacher of the gospel," but we waked up covered with perspiration and so shocked we could n't sleep for two hours. We now think our Presbyterian theology, which brought its focal gloom of darkness on us when a boy, has shortened our life at least twenty years. A preacher of the gospel visited us not long ago to "have a talk," as he expressed it. We will not give his name as he, like Nicodemus, *came in the night* for fear somebody would see him coming. He said: "It is mighty easy to pull down, but pretty hard to build up. If you take away the cross of Christ what



are you going to give us in the place of it?" We answered, we are not going to take down the cross, we only want Christ taken down, so the world will see him there no more. "Well, are you going to have a naked cross standing there without any meaning?" By no means; we propose to hang the god of Moses on it as a substitute. He being a myth, and being "without natural affection," in that he wanted his own son tortured; and a monster, in that he justified slavery, polygamy, murder, and all the crimes known to the world, his hanging there will no more shock refinement than would a scare-crow hung up in a cornfield. The fact is, the Jews crucified the wrong person. They nailed to the cross a pure and innocent man, while they should have hung up in effigy a mythical monster, who never had any existence except in the distorted imagination of Orientals, who lived in the dark ages. "But, doctor, what makes you think the God of the Jews was a monster?" I judge so by the *character* given him by "inspired writers" who "revealed" him to the world. I can not contemplate him as they describe him without a shudder, and feeling a perspiration crawling down my back; and after you look at him as they describe him, if you do not feel a clammy sweat on your body I shall believe you are a hardened brute. "But do n't you think you may not correctly interpret 'revelation'?" You know the Bible has a 'spiritual meaning'?" I interpret it just as I do any other book. When I read that he ordered a man who had picked up a few sticks of wood on the Sabbath to be stoned to death, till he died, am I to infer that the "spiritual meaning" is that he merely ordered him to be plastered with balls of soft mush till he had enough sticking to him to last his whole family for a week? "Well, but the church has n't interpreted the 'Word of God' that way." What do you mean by the church? "I mean the saints." Was John Calvin a saint? "I think he was." Were the Roman Inquisitors saints? "I think they were about half devil." Did n't they all believe in the God of the Old Testament? "I think they did." Did n't they all do just what they thought their god had been doing, and thought he would be pleased to have them carry on his good work? "I think they must have done so." Where did they get their idea of God? "From the Bible, of course; they could n't have got it anywhere else, as it is the only 'revelation' God ever made to man." Did n't all the churches get their ideas of God from the Bible? "They must." Where do they get their idea of the devil? "From the Bible, of course." Well, here is a book published by the church. It was printed in Spanish in 1855 by Cristobal de Vega, Misionero Apostolico (an Apostolic missionary). I bought this book in Santiago, Chili, in 1869, where it was good authority in all the churches. It is entitled, "*Casas raras de la Confesion*," "remarkable cases of the confessional." It is written to show the world the terrible consequences of not confessing all your sins to the priest. It has twenty-five chapters, all devoted to showing how to confess your sins, and showing how you will be treated by God or the Devil if you fail to confess all to the priest before you die. The stories are much the same, and all in good keeping with theological works generally, here as well as in Spanish countries. We will read you only two, to show you how Christendom looks at their two divinities, which you say they got from the Bible:

#### "A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE DEVIL.

"A young lady who lived in a nunnery, when she went to the confessional kept back from the priest one error she had committed. She received absolution from all her other sins but got no absolution from the sin she forgot to confess. For this neglect she was incessantly tormented by the devil. One day she stood on the back porch of the convent clothed in white. The devil slowly raised his head from a well in the back yard and blowed his nose on her, covering her white dress with a black pitch that stunk so it drove her nearly crazy. No washing would remove it, and the more she washed the more it stunk. Driven to desperation, she finally consulted her priest and confessed all. On receiving absolution her garments were cleansed, she became as sweet as a rose and as pure as an angel." Then here is another story, which gives

#### A BIRD'S IDEA OF THE ORTHODOX GOD.

"A lady who was much addicted to the gaities and follies of a fashionable world, had two sons, one of whom became a priest. At length she became sick, and being about to die she sent for her confessor, received absolution and extreme unction. After her death her son who was a priest continued to supplicate God day and night to release her soul from purgatory, and translate



her to Paradise. One day when in this frame of mind he saw 'a woman riding on a dragon. Her feet were chained beneath the belly of the dragon with chains of burning adamant. On each finger was a ring of burning fire. Around her waist was a writhing, fiery serpent. At each ear hung a rat, as an ear ring, gnawing the flesh from her bosom. Behind her stood on the dragon a male monkey devil with a rock in each hand, reaching around and knocking out her teeth as the dragon moved along.' The young priest was startled, horrified, at what he saw, and exclaimed, 'Who are you?' She replied, 'Cease your supplications for me; I am your unfortunate mother.' He said, 'Did you not make a confession and receive absolution and extreme unction before you died?' 'Yes, my son; but there was one little sin I failed to confess to the priest, and for that neglect God has condemned me to undergo these tortures to all eternity,'"

There is your God, as the church reads him in the Bible. Take a good square look at him, will you? "But, that is the way the Catholics see him; we do n't see him in that light." What do you mean by "*we*?" "I mean Protestants." Was Calvin a Protestant? "Yes, and a noble reformer, too." Were the forty-seven divines and eleven lords who made the Westminster confession of faith in 1743 Protestants? "Of course they were." Where did they get *their* idea of God? "From the Bible." Their ideas must have been correct, then? "I think they must have been." Did n't the Protestants get their religion from the Roman Catholics? "I have n't read history enough to be able to answer you." But, does n't the Westminster confession of faith teach that "every act of an unregenerate man is sinful"? "Yes." What is an unregenerate man? "A man who is a '*natural*' man." Is a kind-hearted, benevolent man a natural or an *unnatural* man? "He is unregenerated if he has not been converted." Converted to what? "Well, I think he must join some church, or go through some 'experience.'" What experience? "Well, I think he must feel that he has been born again." Do you think John Calvin ever had that experience? "I think he must have had." Do n't you think he was better satisfied with his "experience" after Michael Servitus, a "Protestant heretic," was burnt at the stake, and he believed that after his body had been roasted in the fire God stood ready to catch his soul and plunge it into a hotter fire *to all eternity*? "These are grave theological questions, and I fear you must be a little skeptical." Every act of an unregenerate man is sinful, is n't it? "So the Westminster confession of faith teaches and proves it by the Bible." You see that church deacon ever there, do n't you? "Yes, I see him." Do you see that widow standing before him and presenting her bill of twenty-eight cents for washing his windows? "Yes, I see her." Do you see he only pays her twenty-five cents and cheats her out of three cents, telling her he can not make the exact change? "Yes, I see him." Is that a crime? "Well, I think he ought to have paid her the three cents in postage stamps, as she did the work cheap." How is he to atone for this crime? "By repentance and prayer." Would n't it be better to imitate Zaccheus (Luke 19:8), and give her twelve cents back? "I think it would have been better." But, suppose he neither repents or restores four-fold—does not even pay her back three cents; is he to go to hell for all eternity? "The blood of Christ can only cleanse from all sin." Do you see that man over there carrying two sacks of flour on his back to the widow? "Yes, I see him." Is he a regenerated man? "No, he has never made any profession of religion." His kind act towards the widow is sinful, then? "It must be." Must he go to hell to all eternity if he does n't repent of his sin? "I see no escape for him." If the blood of Christ can wash out the deacon's robbery of the widow, why could n't it wash out the sin of giving her the flour? Has God any houses here? "We regard all church buildings as houses of God." Do you include Catholic, Greek, and Mormon churches? "No, I except them." Does God have anything to do with fires? "Yes, with the fires of hell." Whence come tornadoes and lightning? "From God, of course." Your churches burn down sometimes, do they not? "Of course they do." Lightning strikes them sometimes and tornadoes shiver them into oven wood. "I read in the papers every day that such is the lamentable fact." You put up lightning rods and have these buildings insured, do n't you? "Of course; that is business, you know." But, why does n't God protect his own buildings and save you this expense? "Because God does n't work miracles now." Did God ever work miracles—that is, do anything not caused by natural law? "Oh! yes, he has worked many miracles to convince the world that he was the true God." When? "Ages ago; when the world 'was wrapped in ignorance and superstition." How do you know he performed

these miracles? "Because inspired men have told us he did." How do you know they were inspired? "Because they said they were." Are there any inspired men now? "I do not think one could be found." Was n't Jo Smith inspired? "I have n't any faith in Jo Smith." Perhaps you would have had more faith in Jo Smith if he had said he got your creed as a revelation from heaven, and all other creeds are wrong? "That is barely possible." The world is good deal more in doubt to-day about what the will of God really is than it was two thousand years ago. The "revelations" come down to us through the priests, monks and "fathers of the church," who tinkered up the manuscripts to suit their own ideas of an amalgamation of heathenism and Christianity. Why does not God make another revelation to the world now and straighten out all the knotty difficulties? Why does n't he make a revelation through some "medium" now that is willing to have a committee of scientists examine his pretensions? "Hold on, Doc, a few such questions as that will spoil all the theology in the world." You believe in prayer, do n't you? "Most assuredly I do." You believe that God answers prayer, do n't you? "Always, when we pray in faith." If you "pray in faith" for God to send a bullet to the moon when you throw it up, why does it come back to the earth; and why does a piece of thistle down still float on the air when you pray that it shall come down? "I guess that scientists can explain that better than I can." When Stonewall Jackson prayed for the success of the Southern Confederacy, and all the doctors of divinity in the South were holding prayer-meetings to ask God to overthrow the Union armies, and give them an extension of time in which to buy and sell women and children on the auction block, why did n't God answer their prayers? "Well, I guess they were praying on the wrong side." Then it depends on which side a man prays, does it? "Of course it must." Now, if the Union army had n't more men, more guns, and more money than the rebels had, do you think the rebels would have been conquered? "I doubt it." Does n't this suggest to you that Napoleon was right when he said, "God is always on the side of the army which has the most men and the most guns? "It certainly looks as though he was." Then what do your prayer-meetings amount to? "Well, I think we ought to pray in faith." If a man does n't "pray in faith" his prayers will not be answered, will they? "That is what the Bible says." Did n't Stonewall Jackson pray in faith when he asked God to whet his sword to enable him to destroy the hosts of an advanced civilization? Did the Nebraska saints pray in faith when they went to their churches and prayed to have the grasshopper plague abated, and two grasshoppers came for every one they prayed away? Did the churches of Tennessee lack faith when they prayed for rain and got none when they most needed it? "It looks as though they must have lacked faith." Did the brethren lack faith when they all prayed for the healing of Garfield, who was wounded unto death with the bullet of an assassin? Were all the prayers and masses thrown away on Sheridan for want of faith? "I suppose these men were incurable." Then God does n't reverse natural law in answer to prayer, does he? "I suppose not; but do you object to prayer?" By no means, pray all you want to; if it does you no good it will certainly do no harm, if you do not insult the deity by asking him to violate his own laws. When you want to send a dispatch to New York, you must send it on a telegraph wire. It will go there in a few seconds under God's present arrangements, but if you are in a hurry for an answer it will do you no harm to fall on your knees and ask the deity to shove the dispatch along a little faster. He may do it, who knows? We merely want to caution you against falling into one error: Do n't think you can take down the wire and in place of it stretch a tow string from here to New York with the W. C. T. U. holding a prayer-meeting at each end of the string praying God to send your dispatch over the string. Ten chances to one you will wait for an answer about as long as you have waited for answers to all other dispatches you have sent to the deity. You never got an answer yet, and never will as long as you send your dispatches on theological twine, and ask the deity to violate or suspend his own laws. Prayer may be useful where it stimulates one to "work out his own salvation." In lifting at a log the hope that we shall get a little help by praying for it often causes us to lift a little harder. "But, if we get no answer to 'prayers of faith' because we ask the deity to contravene his own laws, how shall we know what to ask him for?" Let us imagine ourselves in his telegraph office awhile, and see what kind of dispatches he is getting, and note carefully his answers. He is now ready to receive dispatches. He says to his clerk, "Open your dispatches and read them, I have more than five hundred million worlds to at-

tend to to-day ; besides, I am building up just as many more worlds in infinite space." What world shall I call up first ? " I think we had better attend to that little ball of mud down there called Earth. See if they want anything." I get no dispatch. "Look down and see what is the matter. I think something must have broken, for I have been more annoyed with their dispatches heretofore than I have been by messages from all the other planets." I see they are preparing to send up a dispatch. "What are they doing?" They are trying to get a piece of twine up here to be used as a telegraph wire. "How high have they got it?" I see a doctor of divinity has climbed to the pinnacle of a tall church spire and nailed it fast, telling the exultant crowd below that he can 't go any higher, but thinks the string is pretty near the throne of the deity. "What are they doing with the string?" They are trying to send up dispatches on it. "They have tried that long enough ; I never got a dispatch on that theological twine yet. All I ever got was picked up on the sidewalk after the dispatches were thrown away by such as thought they had reached me on the string. Here, throw one end of this telegraph wire over the battlements of heaven and tel them to send their dispatches up on that. I want to hear their complaints and settle the matter with these turbulent insects for all time." Your orders have been obeyed. "Got any dispatches?" Not yet. I see about two millions of people, composed of members of all the different churches, all crowding, jostling and pushing one another to get a chance to send up the first dispatch ; and I see a fellow from Nebraska who has pushed his way up to the telegraph office first, and sends a dispatch. "Read it." He says the grasshoppers are eating up all the gardens, and the preachers have advised me to ask you to kill off the grasshoppers. "Tell him to destroy all the males and all the females that are about to lay eggs." (Numbers 31:7.) "Any more dispatches?" Yes, here is a dispatch from all the clergy in Tennessee. "What do they want?" They say they are having a terrible drouth down there, and they want you to send rain. "Is that all from Tennessee this morning?" No, here comes a dispatch from a poor farmer who says, please *do n't* send any rain just yet, as I have two tons of hay out in the field, and a big rain might ruin me and kill my poor cow next winter. "Tell him to go ahead and save his hay while the sun shines ; you need n't answer the clergy's dispatch at all. Is that all we have this morning?" Oh, no ; they come crowding on the wire so fast I can hardly keep track of them. "Read them as you get them, please." Here comes a fellow who says his calf is starving. Its mother is dead in a swamp, and he wants you to save the calf, which is bawling for its mother. "If the mother is dead I do n't see that much can be done for the calf." Well, now, here comes a dispatch from a man who says he had twelve choice ewes who dropped their lambs in the pasture last night, while it was snowing and a St. Paul blizzard was blowing. He says he has always heard you "tempered the winds to the shorn lamb," and he wants you to send a strong Chinook wind to melt the snow and warm up the lambs. "I think his lambs have gone in this time. Tell him to keep his ewes after this in a warm barn." Here comes another dispatch, which says, "Oh ! my God, save me from eterna! fire." "That dispatch has been missent. You send that down to the bottomless pit, where his god lives." But, here comes another dispatch from a man just sitting down to dinner. He says he wants you to bless his victuals. "Does he seem to have a pretty good dinner?" Yes. "Is it pretty well cooked?" His wife is an excellent cook, and everything seems to be set on the table in apple-pie order, and all the condiments seem to be just what a hungry man ought to eat. "Tell him to go ahead on his dinner, but be careful he does n't eat too much."

Here comes a dispatch from a fellow who says, "God, I thank Thee, I am not like other men." "Tell him I wish he was." But here comes another, "God be merciful to me a sinner." "Tell him if he had n't got his ideas of me from Pharisees, he would not have addressed me that way. I am all kindness and love, and no man need call on me for mercy, as though I had a hard heart that needed to be stirred up by begging—and while you are about it, you might as well tell him not to fear me. I am no monster to be afraid of, as his priests have told him." Here comes a man trying to read a prayer to you. "Tell him to stop, I have heard that too often already." But here comes a dispatch from the Young Men's Christian Association, and the Women's Christian Temperance Union, endorsed by St. John, saying, "Oh God, shut up all the saloons and houses of ill fame." "Tell them the best way to shut them up is to keep out of them." "Oh ! God, induce the legislature to pass a 'Sabbath law.'" "Is that fellow circum-



cised?" Could n't say. "You tell him that before he asks me to indorse the law of Moses, he had better go and be circumcised. I admit no lawyer at my bar to pettifog for the law of Moses, who is n't a circumcised Jew." Well, here comes another dispatch. A Presbyterian doctor of divinity sends word he wants you to convert all who hear him preach. "He must think I am a Presbyterian." Well, here comes a dispatch signed by the Rev. Collyer of Chicago, and a good many other clergymen—mostly Unitarians. "What do they want?" They say they do n't want anything in particular; merely send up their respects, and tell you they are pretty well satisfied with your plan of running things. "Tell them their heads are level." Here comes a dispatch from a tramp. "What does *he* have to say?" He says, give me my daily bread, and I would like to have it buttered on both sides. "Tell him we are not running a bakery or creamery just now, but as there are things lying loose all around him, out of which to make what he wants, he had better go to work and gather them up." But here comes a dispatch from the chairman of a synod—a Webfoot doctor of divinity. "What does he want?" He says he wants you to "make bare your right arm" and save the church. "What is the matter of the church?" He says that free thinkers are destroying all the "*fundamental* doctrines" of orthodoxy. "How is that?" He says that orthodoxy teaches that "man is *dead* in trespasses and sins." "Tell him if they are all dead, to go to work and bury them before they stink." He says that "man was conceived in sin, and shapen in iniquity." "He probably refers to the conception of Bathsheba, wife of Uriah" (2 Samuel 11:5). He says that a *fundamental* doctrine of orthodoxy is, that "man is *totally depraved*"—has nothing good in him, is even lower down than a good watch dog. "No wonder they are trying to kill one another off down there." He says man never had a good thought unless you suggested the idea to him, nor an evil thought unless the devil whispered it into his ear. "I think they are giving the devil and me too much credit for running things; but tell him to hurry up and state his point, and tell what he wants me to do." He says he wants you to decide a mighty theological problem, over which the church has been sweating for many hundred years. "Well, what is the problem?" He says that infidels are fast making the world believe that man is governed by the strongest *motive*, instead of being gently turned and twisted around by the Deity or the Devil, as orthodoxy has always taught. "Does he deny that man is influenced by the strongest motive?" He says the idea is false and undermines orthodoxy, and he can prove it. "Well, what harm will it do if he fails to prove it." He says it will ruin the whole system of soul saving, on which the churches and theological seminaries are built. "I would like to see how he proves it." He says, that when a motive on the right of you, and a motive on the left of you, are exactly equal, the man can not act at all, and to prove it, he says that a hungry jackass, tied between two bundles of hay, the motive being equal on both sides of his nose, he will neither turn to the right or the left, but will starve to death between the two bundles, "Does he want my opinion on it?" He says this is the mightiest problem that ever convulsed Christendom, and infidelity is getting a big bulge on the church, and will turn all the parsons out of business after a while if you do not interfere. "Tell him to make his point and say just what he wants me to decide." He says that he wants you to decide that a jackass *would* really starve to death between two bundles of hay. "Tell him to take off his 'blind bridle,' stand between the two bundles, and try it for himself. Any more dispatches?" Yes, millions of them. "No time for any more to-day from Earth."

"I will now send down a dispatch myself." Give it to me and I will send it over the wire. 'Here it is: my dear little children, when I made your little world I left it entirely under the control of *natural* law. You study that and conform to it and you will be happy and healthy. When anyone comes along telling you I have changed my mind and made a new law contrary to the law I first made, you may know that person is mistaken. I planted in the brains of your ancestors a little leaven of reason, and a little of conscientiousness, knowing that some day it would 'leaven the whole lump.' This leaven has worked much faster in some than in others, owing, perhaps, to more favorable environments. Let reason and conscience 'have free course and be glorified.' Keep on cultivating them, until, like the wires of a delicate harp, they respond to the zephyrs, and your souls are filled with the music of the spheres. Believe nothing unreasonable until you test it and know it is true, though you may not be able to explain it. Believe nothing as true which shocks a refined moral nature, hardens your hearts and dwarfs your souls. Submit to no unnecessary bodily



suffering, thinking it is going to please me. I never was pleased with the shedding of blood or human torture. I never asked a priest to torture an innocent child by cutting off his "foreskin." I never required a sickly, old lady to be half drowned in a cold river in order to obtain favors from me. I never authorized a priest to stand on the gallows to send a murderer's soul up to glory, just after the rope broke his neck. I have no agents down there now, and I never had authorized to "forgive sins," or act as attorneys to get me to forgive them. I never forgave a sin yet, and I never shall. Sin is a violation of natural law. When you violate these laws the consequence or penalty is sure to follow, you can not escape it. If you put your foot in the fire and burn it you commit a sin. Do n't ask a priest to induce me to forgive you and heal your foot. Better go to a good doctor, or have your wife do up your foot as best she can herself. When you commit murder your remorse of conscience will be a flaming hell to you as long as you live. This remorse has haunted murderers for years, until its tortures by day and night gave them no rest, and they went and delivered themselves up to be hung, as the best means of ending the torture here, believing a priest could induce me to translate them from a hell down there to a heaven up here. If you all knew that you must suffer the penalty of every violation of law, you would n't commit so many crimes, and your priests would be out of business. If you ever find a man with a seared conscience, who has no remorse for crimes committed, he is on a level with a tiger, and when you become enlightened you will either hang him or imprison him for life. You will also imprison for long periods burglars, highwaymen, robbers and thieves, who are not compelled to steal to keep their families from starving. You must protect yourselves at present from bad people by laws. You are slowly progressing, climbing up to a higher plane. You would have climbed up a good deal faster if your priests had n't pictured me as a monster, delighted with human suffering. Nine of the commandments of the decalogue were the suggestions of conscience I gave man when I made him. In that sense they may be regarded as a revelation from me. The commandment about the Sabbath I never revealed. The Jews slipped that in themselves. The nine commandments left are good; they are all offshoots of a conscience I planted in the brains of your ancestors. But, these nine commandments, which are all taught in your churches and Sunday schools, are all neutralized by the teachings that while I said 'Thou shalt not steal' I told my 'chosen people' to steal everything the Gentiles had, even to their women and children. While I told them 'Thou shalt not kill,' I told them to go ahead and kill all the males and all the married women in Gentile cities they overthrew with fire and sword. While the commandment said 'Thou shalt not commit adultery,' David, who committed adultery with Bathsheda, and then murdered Uriah, her husband, to hide his shame and secure Bathsheda for his harem, is called the 'Sweet singer of Israel' and a man 'after God's own heart.' Every crime denounced in the nine commandments was perpetrated by the Jews, who said they got their authority from me. While your priests and Sunday school teachers enforce the observance of the 'decalogue,' they also teach that *I instructed the Jews to violate every one of them.* Under such teachings you find a license to commit every crime. The pretense that I authorized the Jews to commit these crimes has come down to you by tradition through corrupt channels. They 'transgress the commandment of God by their traditions.' (Matt. 15:3.) There are too many of my children down there who prefer tradition to truth, hence the slow advance you are making in progress. Study my laws as revealed in the Book of Nature. Govern your moral conduct by the conscience I have given you, not warped or blunted by the teachings of tradition. Imitate Christ and you will get along a great deal better than you have been doing. Teach these things to your children, and boldly proclaim them to the world though they cry out as of old, 'Away with him, crucify him, crucify him.' I have no more dispatches for you to-day, as I must attend to my children on some of the other planets.

"YOUR LOVING FATHER."

Our brother preacher took the dispatch, looked as though he was considerably shaken up and left, saying he would "take it under advisement."

#### A FEW MORE SUGGESTIONS.

If we are right as to the brain forces that run the body, you will easily see that your back must be kept perfectly straight. Do n't sleep on a high pillow; you had better sleep with none, or at least with a very small one. When you are walking on the street and your back feels tired,

straighten up, so your spine will be as straight as an arrow, and you will experience immediate relief. If you always keep your back straight, you will live some time yet. Always keep your mouth shut and breathe through your nose. When you meet a person on the street with his mouth open, you may know he is out to engage a coffin, or ought to be. Do n't be idle. Always be busy about something useful to yourself or somebody else. If you are at work rolling logs, be careful not to strain yourself by lifting. The log had better lay where it is, than you lie in the grave in consequence of having let a log get away with you. Devote a little more time to your own conduct, than to the conduct of others. Do n't try to repent of Adam's sin—better repent of your own, and reform your lives. Be good to your wife as long as you live with her, and cherish a warm generous feeling towards your children, though they may have gone to China or Babylon. Do n't get angry with anyone who differs with your views. Read the controversy between Ingersoll, Dr. Field, and Gladstone—"The combat for the faith," and see how they compliment one another how loving they are. Rev. Collyer notices it, and says—"We may surely be glad for this, that we have seen how men standing so far apart in opinion and conviction, have been able to write what one may fairly call *love letters* in religious controversy." Remember that goodness alone is greatness, and when you find goodness in a poor man, he is really a greater man than the millionaire, who has little in or about him to admire, but his gold, and the paraphernalia of a bloated aristocracy.

If you are a "business man," and after having accumulated a competency, you are spending all your energies to hoard up more gold for your children to quarrel over, if you look in the glass, you will see one of the littlest and most shrivelled specimens of humanity. To fully develop your soul, you must have the magnetism of congenial society. That society must be composed of both sexes. Avoid long-continued associations with such as are repulsive to your refined nature. Be only on intimate terms with those who are pure and have exalted and noble principles. Never believe an evil report against any one till you hear the other side. Never treat any one in a way you would not like to have him treat you if your positions were reversed. Do n't make up your mind on any question without evidence, and then hunt for evidence to prove you are right. Remember the greatest and best of men have differed widely on such simple things as interpreting the language they spake and wrote. The meaning of the Bible, and even the Constitution of the United States, has not yet been agreed upon by many of our best thinkers. The arguments are many and voluminous on both sides of the tariff question, yet, who has really yet got to the bottom of the whole truth? Is n't it possible a man may believe one side without really tainting his soul more than if he believed the other? And is n't this true of all other questions? The greatest controversy that the world has ever seen is now going on in the *North American Review*, called "THE COMBAT FOR THE FAITH." In this controversy Jewish Rabbis, Catholics, Protestants, and Free-thinkers take a hand. Their weapons are sharp, their thrusts are terrible, but they all shake hands on entering the arena, and conclude the tournament with the most friendly feeling. This shows a wonderful advance of the race within the last fifty years. They all seem to have that "playful good humor one often finds the characteristics of elderly men of genius" (Bulwer). The man who does n't appreciate a good joke and laugh heartily at wit will soon be a dried up fossil. Hence, to enjoy good health we must "laugh and grow fat."

Never make a statement you will not verify under oath, unless you are perpetrating a joke. Never repeat an evil report you hear about any one, unless you have evidence to satisfy you of its truth "beyond a reasonable doubt." Always say to the party telling the story, there may be some mistake about this, I can not make up my mind till I hear the story of the accused. Always adopt this rule, even toward your worst enemy. This is an easy rule to adopt, and it will shut off most of the slanderous reports which are now filling the hearts of millions of sensitive people with sorrow, and sending them to the grave. Always find something new to engage your attention and interest you. In going home from your business always walk, and walk on a different street every time if you can. A change of climate is often recommended as good for invalids. The change of scenery has more to do with it than the climate. New things, that attract attention and interest the mind, divert one's attention from bodily suffering and powerfully augment vital force. Do n't worry yourselves over questions that the greatest intellects are not able to solve. Optimism and pessimism

have had their able advocates, and neither side has reached any satisfactory conclusion. The human mind refuses to repose in the positive. It will not accept the demonstrations of experience and there stop. It constantly enquires—whence, whither, wherefore, what? Where were we before we were born? Where shall we be after we die? Why were we created? and will the hereafter be to us good or bad? These questions have long been discussed, but without the remotest approach to a solution of the complex problem. “The philosopher (or, rather, the philosophizer, as we should more accurately say in most cases) is confronted by the conflicting tokens of love and malice that abound on every hand. The usual explanation is the assumption of a Deity who is the personification of goodness, and a devil who is the very quintessence of villainy. This theory was popular long before the Christian religion was born, and is to be found, virtually, in every form of religion. Within a comparatively recent date there has come to be a growing belief that all is good or all is bad—optimism or pessimism. The former teaches that everything emanates from God that evil is only good in disguise; that in due time all will come out right; that wrong and misery will cease to exist, and prove to have been the compost of a beneficial harvest. This philosophy colors and tempers the religious thought of the period. It is more or less potent in every denomination and in nearly every philosophy.

The assumption of universal goodness has been challenged, and the very opposite maintained. The world, say some, is all bad; the seeming good is illusory. This pessimism has always had a few disciples, but it was reserved for Arthur Schopenhauer, a Prussian of this century, to develop the idea into a system of philosophy. His principal work, “*The World as Will and Phenomenon*,” was published in 1819. It did not attract much attention. After moldering fifty years, its cradle its coffin, the work has been resurrected and is now in a fair way to attain a large popularity, at least a wide and thoughtful reading.

It must be admitted that there is much to be said in support of this theory, and the mere desire that all should prove for the best is in itself no argument. Nearly every one wants to get rich, and all want health; but poverty and sickness are none the less abundant and abiding.

The evidence that the world was created in goodness and is ruled by benevolence, is shown by its gradual betterment. Right here pessimism is met by an obstacle no sophistry can surmount. This and that individual generation or race may not improve. Indeed, we know that retrogression is occurring all the time. But the general drift of events is in the right direction. The Ethiopian was far more civilized three or four thousand years ago than he is now; but mankind is on a higher plane of thought and a nobler scale of existence now than then. The pessimist finds a pitiful abundance of decay, but he can not gainsay this testimony of the grand total.

Fichte, Schelling and Hegel may be wide of the mark in their opinions, but they are far nearer the truth than Schopenhauer. This can not be denied by any Christian who believes in the supremacy and final victory of God over the devil; but it is noteworthy that pessimism is encountering little theological hostility, while the optimists have been fiercely assailed. To teach that God will see that all comes out right sooner or later, is to strike a blow at every disciplinary weapon in the armory of the church, and leave no basis for an appeal to fear. “Evil,” says one, “is the ferment of history.” Well, fermentation is a healthy process, and let it go on. Such is the logic of Hegel’s “Absolute.”

Both of these doctrines may be found hand-in-hand with the loveliest traits of character. Theory and practice are often separated by an impassable gulf. While no man’s character can be determined by his intellectual convictions, it must be admitted, however, that he who goes through life impressed with the conviction that all is bad, and that the bad is hastening to the worst, is debarred from an especial source of happiness, and cut off from the most effective aids to right living.

This is the end of a book that no man can read through without being benefited. It points out many a rock and many a shoal on which millions have been stranded, and points out a path in which if all the world was travelling to-day, instead of looking for the millenium far in the future we should see it here now. Only ignorant men, bigots and dishonest men, and such as are making a fat living off of ignorance, will object to it. They will probably gnash their teeth at us as they did at Christ, and at every man who has been in advance of his time. We are an optimist of the

straightest sect of that school. While we see evil in the world and apparent injustice in the operations of natural law, we cherish the fond hope that in the course of ages, when bad men are turned to dust, and there will be only a survival of the fittest, then, under the operation of natural law, other evils besides bad men, such as reptiles, grasshoppers, bed bugs and mosquitos, will be known only in history, and the wisdom and goodness of the Creator will be vindicated. It may seem a long time to wait, but the world waited a long time for the discovery of printing, steamboats and telegraphy, though the elements were found in nature, and the forces necessary to move the machinery existed from eternity. Why should there not be undiscovered forces that will some day be laid hold of and enable posterity to destroy evil with as much ease as Bulwer's "Vrylia," "or the coming race" destroyed with a magic wand the monsters of their time? Of course we know only as much about these things as you do, and you know just as much about them as the wisest man that ever lived, and he knew nothing. It seems to us to be the part of wisdom to try to secure all the health and happiness we can for ourselves, and let posterity look out for themselves. To aid you in doing this has been our object in writing this book. We have laid down a few rules which seem to work well so far as they have been tried. Try them for yourselves.









Donner

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